



# 法神降临

游戏

墨乡 | 作品





*by Mo Xiang*

# Advent of the Archmage



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# **Advent of the Archmage**

– Descent of the God of Magic –

**- Volume 7 -**

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**[ Nyoibo Studio (Qidian International) ]**

# Chapter 351

## I Will Go Save Him!

All the Winged Howlers and Misamier chased after Link. The ruins of the sentinel's cabin were suddenly silent. It was silent as death until one hour later when a hesitant bird started calling.

Crack. The crack of wood sounded abruptly. A wooden board in the ruins suddenly cracked, and a dirty little hand reached out.

The commotion scared the bird that thought everything was over. It snuck back in fright.

The little hand reached around on the board and clung onto something. With a big push, a small hole appeared in the board. What followed immediately after was the muzzle of the musket.

After a while, a little girl climbed out from the hole. Her hair and face were all streaked with dirt. Her leg seemed hurt too, and she had to walk.

It was Melinda, the Yabba woman who had hid in the cellar.

The surroundings were all ruined, and all the trees had fallen. Smoke rose from the dirt, and the demon bodies were like burnt cinder. The air was filled with a faint acrid odor.

Melinda was completely shocked. What happened here? Where's Master Link? Where's Skinorse? Where's Nana?

Before she'd passed out, she heard Master Link choose death and order Nana to commit suicide but other than the dead demons; everyone else was gone.

Melinda walked around the ruins, trying to find some clues but to no avail. While in a daze, she suddenly heard weak meows.

"Meow." The breath was rapid yet weak and came from under a fallen tree more than

60 feet away. Frightened, Melinda crouched down and propped up her musket. She looked side to side cautiously.

"Meow." Here it was again. This time, Melinda heard it clearly. She timidly walked towards the source.

One minute later, she saw the pitiful black cat trapped by the tree. There was a sturdy slab of stone under the tree and the tiny crack it created helped the cat escape from being turned into a meat pie. Even so, it still looked tragic.

The shiny dark blueish fur now looked dirty from the blood and was rumpled. Its two hind legs had turned into mush, and only a bloody piece of skin was still connected to the body.

The cat had closed its eyes earlier but cracked them open at the commotion. After seeing Melinda, joy flashed past its eyes. It meowed quietly, appearing extremely pitiful.

Crack! Melinda forced the muzzle of the musket to the black cat's head. She wasn't stupid. They could have escaped safely but were forced into this situation because of this horrible black cat.

She was going to kill this cute but demonic little thing.

"Melinda, don't shoot yet. I have something to tell you." The black cat's voice was very weak.

"What do you have to say? Traitor! Demon! Bastard! Master Link treated you so well!" Melinda yelled though she still didn't pull the trigger.

"As long as you save me, I can give you the power to overlook the entire world," the cat said softly.

But as soon as it finished, Melinda started laughing. "You're all talk but you can't even save yourself, and you want to give me power? Go die, liar!"

She really did pull the trigger decisively. With a muffled bang, the bullet shot out. However, it hit the dirt. The black cat moved its head aside at the last moment and escaped from the fatal hit.

It wouldn't die if its physical body was ruined but it would still be tragic to become a wandering soul. Its soul would still be imprisoned, and it wouldn't even be able to leave this body. It could only watch as the body decayed and rotted.

It had already experienced this disgusting thing 300 years ago, and it didn't want to do it again.

After dodging the bullet, it was entirely freaked out. It immediately realized that it wasn't easy to fool this Yabba woman. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" it yelled. "Master Link is in danger now. He's being pursued by demons, and only I can save him!"

Melinda fell silent. The surrounding ruins and dead demons made her believe the black cat. After she'd fallen unconscious, Master Link definitely attacked and escaped after killing a portion of the demons.

This explained why the bodies of Skinorse and the others weren't here. They were probably fine. Master Link had saved them again!

But even though Master Link was powerful, he was still a mortal, and his strength was limited. With so many demons here, he must be in danger now.

At this moment, Melinda thought of Link's care for them along the way, how he'd comforted her when she cried, and his gentleness when he tended to her wound. Despite the fact that she was a burden, Link had never abandoned her, even at the most dangerous times. He didn't even show any thought of that. Now, he was in danger.

Melinda suddenly felt that she wasn't scared anymore!

A resolute decision grew in her. She must go help him—save him—even if it meant giving up her life.

Half a year ago, she was just a regular Yabba girl. Now, she was a soldier, a musketeer!

Her expression grew determined. Pointing the musket at the black cat's head, she glared unblinkingly at it and "threateningly" said, "Little thing, I'll save you!"

The black cat was relieved. "Move away this tree first. It's a bit heavy. Can you lift it?"

"Of course! Us Yabbas are the best at using our brains!" Melinda found a wooden stick and brought a large rock over. She rested the stick on the rock and forced the stick

under the tree. She pressed down on the stick, and the tree budged a little.

The black cat cried out immediately. "Ah! Lighter, lighter! My leg hurts!"

"I hope you die from the pain!" Melinda continued to pry without caring about the cat at all.

She was a soldier after all and met the basic physical requirements. Her strength was equal to a Level-0 human Warrior. Using a wooden stick as a lever to move a 30-centimeter-wide tree was no problem.

Ten minutes later, Melinda moved the half-dead cat out from the tree.

"Thank you for saving me... huh? Ah! My leg... you—you're so cruel!" The cat's first sentence was in gratitude while the second had become pained howls.

The reason was none other than the fact that Melinda had cut off its broken legs. Not only that, she even cut off the paws of its two front legs.

"You like running, huh? Let me see you run now!" Melinda spat out. Then she found a rag and wrapped the cat up.

Cutting off its paws wasn't enough. Its teeth were weapons too and must be removed. Melinda opened the cat's mouth and pried the sharp teeth out with her dagger.

"No, don't do that. I need... tho... eath... thoo," the black cat said with a lisp as it continued to struggle. It was much weaker now and, wrapped in the rag, it was no match for Melinda.

Melinda ignored its cries and pried out all four fangs before feeling settled.

"I don't trust you, kitty. From now on, I'll pull out another tooth every time you dare lie to me, and I find out. When all your teeth are gone, I'll dig out your eyes. When your eyes are gone, I'll cut off your nose and ears!" Melinda threatened loudly. She stared at the cat with her big eyes and waved her dagger.

The black cat's mouth was filled with blood. It nodded weakly. "Mortal, I surrender!"

Now it was really regretful. Link was troublesome, but at least he was logical and would never use force. This Yabba girl, on the other hand, looked cute but didn't even

hesitate when she did things. She was terrifying.

Now, great. It didn't have its legs, its teeth had been pulled out, and it was gravely injured. Even if it regained some strength from the world cracking, what use was it if its body was this broken?

Melinda obviously didn't care about its opinion. She put away her dagger, hoisted up her magic musket, and stood up. "Alright, where should I go now?"

The black cat closed its eyes to gather its bearings and weakly pointed in a direction. "That way. They went that way."

Melinda ran in that direction without hesitation.

...

Link was running low on Mana. With a whoosh, he collected the Nightingale Statue. The statue started shrinking and folding. He also fell off from the Nightingale. Nana rushed up and caught him. She also caught the statue afterwards and handed it to Link.

Link put it away in his spatial bag.

"Master, I'll carry you!" Nana said.

Nodding, Link closed his eyes. Bearing the immense pain in his head, he said softly, "The pursuers are all Winged Howlers. There is one flaw in the combat of these high-level demons. They like dive attacks. If they don't hit the target each time, their bodies will stiffen temporarily due to stopping abruptly at high speed. This is the best opening for an attack."

"I understand." Nana nodded. She ran very fast at more than 650 feet per second. That speed was equal to the Winged Howlers at their tails.

On her back, Link could only feel that his entire body was extremely sore and that his head was about to crack open. It practically felt like he was about to die. Nana ran smoothly, and without realizing, Link grew drowsy and became half-unconscious.

In this dazed state, he vaguely felt a strange warm current appear in his body. It started in his abdomen and flowed through his entire body before finally returning to his lower abdomen.



After that cycle, Link felt that he was much more comfortable. The intense migraine had lessened as well.

Another cycle, another cycle, Link thought in anticipation.

The warm current didn't disappoint. It came a second time, and a third, and a fourth... It seemed ready to go on forever.

Link could clearly feel his body recovering.

What kind of strength is this? Is it the game system helping? But there hadn't been any messages in my vision. That's strange.

# Chapter 352

## A Vague Calling

"Master, there's a strange looking mountain up ahead with smoke coming from the top," Nana said while running, sounding a little out of breath.

Link was still groggy, but under the influence of the warm feeling coursing through his body, he was starting to feel much better. Hearing what Nana said, he forced his eyes open to look at the mountain.

They were currently surrounded by a plain, with grass about half a human's height. Far away, there was a city while directly in front of them was a forest with sparse trees. The forest extended up to half the side of the mountain.

Going further up, there were no more trees, only grass, moss, and stones. Even further up, the grass disappeared. Only the black rocks remained. Beyond that was the peak of the mountain, and as Nana said, there was a column of smoke coming from the peak.

It was a truly unique shape, and Link immediately recognized the place. "This is a live volcano. We have reached the central regions of the Norton Kingdom. This volcano is called the Azzaro Volcano, and it erupts once every ten years. At its peak is a lava hole with hot magma inside. That's why it is constantly emitting smoke."

"Oh." Nana looked very interested. However, they were currently being pursued by flying demons and climbing the hill would cause them to lose a lot of speed. She prepared to circle around the mountain.

"Don't circle around it. Just go right up. There are magma holes on the way up; we'll use it to shake them off!" Link said. He was very familiar with the complex network of tunnels within the volcano.

In the game, there was an entry level duplicate of the Azzaro mountain. In his previous life, Link had explored it over 200 times and was so familiar with the paths that he could close his eyes and walk through it without getting lost. This was definitely the best place to get rid of their pursuers.

Getting rid of the pursuers was one reason. There was actually something else that Link desired from this place.

When he first laid eyes on the mountain, he thought of the high temperatures of the lava inside it. For some reason, he felt that he had to go and take a look at it, as though there was something summoning him there.

It was a very strange feeling, and as a Magician, Link's emotions were usually calm and controlled. With the exception of the excitement that comes with studying new spells, his heart was always as cool and calm as still water.

This feeling that suddenly arose in his heart was very unusual, and despite there being no explanation for it, Link decided to trust the feeling.

Anyway, there was no harm in taking a look at the lava.

Nana originally wanted to head there anyway, so once Link instructed her to go up the mountain, she continued on a straight path heading up the mountain.

The Winged Howlers were already less than 1500 feet away. Although the two parties were traveling at roughly the same speed, Nana was restricted by the geography of the land and also had to consider Link's safety. Gradually, the demons were catching up.

At this point, the demons noticed Nana heading towards the mountain peak. They laughed uproariously. "Come on brothers! We'll go ahead to surround them!"

Climbing up the hill would definitely take more time and cause Nana to slow down. Furthermore, they had to go up a winding path. Compared to her, the demons could fly, so the mountain terrain was definitely no problem for them.

They would easily catch up at this rate.

When Nana brought Link to the side of the mountain, the demons had already caught up to within 600 feet and were quickly gaining on them.

"To the left, about 600 feet away, do you see that grey rock?" Link pointed.

Nana nodded.

"Dash right there."

In two seconds, Nana circled around numerous mountain rocks to reach the place where Link had pointed out. By this time, the Winged Howlers were already 300 feet closer.

"Go around to the back of this stone. There is a flat piece of wall... See it? Kick it down as hard as you can!" Link instructed.

Nana kicked it with her foot. Crash. The wall crumbled to reveal a gaping wide tunnel mouth. She dashed into the cave.

Link cast a Level-0 Light Spell to light the way, conserving his Mana as much as possible.

Just this beginner level magic spell made Link's head hurt. If not for the game system giving him the weakened soul status notification, he would have thought that his mana was forever ruined.

The moment they entered the cave, the Winged Howlers arrived at the tunnel entrance.

There were 11 demons in total gathered outside the 6-foot-tall cave. They looked at each other.

"Is this Magician a mouse? Why is he always running into caves?" The previous time in the Wailing Gorge as well as this time, Link had escaped through cave tunnels that they, being 12 feet tall, had no way to enter.

"The tunnel is actually not that small. We could destroy the entrance and enter. More importantly, how did they know there was a cave here?" One of the demons gestured, pondering.

"They must have been here before and are very familiar with the place. In that case, if we enter, we're definitely in trouble."

"Then what do we do?"

"Let's wait for the commander."

Therefore, the group of demons waited outside the tunnel for charm demon Misamier.



Misamier's wings were broken by Link. She had to travel here on foot, and her speed was much slower. The demons waited for over an hour before Misamier finally arrived.

"What are you doing? Where's the Magician?"

One demon pointed at the tunnel entrance. "They're inside. They clearly know this place very well. We had no other choice but to wait for your orders."

At this moment, Misamier had recovered her battle strength. She walked towards the cave entrance to check it out. Looking at the dark tunnel mouth, she bit her lip. "The Magician is struggling to even cast a spell. He's extremely weak now, and the only thing we need to beware of is his puppet. No matter how strong the puppet is, there's only one of it. We'll just follow him in!"

This chance to kill Link was definitely hard to come by. If they missed it, once Link recovered, they might have to face a Legendary-level Magician!

Upon hearing her orders, the Winged Howlers glanced at each other. Then, one of them walked up and slashed through the stone wall. Crash. In an instant, the tunnel entrance expanded to 24 feet tall and 15 feet wide.

"Since it's so broad, I'm relieved!" One Winged Howler said. He was worried that the space would be too narrow and that his opponents would make use of their small size to hide and launch sneak attacks. He wouldn't even know how he died. Seeing that the space was broad, he would be able to make use of his body size and strength and was less afraid.

"Go, go in," Misamier ordered.

The Winged Howlers lined up in a row and entered the tunnel. After 150 feet, the demon at the front said, "Commander, there is a fork up ahead."

"Can you smell which way they've gone?" Misamier asked from the middle of the party.

The sound of people sniffing came from the front. After a while, the demon replied, "There's the smell of humans on both sides. Furthermore, this tunnel is open, and there's wind coming through. There's no way to know which way they've gone."

"Well, we've got 12 people here including myself. That's six a side. We'll split up and search," Misamier said after some consideration.

Then, she immediately started splitting the demons up.

Among the demons, six were Level-7, and five were Level-8. After splitting them up, there were four Level-8 and two Level-7 demons on one side, and one Level-8 and four Level-7 demons on the other as well as herself. The battle strength of both teams was equal.

"Alright, let's go. If you find anything, call out immediately. We'll rush over."

"Understood, commander!"

The two teams of demons walked into the left and right lava tunnels respectively.

After about another 300 feet, the demon in the lead position called out again, irritated, "Commander, there's another fork in the road. This time, there are three paths."

Misamier walked forward to take a look. Up ahead was a wide chamber with 4 paths leading into it. One of those paths was the one they were currently on, while the other three paths led deeper into the mountain. There was a smell of sulfur coming out of every tunnel, as well as the scent of humans.

Right now, they had only 6 people. If they were to split themselves up into three teams like before, they would not be able to deal with a sneak attack from the magic puppet.

"This damn hole!"

Misamier cursed silently. After thinking for a moment, she said to the other Level-8 demon, "We'll take two demons each and search two routes. You take that one, I'll take this. Remember to leave down markings along the way and don't get lost. Call if you find anything."

Misamier had fought against Nana before. She knew that Nana possessed the strength of a Level-8 Warrior, therefore, with a Level-8 demon in the team, even if they could not defeat Nana, they could drag for time for her to arrive.

"Okay." The demon had some reservations, but he had no choice.

The two teams proceeded into their respective tunnels.

...

Outside the tunnel, a small figure appeared. It was the female Yabba Melinda. She carried a cannon about the size of a human. There was also a bag attached to her waist with a black cat inside. At the moment, she was struggling to climb up a large rock.

"Where did they go?" Melinda wiped the sweat off her forehead. After rushing the entire way here, she was truly exhausted. The wound on her leg was also hurting and seemed to be opening up, and blood could be seen flowing out of it.

However, she did not care. She was only concerned with one thing, saving Link! If she could, she wouldn't mind sacrificing her soul to do it.

"It's jusshhtt up ahead. Look, there'sh a tunnel entranshe up ahead. Jushhtt go in there. But you musshhtt be careful, the demonsh also entered the tunnel," said the black cat. Due to its teeth being broken, the black cat's speech was airy and unclear. Its mouth was covered in blood, and the fur on its head was also crumpled and messy. It looked somewhat pitiful.

Right now, it had only one thought, and that was to find Link. Once it found Link, it would quickly get far away from this crazy Yabba woman and return to his side.

Although Link's methods were harsh, he was willing to negotiate with the cat, unlike the Yabba woman. For no apparent reason, she had started abusing it. How pitiful!

# Chapter 353

## Let's Die Together!

Gloomy cave.

With a soft poof, a Level-7 Winged Howler suddenly shook and collapsed, eyes rolling to the back of its skull. He convulsed a few times and then died.

There was a fist-sized hole in the back of his head. Silver liquid flowed from it—Sacred Silver. Behind it, a small figure hid in the darkness like a wraith.

It was Nana.

"Dammit, I said to be careful when you turn corners. Be careful! These idiots just don't care," the Level-8 Winged Howler cursed at the front.

When the enemy had performed the sneak attack, he'd clearly felt the signs. Unfortunately, he was at the very front of the line and couldn't turn around in time. By the time he did so, Nana had already succeeded and retreated.

"Head, what should we do now?" There was another Level-7 Winged Howler of the trio. He was shaking in fright.

Only two were left in the group now. If the enemy attacked again, he would be the one on the ground.

The Level-8 Winged Howler mused for a while. He was scared too. This messed up place connected in all directions, and the enemy seemed to be really familiar with the tunnels. They'll get toyed to death before long. "Let's get out of the cave."

F\*ck the mission and f\*ck the Magician. He wanted to stay alive.

The two Winged Howlers retreated along the original path.

Thankfully, they'd left marks along the way. Otherwise, they would probably get lost while retreating. After going down the confusing paths for around 1000 feet, another



turn appeared. This was different from before—it was more spacious, without many places to hide.

"I'll go forward, and you follow. Be careful this time!" the Level-8 Winged Howler said.

"Got it."

The Level-8 Winged Howler brandished his huge sword and walked forward guardedly. After making the turn, he looked back and forth before turning to the Level-7 Winged Howler. "Coast is clear."

The path after the turn was very wide with unobstructed sight. It was very safe.

But just then, there was a tiny sound. The pop was completely unnoticeable. The next moment, the Level-8 Winged Howler seemed to be hit by something in the head and was thrown to one side.

His temple suddenly exploded and his pupils, flesh, broken bones, and brains splattered in all directions. The Level-8 Winged Howler instinctively pushed off, and he flew sideways. He crashed against the stone wall and then rolled back down. Then he started convulsing on the ground.

Half of his head was gone, and even a demon couldn't withstand this injury. He was just struggling for his life now.

At this sight, the Level-7 Winged Howler began shaking. He didn't know who the attacker was and definitely didn't know how they attacked. All he could do was be scared.

There was a magic puppet behind them, and now, there was a mysterious killer before them. He didn't even know where to run. This practically 14-foot-tall giant curled up against the tunnel's side. He hugged his knees, curled his wings around him, and just shook in fear.

On the other side of the turn, Melinda hid behind a rock barely three feet tall. Seeing the demon on the ground, she shook her fist excitedly.

The black cat was reliable for once. After its modifications, the musket was at least five times more powerful and barely made any sound! Back in the day, her musket could only scratch these big demons, and they'd recover soon after. This time, she'd blown

out half of the demon's skull with one bullet!

"Master Link, I can help you now!"

"Okay, leave now," the black cat urged. "Go towards the left tunnel!"

Melinda immediately stood up from the rock. Hugging the musket, she limped down the tunnel. Because of her good mood, she was pretty fast and scurried past like a little mouse.

...

The other side.

After finding the chance to kill some Winged Howlers, Nana returned to Link's side. She picked him up and started forward again.

"That way," Link said, pointing at a tunnel. This was the path to the heart of the flames in the center of the mountain. It was very dangerous, with all sorts of fire element beasts and extremely high temperature. But for some reason, Link's thirst was getting clearer. He wanted to go somewhere hot right now.

Rather than making him uncomfortable, hot air made him indescribably happy.

Nana obviously didn't care because she couldn't feel the heat. Even if she jumped into lava, it would be like a bath for her.

The further they went, the wider the tunnel and higher the temperature. It was already above 120 degrees, and a faint red glow even appeared at the end of the tunnel.

Link actually felt more comfortable. He could clearly feel waves of heat dig into his skin, seeping into his body and merging with the mysterious warm current.

After that, the warm current grew even larger. Its speed quickened as well. Link felt his body temperature rise continuously like he was on fire, but he didn't feel any discomfort at all. Instead, it felt insufficient. It would never be enough.

It's only a spark. It's too weak. I need a blazing fire!

"Nana, hurry forward. Walk against the right of the wall and be careful. There's a fire-

bellied salamander on the left. Do you see it?"

The tunnel was very spacious now. It was more than 100 feet wide and 65 feet high. The six-foot-long salamander curled in a small lava shaft without moving. It looked just like a withered tree.

Nana's movements grew lighter.

Fire-bellied salamanders were easy to deal with but would cause a large commotion. It could alert the demons chasing them.

After traveling more than 150 feet like that, Nana brought Link halfway up the Azzaro Volcano. It was very wide and spacious here. Everywhere was filled with a dark red glow. There were patches of lava here and there, while a lava pond made up the center.

The lava bubbled and gurgled, spitting out plumes of fire and smoke. Occasionally, a burst of heat would rush out before white-hot lava would spew out like the prominence on the surface of the sun. The heat here was unbelievable, distorting the air. Waves of fire were everywhere. Link's Flame Controller robe and Nana's leather armor couldn't withstand this temperature. They started to curl and singe. Then a ball of lava spouted, and a drop fell on the clothing, burning it up.

Nana was alright, obviously. Strangely enough, Link didn't feel any pain in the fire either. His skin didn't even burn. Lava dropped onto him and rolled down like water.

"Master, are you okay?" Nana asked.

"I'm okay. Do you see the tall podium?"

Nana nodded. The podium was 150 feet away. There was a rock protruding from the lava lake, and it glowed red from being baked by the extreme temperature. The heat was truly unimaginable.

"There aren't any fire element beasts along the way. Put me there, and I'll rest for a bit." Link was feeling much better than when they'd entered the cave.

"Okay." Nana walked over.

But before she walked 60 feet, a voice rang out behind them. "Link, where are you going?"

Link turned around. It was Misamier. She was hundreds of feet away with two Level-8 demons beside her. Seeing Link, she took out her long whip and strode over.

It was extremely hot here, but it was nothing to demons.

Here, Misamier's strength had recovered a lot. Though she was far from the pinnacle of Level-9, she was still around the pinnacle of Level-8. With her two Level-8 helpers, they were enough to deal with Link.

"Ignore her and continue forward. Put me on the podium first."

As he spoke, Link picked up his wand. Bracing the searing pain in his head, he cast a Level-0 scream spell on the fire sharks swimming in the lava.

After that, he immediately cast a Level-0 lesser invisibility spell on him and Nana.

"Ah!" The scream scared the large 15-foot-long shark. It instinctively rose out of the water and instantly saw the sprinting Misamier.

"Grr!" The fire shark immediately charged at the intruders.

"F\*ck, stop him!" Misamier said to her helpers.

As soon as she spoke, a Level-8 Winged Howler standing at the entrance fell forward and stopped moving. There was a gaping hole on the back of his head.

Misamier's pupils constricted. This is bad. Link actually has reinforcements—strong reinforcements!

She gritted her teeth. At this point, she had no way back. She had to kill Link!

The other Level-8 Winged Howler was frightened. He'd heard the noise. It had come from the tunnel behind them. He immediately left the entrance and ran over to Misamier.

The fire shark pounced at this time. The Winged Howler waved his sword, meeting the shark.

The shark was only a Level-6 Magical Beast. Misamier knew that her subordinate could easily kill it, so she just warned, "Watch out for sneak attacks. I'm going to kill



that Magician!"

With that, she strode over to Link.

At this time, Nana had already put Link on the high podium. Link lay on the ground, and to him, the rock wasn't scalding. Instead, it was warm—very comfortably warm.

It's comfortable but still not quite enough. I'm still a little cold. Link instinctively looked at the hottest lava lake. He had the urge to jump in, but this was psychologically challenging. He was still a bit hesitant.

Nana turned around to stop Misamier.

The succubus sneered. "Little girl, you're not my match anymore!"

Though injured, her power was much stronger than last time at the Necropolis.

Nana didn't speak. Her leather armor was already damaged by the lava. She tore it off and threw her swords down too. She only had the Breakpoint dagger in her hands.

"Come at me!" Nana blocked the path. Instead of attacking first, she started provoking.

Crack! Misamier cast the whip at Nana, whose reaction was simple. She cut lightly with the Breakpoint dagger.

The attack was simple but also greatly threatening. Misamier was forced to pull her whip back. She knew how sharp the dagger was and her whip was no match. However, she had other solutions.

"Heh, you have a dagger, but sadly, you're only a Warrior!"

As she spoke, Misamier suddenly reached out. A dark red ball of light appeared in her palm. She hurled it at Nana, and it exploded with a boom.

This was her talent spell!

Caught by surprise, Nana was forced back by the ball of light. She lost balance and fell into the lava.

In that moment, she knew she'd made a mistake. With extremely fast reaction speed,

Nana threw the dagger toward Misamier.

Misamier had just cast her talent spell and reacted a bit slowly. Her left leg was hit by the dagger. With a crack, the entire calf fell off from her body.

Plop! Nana was thrown 150 feet away by the explosion and fell into the lava.

Plop! Without her left calf, Misamier lost her balance and also fell to the ground.

It was okay though. A calf didn't matter much. She was now less than 100 feet away from Link. Before Nana swam back, she could end Link even if she had to crawl!

Misamier began crawling.

After around 60 feet, her heart suddenly tremored. She rolled forward without time to look behind. If her body was undamaged, she could definitely dodge it. However, her calf was gone, so she moved slower.

Poof. Her back shuddered, and she spat out a mouthful of blood. Looking down, she discovered a clear hole in her chest. Then she looked back. At the entrance, a small figure was looking at her with a magic musket.

It was too hot here, and Melinda couldn't come in. But it was okay because her musket had long range. She could stand far away and fire it.

It's that Yabba woman. Dammit! Misamier didn't expect the little thing she'd overlooked would ruin everything.

She looked back at Link. He was still lying on the podium without moving.

Gritting her teeth, Misamier gathered her remaining strength and leaped forward. She grabbed Link and then jumped into the lava.

"Let's die together!"

# Chapter 354

## Great Fortune

Splash! Misamier dragged Link with her and fell into the boiling lava.

Watching this, everyone was stunned.

The Level-8 Winged Howler cut off the fire shark's head in one strike. Hearing the noise, he turned to look only to find that Misamier's body had fallen into the lava. Not wanting to fight, he immediately ran.

This time, the Magician will definitely die, right? Commander, I'll report this to the Lord of the Deep. I'm sure he'll remember your service! The Winged Howler thought to himself.

The space above this cavern was wide, and there was a hole leading into the sky. This was the hole that lava would emerge from when the volcano erupts. The demon spread his wings and prepared to fly.

Bang. He heard a soft sound and saw a bullet flying, headed straight towards him. It was from Melinda.

Rip! The bullet shredded one of his wings just as he flew above the lava. As his wing broke, he spiraled down from the air and fell into the lava. Splash!

"Aaah! Aaaah!" He screamed. He struggled fiercely as he tried to escape from the lava, but it was all in vain.

The temperature of the lava was simply too high.

After Nana fell in, she immediately swam as quickly as she could to the edge of the lava. Even if it was her, she could not last for very long. How could a flesh and blood demon compare?

In but a moment, the demon's body was on fire. The screaming gradually faded until it disappeared.

The mountain finally quieted down, and Melinda put down her musket. She stared stupidly at the spot in which Link had fallen into the lava, mind blanked.

Splash, splash. Nana had swum to the edge of the lava and got out. Her body was now bright red, and many parts were deformed. If she took any longer, she would also have melted.

After reaching the shore, she too stared at the lava. She was waiting for her body to cool down so that she could jump in to look for her master.

At this moment, the one who was calmest was the black cat. Seated inside the bag around Melinda's waist, it poked out its head and stared at the lava pool. "Interesting. How interesting."

"Interesting your head!" Melinda immediately shouted when she heard the cat. She was incensed. If not for this damn cat, Master Link would never have died. It was all the fault of this cat!

Therefore, the cat which had experienced a few lucky moments of calm was once again subjected to indescribable torture. Painful sounds of mewling resounded through the mountain.

At this moment, deep within the lava pool was a very different scenery.

After being pulled into the lava by Misamier, Link found himself slowly drifting down.

The temperature of the boiling lava was extremely high. This could be seen from how even Nana could not handle being inside for too long. Strangely, Link only found it slightly warm, and not the least bit scalding.

Streams of warm currents flowed into his body and joined into the warm current inside it, making it flow faster and stronger.

Mysteriously, under the influence of the warm current, Link found that even as he descended deeper into the lava, he was not suffocating even though there was no air around.

He simply did not need to breathe.

Misamier was also still alive. Demonic power spread out from her body, protecting her



from the insane heat. She hugged Link tightly, planning to drag him deep into the lava.

Not just that, she opened her mouth wide and bit savagely at Link. Link instinctively twisted to the side, causing Misamier to bite onto his shoulder.

Misamier was now just like an octopus. Not only did she latch onto Link with her teeth, but her arms were also wrapped tightly around Link, as were her legs. She wanted to thoroughly trap him and kill him!

If Misamier was at her full strength, Link's body would definitely be twisted to death by her. However, right now, she was severely weakened and her strength diminished. Also, there was a strange force circulating within Link's body helping him resist Misamier's grip.

The two of them had sunk down over 90 feet into the lava. The temperature was getting increasingly hot. Link no longer felt cold. Now, he felt hot, extremely hot!

The current within his body was now raging fiercely, and Link could feel an enormous force that he could not describe. It was as though the power was trapped inside his body and was trying to force its way out. Link's body had become the battleground in this struggle, turning into something like a pressure cooker and causing Link to be in burning pain.

If this thing gets any stronger, I'm going to die! I'll definitely explode to death! I need to suppress it.

Under constant attack by the intense struggle within his body, Link's mind was spinning, and he could not think properly. At some point, he detected a cool presence beside his body, an icy cooling sensation.

It must be Misamier. She's actually still alive!

By now, Link could no longer feel Misamier's twisting grip. However, he could still feel the cooling presence beside his body. It was precisely because of this presence that he was still alive and not destroyed by the power within himself.

There's a wound on my shoulder. It can let the power escape!

Link attempted to circulate and direct the path of the current. He actually did not have much control and could only hope that some of it leaked out from his shoulder wound.

Somehow, he succeeded. Although the current was circulating rapidly in his body, he could somehow direct it. A portion of it separated and flowed towards the wound on his shoulder.

The cool feeling from his shoulder came from where Misamier's sharp teeth were still clamped onto him. The coldness came from the demonic power of Misamier and was slowly seeping into Link's body.

Under normal circumstances, this demonic power was more than enough to kill Link. However, right now, things were different. The power in Link's body was much stronger, and in fact, it was still growing.

This power was like an incinerator. In front of it, whatever demonic power that entered Link's body could only be dissolved.

Unexpectedly, not only did this exchange not have any negative effects, but it also gave Link some benefits. It was like a regulator, as the heat within Link's body dissolved the cold demonic power, the pressure from the heat also reduced.

However, this demonic power was not enough. It was far too little! He needed a lot more of it to achieve a balance.

As Link struggled, he found that his strength had increased. He easily shook off Misamier's grip on him. Not only that, he even hugged her tightly and bit down onto her neck.

Filled with thick demonic power, blood started flowing out of Misamier's neck and into Link's belly. It was icy cold, and as it entered Link's body, it dissolved the immense pressure within him.

Link instantly felt much better.

Misamier started struggling. However, it was no use. This time, it was Link who held onto her tightly, and Link's strength was much greater than hers. He gulped down her cool blood greedily.

The blistering hot energy was still entering into Link's body, and the warm current was getting larger. However, under the influence of the demonic energy, the current was a lot warmer and manageable.

If the power earlier was likened to blistering lava, the power now could be described as a gentle water flow. As it gently coursed through Link's body, it helped him recover his internal injuries.

These injuries were the result of forcefully using the Legendary level magic spell. Link's head had cleared up by now, and he could "see" these injuries. He saw numerous torn arteries and tendons, as well as fractured bones.

Looking at his wounds, Link suddenly came to a realization. No wonder the Legendary Magicians were so much rarer than the Warriors. Besides the requirement of magic, the strength of one's body was definitely another restriction.

Warriors' bodies were naturally strong. After reaching the peak of Level-9, it was easy for them to attain Legendary power. However, Magicians could not. Their bodies were too weak such that even if they were enlightened on the mysteries of the Legendary power, their bodies were unable to bear the load of such a force unless they had a way to raise their bodies' strength.

This point, therefore, demonstrated the superiority of the dragon race.

The gentle current washed over each wound, and with every second that passed, the wounds gradually recovered. The torn blood vessels slowly reformed like leaves growing on a plant, sprouting little by little.

Link had no idea how much time had passed, but he detected that within his embrace, the body he was hugging had crumbled. He had completely sucked Misamier's demonic power dry.

The hot energy from the lava was still entering his body. Without the demonic power to balance out the heat, Link's body started to heat up again.

However, there was no longer anything constricting his movements. He moved his arms and legs and rapidly swam towards the surface of the lava. As he got higher, the temperature of the lava decreased. Consequently, the heat of the energy entering his body decreased as well. After swimming up for about a minute, Link reached a depth where he felt comfortable.

The temperature at this depth was neither too high nor too low. Surrounded by the lava, he felt warm and comfortable.

At this point, Link was happy to stay in his current position and float there, letting his body absorb the heat from the lava.

As time passed, the power in his body got thicker and thicker, and Link's mind felt clearer and clearer. The effect of the injury to his soul was also fading.

He carefully assessed the power within his body.

Based on Link's intuition, the power had a crystal red color and was extremely hot. It was bursting with energy and furthermore, was unimaginably clear.

How could he describe this?

The power was exactly like the most brilliant ruby that would make everyone desire it... Hold on... Link recalled seeing power this pure only once before. That's right, he had seen it once in the Red Dragon Queen Gretel. That was the impression her dragon power gave Link.

At this point, Link's heart was pounding. Could it be that the power within me is dragon energy? But how did I come to have it?

He suddenly remembered what happened in the Dragon Temple. At that time, she had demonstrated a few mysterious magic spells for him. After every demonstration, his fatigue always disappeared, and he was always full of vigor.

Don't tell me that she was doing Dragonification on me? But if it were Dragonification, wouldn't I have detected it before? Why would it be hidden until now?

Link could not understand.

There was one other thing he could not comprehend. Earlier, to reduce the pressure, he had to absorb demonic power from Misamier to balance the power inside him. Based on that logic, his power should be mixed with demonic power. However, not only did the power within him not have the slightest bit of evil, it was pure beyond comparison. In fact, it was comparable even to the Red Dragon Queen Gretel.

This is truly mysterious! Could it be the game system? Link guessed wildly before rejecting the hypothesis. If this was the work of the game system, he would have received a notification window. However, the notification window did not appear.

Since he could not figure it out, he would rather not bother with it. He focused on absorbing the energy.

As the energy continued flowing into his body, Link noticed that his body was no longer feeling as "thirsty" as it was before.

Before, it was as though he hadn't eaten for half a year. He had greedily absorbed all the flame energy around him and secreted all the waste from his body.

Something flashed in his vision, and the notification window popped up. This fellow finally appeared.

Link looked and saw a row of words.

Player Link has obtained "Flawless Dragon Power."

Flawless Dragon Power (Growth)

Level: 7

Effect: Boosts the life force, strength, speed, etc. of the user, and power increases as skill level increases.

(Note: Ability gained from multiple coincidences.)

Coincidences?

Link asked, What coincidences?

The system displayed another message. Link looked at it and was pleasantly surprised. This is fortunate. Truly fortune!

# Chapter 355

## Not a Personal Problem Between Us

The game system display recorded the entire process.

When Link fell into the lava lake, there were three types of power within him: Mana, Light power, and Dragon Power.

Mana went without saying. Every Magician had it.

The Light power... it was the soul blessing from the angel Herrera. After dealing with fallen Magician Bale, Link possessed the power to absorb sunlight. This ability was very weak and only made Link's body slightly stronger than the average Magician. But after all this time, he'd accumulated much Light power.

The Dragon Power came from the Red Dragon Queen.

According to the game system, the Red Dragon Queen actually didn't cast any spell on Link. She'd put pure Dragon Power into Link. Under its influence, Link naturally grew much more spirited.

After a few times, Link retained some of her power.

Of the three powers, he had the most Mana, followed by Light power, and finally, Dragon Power. The Dragon Power had been sealed by the Red Dragon Queen so it could only help him regain energy.

But this time, Link had cast a Legendary Spell and damaged his body. The Dragon Power naturally started acting and helped heal his wounds. As the saying went, failure was the mother of success.

During this process, the Dragon Power started fusing with Link's body. Part of the power that the Red Dragon Queen had sealed offhandedly was awakened too. Not only did it heal Link's body, but it also started absorbing from the surroundings to strengthen itself.

According to rumors, after a dragon was hurt, they could recover speedily no matter how serious the injury was, as long as they were given enough energy and weren't killed on the spot.

Reality proved that the rumors were credible.

However, there was another problem after the Dragon Power was awakened. It wasn't very cohesive with Link's body and instinctively started absorbing strength without caring if Link's body could withstand it.

Similarly, the Dragon Power clashed with the other powers within Link. It was practically a three-way war.

At this time, Link introduced the demon power.

Demon power was very dark. After it appeared, it immediately clashed against the Light power within Link. One light and one dark, they tried to destroy each other into the purest form of energy.

This energy didn't go anywhere. It was all absorbed by the Dragon Power. After it strengthened, it swallowed the neutral Mana. After another series of serendipities, Link came to possess flawless Level-7 Dragon Power with a pretty good future of growth.

This really is fortune born from misfortune, Link couldn't help but think.

Thinking back on his experiences in the World of Firuman, he'd had some good luck, but only this achievement was completely out of his expectations. It was also the most satisfactory.

However, there was another problem. He only had Dragon Power left, so how could he cast spells in the future?

Getting an idea, Link chose see character information.

His vision flashed faintly, and Link's profile appeared.

Link Morani (Noble)

Level-7 Dragon Mage



Flawless Dragon Power: 6500

Dragon Power Recovery Speed: 5-100 points per seconds (changes according to energy in the environment)

Current Dragon Power Recovery Speed: 66 points per second

Weapon: Burning Wrath of Heaven

How can I cast spells without Mana? Link discovered that all his power had changed.

The game system replied with a message.

The Flawless Dragon Power can be used as Mana.

Two Mana points = one Dragon Power point.

One Omni Point can raise the upper limit of Dragon Power by one point.

Omni Points will not be able to change the Dragon Power recovery speed.

Reading it all, Link gained a basic understanding of his new power. He looked back at the Mana cards that he could buy and realized that the Mana cost had turned into Dragon Power cost.

Seeing this, Link mostly got it. It was like opening a hidden career in the game. He'd changed his job and even changed his power bar.

The biggest advantage of becoming a Dragon Mage was that he didn't have to worry about using up Mana anymore. The Dragon Power recovery speed was honestly too fast. Even at the lowest speed of five points per second, it was 300 points in a minute, and he would be at the max within 20 minutes. Currently inside the volcano, the recovery speed was at 66 points per second.

Feeling the unprecedented strength, Link was happy but also felt a bit regretful.

Even if one Dragon Power point equaled two Mana points, his Mana upper limit was only 13,000. He couldn't use either of the two Legendary Spells—Miracle Aura and Thunder God Descent.

The Dragon Power was the flawless strength of dragons, but the functions still weren't complete. Link couldn't use it to shapeshift.

The exchange rate of Omni Points had lowered as well. Before, one Omni Point could exchange for 10 Mana. Now, it was a one to one ratio. He'd lost a lot on this but thinking of all the benefits of Dragon Power, Link felt better.

Whatever, it's still pretty good. The upper limit is low, so I'll just have to do more missions, Link comforted himself.

His body was fine now, and the Dragon Power's absorption speed had slowed down considerably. Link moved his limbs and started swimming upward.

With a splash, Link broke out of the lava's surface and started swimming towards land. Before he reached it, Nana came over. After seeing him, her big eyes turned into crescents, and she smiled. "Master, are you alright now?"

"No big problems." Link nodded.

He climbed onto land and heard the black cat's pained cries. Turning his head, he saw Melinda standing by the entrance. She cried while also hitting an extremely pathetic-looking black cat.

"All your fault! All your fault! All your fault!" she kept saying. If it wasn't for the cat's betrayal, Master Link wouldn't have died.

She hadn't discovered Link yet.

Uh, isn't that Elodim? Why is he with Melinda and looks so pitiful? Link found it very strange. He got up and walked over.

When the black cat saw Link, its yowling grew twice as loud. "Stop... hitting! Stop... hitting! Link... still... alive. Look, there he is!"

It was really scared of that Yabba girl. She didn't listen to it at all and just blamed everything on it. No matter what it said, she would keep hitting. Its head was hit dozens of times while it said those words. Her hits weren't strong, but it made it feel pathetic.

She was so barbaric!

When it finished speaking, Melinda finally stopped and raised her teary eyes. She really saw Link walk over with Nana behind him.

Because of the lava, neither of them had clothes on. Melinda yelped in pleasant surprise, and then her face turned beet red. She hid back behind the corner.

Link walked out of the hot place and into the tunnel. He covered himself and Nana with a simple cape. After dressing, he called, "Melinda, it's fine now. Come out."

So Melinda finally came out with a red face. Seeing Link, her happiness quickly overcame her shyness. "Master Link," she called quietly.

Link nodded. He saw that the girl's leg was bloody and realized that her wound had opened again. He walked over to clean the wound. After wrapping it again, he tried to put in some Dragon Power.

Melinda immediately yelped.

"Does it hurt?" Link asked.

"No, it's warm. The wound feels kind of numb and itchy like it's about to heal soon. It's comfortable," Melinda said, feeling curious.

Hearing that the Dragon Power was effective, Link was relieved. After pouring Dragon Power into Melinda's wound, he said to Nana, "Carry her."

After Nana picked Melinda up, Link finally asked, "How did you catch the black cat?"

"It was hit by a big tree, and its back legs were flattened. I saved it and then cut off its front paws and pulled out its teeth. It can't hurt people anymore."

Link put Elodim in his hands. The cat really looked pathetic. It was covered in blood and talked with a lisp. Its fur was matted, and its limbs were all missing. It was even more pathetic than a stray cat.

With its ears flattened, it said weakly, "Link, let's make a deal. I won't have any bad ideas from now on. Will you forgive me?"

Looking at it, Link thought for five seconds before shaking his head. "No."

"Why not? I saved you this time. If not for me, you'd be dead meat. I helped you gain dragon power too!" The black cat was stunned.

It knew Link well. His words meant that he would end things once and for all. He was ten times crueller than the Yabba girl when he wanted to be!

Link smiled thinly. "It's not a personal problem between the two of us... Without further ado, goodbye Elodim. Nana, dagger!"

As soon as he spoke, the Breakpoint dagger in Nana's hand glowed faintly. She pierced it into Elodim's head.

Colorful lights flashed. This was a god's soul, and it tried to block the Breakpoint dagger. However, the dagger was an agglomeration of destructive singularity. Merely a god's soul was useless. After three seconds, the dagger pierced into the light.

"Ah!" A horribly painful cry rang out in everyone's mind. Then the colorful glow scattered into countless light spots. There were so many spots that the entire spacious tunnel was colored.

The light didn't fade for five whole seconds. By then, the dagger had sunk into the black cat's skull.

Elodim, a god that wanted nothing more than escape from Firuman, died under the destructive singularity just like that. Perhaps there were remnants of his soul, but this was unimportant.

The betrayal was only a small part of why Link killed it.

This black cat posed too big of a danger. The World of Firuman had already cracked, and it would only get stronger. With a god's wisdom, it would have endless tricks. A damaged physical body couldn't restrict it for long.

No one could know what a god would do at that time to the cage that had imprisoned it for thousands of years.

Link didn't dare take the risk, so he decided to get rid of the problem once and for all.

After that, Link tossed the black cat's corpse into the lava. With a soft pop, the corpse turned into smoke and disappeared.

Seeing that Melinda was a bit dazed, Link realized that his cruelty had shocked her, so he explained, "His existence has already caused the losses of countless lives. More lives will die because of him in the future. His strength is quickly growing and will soon surpass us. I can only take the chance to kill him now."

Melinda nodded lightly. She saw another side of Link—cruel and decisive. She was a bit scared but also felt safer. Her feelings were contradictory.

After leaving the cave, Link checked the direction and summoned the Nightingale. They climbed on and started flying towards the Orida Fortress.

This time, there was still a twinge of pain in his head, but he could bear it. After flying at a regular high speed for around 100 miles, not only was he not tired, his headache even disappeared.

A dragon's physique is so weird.

They were within the Norton Kingdom now and were around 250 miles from the Orida Fortress. It wasn't too far. With the Nightingale's speed, the fortress's outer walls appeared in Link's vision after three hours.

For 2000 years, the Northern human race had gone through eight dynasties. Each one had spent countless money and manpower on building and expanding the walls. At this time, it was undoubtedly the top strategic pass for the Northern humans.

When Link was three miles away, he was stopped by a scout.

"Magician, report your name!"

"Ferde Lord, Baron Link Morani." Link reported his noble title to the common soldier because it was easier to make a commoner respect a noble while a Magician would receive reverence and fear. The former was much better.

Once he said his name, the scout instantly became ecstatic, and he saluted to Link. "Lord, welcome to the Orida Fortress!"

# Chapter 356

## Eve of the Final Battle (1)

Outside the defensive line of Orida fortress

Skinorse dragged himself back covered in wounds.

At that time, Link had unleashed a Legendary magical spell, the Thunder God's Descent. He was facing a Level-9 expert as well as the user of the Dark Serpent. He simply could not afford to pay attention to his surroundings.

When the shockwaves of their fight hit him, Skinorse did what he could to find cover. Nonetheless, a rock the size of a small head still smashed into his back.

He did not have the tenacity of a demon's body, so after getting hit, he forcefully used his Battle Art to keep himself going.

He covered 200 miles in only half an hour!

Normally, even in an uninjured condition, he would not be able to do this. However, this time, he truly gave it his all.

Link staked his life to prevent the demons from pursuing him. If he didn't finish the mission, Skinorse felt that he would be letting himself down.

He didn't want future historians to record this section of history sadly, in this manner. "Link risked his life to stop the demons, but an unknown person wasted his sacrifice."

He wanted historians to write, "Skinorse successfully completed Link's mission, delivering the magic note to Orida Fortress, leading to a reversal of the war!"

That would be his glory!

Therefore, when the 150-foot-tall Orida Fortress appeared in his vision, Skinorse felt all his organs heating up. Every breath he took felt like torture as his throat was choked with blood. Even the phlegm he spit out was red in color. His legs too felt like

they were made of lead, and his Battle Art was all run out. He was essentially on his last leg.

His vision grew blurry, and the objects in his vision looked darker than they actually were.

A Scout outside the fortress barricade noticed him and shouted, "Who are you? Report your rank!"

Hearing this, Skinorse knew that he had accomplished his mission. He breathed deeply and spat out a glob of blood that he had been suppressing inside his throat. Then, his legs gave way, and he collapsed onto the floor.

"Major! It's Major Skinorse!" Someone had recognized him.

"Huff huff, bring me to the fortress... pant... to see Duke Abel. I carry an important magic note!" Skinorse said, lying on the ground and breathing deeply. Every breath carried the stench of blood.

After saying this, Skinorse felt extremely faint and almost lost consciousness.

In his stupor, he felt someone carry him up and feed him something that tasted like medicine. After drinking a few mouthfuls, he felt a cool feeling in his chest. He could also hear people talking beside him. He was then placed onto a warhorse, which slowly trotted forward.

Before the magic note was delivered, Skinorse did not dare to let himself lose consciousness. All the way here, he bit his lip to keep himself awake. Fortunately, he was a Level-7 expert, so after resting on the horseback for a bit, his spirit had recovered, and his mind had cleared up significantly.

He found that he was going through a dark tunnel-like passageway about 120 feet long. This was part of Orida Fortress's magic defenses.

After passing through the tunnel, Skinorse was carried off the horse and into a stretcher.

The relief of the ground had increased, and 300 feet later, there was a second wall. Because of the high terrain, the wall rose even higher. This also gave defenders a greater range of vision.

In the second tunnel, a priest appeared chanting incantations. Divine light shone onto Skinorse's body.

Skinorse felt waves of warmth entering his body and the pain he was feeling gradually decreased. Following that, he felt an itch in his throat and his chest. It was a very familiar feeling that came whenever his wounds healed up.

Oddly, this time, his vital organs were the ones that were damaged this time. These organs weren't typically sensitive, therefore, for them to itch was very strange for Skinorse. This showed how fast the recovery was.

Skinorse's injuries were not considered too heavy, and his body constitution was originally strong. With the divine healing from the priest, he felt as though he was revived, and although he still felt weak, he was essentially fine.

As he sat up in the saddle, he re-stated his mission. "I need to see Duke Abel, now."

The priest gently replied. "Warrior, we're going to see the duke now."

"I'm fine; I can walk by myself."

After getting out of the stretcher, Skinorse checked the magic note in his bracelet. Even though he knew that it would not be affected, he couldn't help but check to make sure it was there. He took it out and stored it safely in his pocket.

The fortress was on an upslope. After the second wall, it was a stone ramp. The stone ramp was surrounded on both sides by tall walls which were protected by magic barriers. The walls had soldiers stationed on the top.

Even if enemies could make it through the two walls in front, they would still have to fight up this tightly defended ramp.

When they did, they would find themselves sandwiched between two walls of defenders in a kill-zone.

The ramp was very long and lead into a small city stronghold. The city was made of a few levels. At the fourth level of the city was the center of Orida Fortress.

This stronghold was almost completely made of anti-magic metals.



Even if enemies made it here, the stronghold gate was at least three-feet-thick and thoroughly defended. Breaking through the gate was not easy.

At this point, the hall in the stronghold was the center of command. In there was gathered Duke Abel, Elf Princess Milda, Dwarf Mountain King, as well as the formation commander of the third Yabba airship contingent.

They all knew that Skinorse had gone to deliver a letter to Link. Seeing that he had just returned without Link, they suddenly got a bad feeling.

"Major, report," Duke Abel instructed.

Skinorse saluted towards everyone in the room. Although it was not too appropriate, nobody was in the mood to care. Then, he began to recount his experiences from when he met Link at the Golden Plains till the Hengduan Mountain Range. He talked about how they had discovered the Yabba airship, as well as the final confrontation at the Sentinel Cabin and the magic note Link, had bade him to bring back.

He spoke simply and finished his recount in under ten sentences. After that, he retrieved the magic note from Link.

The room was silent as everyone held their tongues. The magic note was received by an officer and handed over to Elf Princess Milda, who was most proficient in the use of magic.

Rustle. The hall was so silent that the only thing that could be heard was the sound of pages flipping.

The handwriting on the magic-encoded note was very familiar to everyone—it was Link's. The Mana coming from the note exuded an aura of calm. Looking at the handwriting, Elf Princess Milda could not help but recall a particular black-haired young man.

The magic note indicated that he had stayed back to face an ambush of 50 demons and Aymons who was in possession of the Divine Gear. Facing a force like this, even her mother, the Elf Queen, could only escape for her life.

Therefore, most likely, Link was dead.

Although the note did not state the final conclusion of the battle, Elf Princess Milda, as

well as everyone else in the hall, could guess what had happened.

Drip. At some point, a tear dropped onto the book in front of her, smudging a row of words. Elf Princess Milda hastily dried the page before continuing to look at it.

No one broke the silence in the hall. They were too afraid to break Elf Princess Milda's concentration. Everyone knew of the importance of the magic note in her hands. Not only was it a message, but it also contained notes on a particular magic formation. It concerned the lives of hundreds of thousands of soldiers. Essentially, she held the fate of the continent in her hands.

Half an hour later, Elf Princess Milda closed the notebook. She nodded her head and said, "Magician Link has written very clearly. I believe that as long as we have enough Magicians, we can activate the spell formation contained within this letter. Using it, we can fight against the Divine Spells of the Dark Serpent. However..."

"However what?" Duke Abel immediately asked.

"In order to activate this magic formation, it needs to be directed by a Master Magician. Originally, Link would have been the best person for the job, but he... Well, I will make a trip back to the Isle of Dawn to recruit at least a hundred Level-6 Magicians. Besides that, we will also need to begin training them to use the formation. I don't know if we have enough time."

Regardless of whether or not there was enough time, it was something that needed to be done.

"Damn!" Duke Abel smacked the table, anguish in his heart. Now that things had come to this, he didn't know how to feel.

Link had already done all he could, and he had even given up his life for the cause. In the end, he found a way to fight back against the Divine Gear. However, compared to this magic formation, Duke Abel would much rather have Link back.

The magic formation was dead; the Magician was the true treasure.

For a Magician like Link who had the potential to become a Legendary Magician, Duke Abel actually might consider him more valuable than over a hundred thousand soldiers.

"Alright. Lord Link has already completed his mission. Moving on, it is up to those of us who are still alive," the Yabba airship formation commander said, standing up from his chair. He looked at Elf Princess Milda and said, "Princess, our airships can speedily fly us to the Isle of Dawn. I would like to ask; would the Elf Queen lead the magic formation?"

Elf Princess Milda shook her head. "No, my mother cannot join the battle. She needs to protect our World Tree."

"Alright. Let's head out!" The Yabba commander said anxiously. He was obviously anxious. The Yabba capital city, Lariel, was currently besieged by the demons. Only the human army of their alliance could help them break through the siege. However, they needed a way to defend against the Divine Gear before they could move out.

Therefore, this magic formation still concerned the fate of the Yabbas.

"Yes, we'll set out now," Elf Princess Milda said.

However, it was at this point that another soldier rushed in. When he came in, he did not even bother with the formalities and shouted, "The Demon Slayer has returned!"

The Demon Slayer was Link's title amongst the soldiers.

Everyone in the hall was stunned. They looked at each other in silence. Then, Duke Abel stood up. His actions were sharp and quick, and he even knocked over the chair that he was seated on.

"How is he? Is he injured?"

"He looks to be fine," the soldier reported, beaming.

"Whew..." Everyone in the hall let out a sigh of relief. The serious atmosphere from earlier was now completely dispersed.

# Chapter 357

## Eve of the Final Battle (2)

After Link's message arrived, Duke Abel stood up, losing his cool a bit. This wasn't that bad. Someone stood up from their seats and ran out of the room.

Everyone stared at each other, speechless. The one who ran out was none other than the High Elf Princess Milda. She ran so quickly that her body even glowed faintly and disappeared out the door in a blink.

She'd used an acceleration spell.

Everyone had seen Milda's tears earlier, but that was when everyone thought Link had died. They'd all felt heavy, so no one had thought much. Now, Link was alright, and they were all relieved, but Milda's reaction was so dramatic. They thought more into this.

Apparently, Milda had run into trouble at Ferde before, and Master Link saved her. After that, Milda stayed in Ferde instead of returning to the Isle of Dawn. She even had her own house in Ferde.

These weren't secrets. Anyone would know if they asked.

As a Magician, she didn't even control her emotions and cried when they'd heard the news of Link's death. Now, she was this emotional... Was there something between them?

Everyone was relaxed at this time.

Riel, the king of the Dwarf Mountain, was very straightforward. He slammed a fist on the table and laughed, saying, "The princess is in love with the Magician? Haha, that's great!"

The Yabba airship commander also giggled. "I bet this would be written in epic poems."

Duke Abel and the other deputy officers exchanged glances awkwardly. They all knew that Link had a woman in the Ferde Territory named Celine or something. Those two were apparently very in love. The High Elf Princess' reaction made things awkward.

The duke chuckled. "Aha, that's Master Link's private matters. Let's stop discussing it and go welcome him."

Everyone rose and walked out of the hall.

Along the way, the more Duke Abel thought about it, the more he found it odd. When he walked past the first checkpoint, he finally understood. "Princess Milda's matter is Link's own private thing," he whispered to the officers beside him. "It's forbidden to discuss. We'll pretend we didn't see anything and don't know anything. If any of the soldiers gossip, punish them! Understood?"

By the end, Duke Abel's eyes grew harsh, and his lips were pressed thinly. His expression was very strict.

"Yes, General!" The officers didn't know why their general was like this, but they obeyed anyway.

Abel actually had very deep thoughts behind this action.

The dwarves and Yabba were foreign races. Outsiders didn't care and had no qualms about causing some drama. However, Abel knew that Princess Milda's tears were genuine but rushing out to welcome him after learning that Link was still alive was a bit purposeful.

She was the princess of the High Elves and her each move was critical. After living in the fortress together these days, Abel knew that Milda was clear about her duties. She might not be a mature politician yet, but she was already on the way to maturity. She was stronger than most people.

How could she lose her cool like this?

Bryant had a messy relationship with a High Elf back then and even died in the Isle of Dawn... Hmph, do the High Elves want to get all our human geniuses? What a good plan! Thinking of this, Abel's heart turned cold.

He was known as the iron duke and had a strong personality. The wellbeing of

humanity was always first for him. In his opinion, the High Elves and Dark Elves were both foreigners. They could work together but must be cautious!

Of course, even though he was unhappy about Milda's actions, he was a political figure, and they were allies. Abel quickly adjusted his emotions and put a smile on.

On the other side, Link had just crossed the first wall of the fortress and soldiers already filled the square. They were all there just to see the infamous Magician up close.

There were so many people. Thankfully, the soldiers mostly kept order and there were officers present. No chaos erupted.

While walking, the crowd at the front grew loud. There were gasps and cries.

"The High Elf Princess is here!"

"Oh my god, how can there be such a beautiful woman in this world?"

"She must be the incarnate of the moon!"

The High Elf Princess had been at the Orida Fortress for more than a month, but when she'd first appeared, she wore a veil. Later, she mostly stayed at the Mage Tower, so most regular soldiers had no chance to see her true appearance. There were rumors that she was beautiful but as to just how beautiful, no one knew.

Now, she appeared right in the crowd and didn't hide her face at all.

Her features were the stunning type and were quite offensive. Just a glance could make someone go blind from the beauty and stop breathing.

Barely any beauties of this extent appeared before the males. In a war fortress where even a female pig was stared at, it was no surprise a commotion was stirred.

Seeing this scene, Link obviously knew what was up. His brows furrowed slightly, feeling that Milda's actions were improper.

At this time, Milda had arrived before him.

She wore a long ivory dress of the High Elf style decorated with many silver magic

runes. She had a snow bear cape on her back and a snow fox throw on her shoulder. Her golden hair fell down her shoulders like sunlight. There was a flame-like silver mark painted on her forehead as well. When she walked over, the elegant and glamorous aura was overpowering.

Such a fine beauty appeared among all the sweaty and ragged soldiers. In comparison, Milda was like a goddess.

Link's eyes brightened too, but he quickly looked down and bowed. "Princess—"

Before he could finish, Milda walked up and hugged him tightly. "Link!" she cried happily. "You're still alive. That's great!"

"Woah!" All the surrounding soldiers started to jeer and cheer. This was legendary.

Without thinking much, someone yelled, "Master, kiss her!"

"Marry the High Elf Princess!"

"Master, the princess likes you!"

Link was even more shocked. He felt Milda's body tremor as if she was really excited, but it still felt odd. In his memory, Milda's every move was like a true princess. She would never do something that could be misunderstood before so many soldiers.

They weren't that close either.

It felt wrong.

Hugged so tightly, Link couldn't push her away either. He could only mutter, "Your Highness, it was dangerous indeed, but I'm already back... Can you let go now?"

It was nice to hug a beauty, but Link was passed that. The High Elf Princess' beauty was unparalleled, even prettier than the Red Dragon Queen. However, Link had marked her with the "political alliance, no other relationships" tag in his mind.

There was no other reason save that she was the High Elf Princess. No matter how innocent and naive she was, after a few years, she would still mature. They could become allies but as for love... that wasn't an option.

Link's tone was calm and devoid of extra emotions. Milda stiffened and instantly let go. With red eyes, she whispered, "I thought you died, but you came back alive. Sorry, I lost my composure."

"It's alright, no need to apologize." Link immediately changed the subject. "Does that mean Skinorse is back?"

"He's back and also brought back your magic notes. But now it seems that the notebook can be returned to its owner." Milda had already recomposed herself. She took out the notebook and handed it to Link.

Link accepted it. Just as he was about to speak, Duke Abel and the others arrived.

Duke Abel's smile was a bit forced. He suddenly sped up as he got to Link and forced Milda to the side. Opening his arms wide, he laughed heartily and gave Link a warm embrace. Then he patted Link's back and lamented, "Master, it's so great that you're back."

Link could only reply out of courtesy. He'd already felt the subtle vortex as soon as he'd arrived. He couldn't help but sigh. This is politics. It's far less interesting than magic.

He pretended he couldn't tell the subtle jabs. After a bunch of polite small talk, Link arrived at the iron stronghold at the mountain peak.

Milda had mostly returned to normal now. She explained the situation of the Magicians at the Orida Fortress.

In the fortress, there were more than 300 Magicians. Two hundred and thirty-four were humans. The highest level was Level-6, and there were three Magicians. Seventy-six Magicians were High Elves with the lowest at Level-6. There were two at Level-7—Milda and Romilson.

After hearing this, Link thought carefully and said, "There are enough Level-6 Magicians. Start training now... How about ten days? After ten days, the magic seal will be able to be used officially."

These words roused everyone present. "Master, how is your health right now?" Duke Abel asked.

"No problem at all. We can start now!"



"Great!" Duke Abel had already forgotten the earlier problems. The frustrations built up in his heart due to the Dark Divine Gear were all wiped clean.

...

Four hours ago

Whoosh. Aymons appeared in the forest.

Riding the Dark Serpent, he flew northwestward while thinking about the war situation.

When I left, Misamier was gravely injured. She's probably dead now. The surviving demons probably aren't Link's match. He'll definitely reach the Orida Fortress alive. That man is too frightening. He actually used a Legendary Spell. He might be able to think of a way against the godly techniques. No, I can't drag it on any longer!

Conquering the Yabba capital would take at least one more month. This was too long, and he couldn't wait.

# Chapter 358

## Eve of the Final Battle (3)

Rumble, Rumble!

Half a mile outside the scientific capital of Lariel City, the magic cannons belonging to the Dark Elves were bombarding Lariel's magic defenses.

Lariel had no city walls. Instead, the city was surrounded by a magic dome barrier. This barrier was extremely strong and possessed the strength of a Level-9 expert. It was extraordinary, at least 30 feet thick, with a diameter of over 2.5 miles.

Every shot from the magic cannon was equivalent to the power of an expert Level-6 attack. Yet, although the Dark Elves had continuously bombarded the city for three days and expended over a thousand cannon shells, the magic barrier had only thinned slightly.

When Aymons arrived at the scene, the cannons were still going off without stopping.

"What's the situation?" Aymons immediately went to the commander's camp to ask his disciple, Lawndale.

In this sneak attack on the Yabbas, Aymons was the overall commander. The commander amongst the demons was Misamier, while Lawndale was Aymons's deputy commander, as well as his greatest assistant.

"The strength of the barrier has decreased by 8.3% from three days ago. At this rate, we will be able to reduce its strength to under 50% in 20 days. At that time, with the strength of the alliance between the demons and us Dark Elves, we will successfully break into and conquer Lariel City," Lawndale reported, being very precise with the estimates.

"Twenty days? Can the magic crystal keep up with the consumption?" Aymons asked.

The magic cannons were powered by special magic crystals obtained from the Yabbas. They had obtained this technology from previous Yabba cities that they conquered,

and as for the magic crystals, the only way to obtain them was from the sky city Pollol. Because that was the only factory that produced these crystals, the crystals were extremely limited.

If it weren't for the limitation because of the crystals, they would have fired way more than a thousand shots in the last three days. In fact, they might even have broken through the barrier by now.

Lawndale replied confidently, "There shouldn't be any problems. Actually, I've discovered the blueprints for the crystal factory and am constructing one such crystal factory for our clan. It should be ready to begin production in half a month. At that time, our rate of attack can increase by one fold!"

Aymons revealed a slight smile. He loved to see his disciple's confident demeanor. Then, he asked, "How many cannons we have now? What about airships? I want an exact number."

Lawndale found this queries strange, but he reported the numbers nonetheless. "We have 500 cannons, of which 200 are being used in battle. Among them, 50 were built by us, although they aren't as effective. We also have five airships, and each airship contains 50 more cannons. Although we can maneuver them in the air now, it will take a bit more practice to properly use them in battle."

"The airships can't be deployed yet? Isn't there a team of Yabba pilots?"

Lawndale replied, "Teacher, I was just about to report this to you. The Yabba puppets that are controlled by the Dark Serpent are completely useless. Operating the airships is a very delicate process. These puppets' minds are not in perfect condition, and they can't do it. In fact, they've already ruined one airship."

Hearing this report, Aymons pondered in silence.

Then, Aymons went to the frontlines of battle. The moment he revealed himself, multiple musket shots were fired in his direction by Yabba musketeers. They were very fierce and precise, and it was because of them that the Dark Army had taken such damage.

Of course, this attack was ineffective against Aymons. Around his body appeared a barrier. Clang clang clang. Upon hitting the barrier, the bullets simply dropped to the ground.

Aymons inspected the thick magic barrier around Lariel and sighed.

The Yabba's magic barrier was not only incomparably thick, but it was also extremely well-designed.

It was not simply one thick piece of barrier which would collapse upon breaking. No, it was made of multiple layers of small barriers, such that even if a few were destroyed, the other layers would still be unaffected.

With this kind of defense, it would be useless even if Aymons used the Divine Gear to attack. All he could do was to open an isolated hole that, were his forces to use to enter, would incite an attack from the Yabbas all around it. Such an attack was doomed to fail.

Over the course of history, the ancient Yabba people had faced many such attacks. Their history was only slightly shorter than the even more ancient Yabba people.

After observing for another ten seconds, Aymons turned around and said to Lawndale, "Prepare to retreat!"

Lawndale was shocked. "Teacher, but why?"

Aymons responded with an explanation that was not really an explanation. However, he knew that his disciple would understand. "Link has mastered a Legendary magic spell. Furthermore, he has returned to Orida Fortress with news of our attack."

Lawndale immediately shut his mouth.

He knew that this attack on the Yabbas was a covert operation. This was why they had done all they could to prevent information from leaking out. Once the alliance got wind of their activities, the Dark Army would have to face an attack from two sides. Furthermore, Link had unexpectedly mastered a Legendary spell. That would make him a Legendary-level Magician. How could he have ascended so quickly?

Aymons continued, "Misamier and I went to subdue him. In the end, Misamier was killed, and I had no choice but to teleport away. Not only has he mastered a Legendary spell, but his puppet also possesses enough power to oppose the Divine Gear. I suspect that Link gained some knowledge on how to fight against the Divine Gear from the dragons."

Lawndale was shocked, but his mind still ran through his plans quickly. "In that case, we've got to take down Orida Fortress before our opponents are ready. No matter what, we need to take down this stronghold."

"Exactly." Aymons was pleased with his disciple. Whatever he entrusted to his disciple, it would be completed to his satisfaction, with no gaps left behind.

"Teacher, there will certainly be no problems for our army to retreat. But what about the demons...?" The demons weren't under the control of the Dark Elves, and since Misamier was dead, they had lost their chain of command.

"Leave that to me. I will contact Nozama, Lord of the Deep."

After leaving the frontlines, Aymons immediately went to the summoning blood pool.

The entrance to the blood pool was deep in the forest. Around it were numerous high-leveled demons guarding it. It was so heavily guarded that not even a fly could enter. Even Aymons who was the summoner of the demons could not simply enter as he wished.

As he approached the forest, he was stopped by a fear demon. "Sir Aymons, now is not the time for summoning. What business have you?"

Aymons knew that this fear demon was not the only guard in the area. Around them were hidden at least three-dimensional demons. If he made any suspicious moves, he would immediately come under attack by these demons. Maintaining his composure, he said, "I have something important to discuss with your lord. Please lead the way."

The fear demon was silent for a while. In fact, he seemed to be distracted. Aymons knew that the demon was using some secret art to communicate with the demon guarding by the side of the summoning blood pool, and so he waited quietly.

After a moment, the fear demon asked, "Where is commander Misamier? Why isn't she here?"

"I was going to discuss that with your lord. Misamier has met a bad end."

The fear demon was shocked. "What! How could she have died? Who killed her?"

Aymons was beginning to lose his patience. "This is exactly what I am going to discuss

with your lord!"

The fear demon looked distracted again, and finally, after a while, he moved aside. "Please enter."

Aymons walked forward, entering into a thick fog. In the fog was a mysterious passage, and as he walked into the passage, Aymons had a sense that time and space was being distorted.

He knew that this was a teleportation portal. Although it looked short, it was actually over 250 miles long and lead into a deep valley within the Black Forest.

Just like this, in five minutes, he found himself in a wide-open field. From the ground wafted up black and red columns of smoke which filled the air with a thick scent of sulfur and helium. The sky was painted a blood red, and within it could be seen waves of ripples, as though it were a sea of blood.

In this field, there was a circular blood pond over 90 feet wide. The blood within the pond bubbled, emitting white gases. As these white gases spread out, they formed into a miserable looking face.

It was very horrifying.

Maintaining his composure, Aymons manipulated the Dark Serpent, using it to carry himself forward. After walking forward 30 feet, a black figure soundlessly appeared by his side.

This black figure was 5'5"l which, by demon standards, was rather small. Its body was cloaked in an oversized mantle, and it made absolutely no sound as it moved, as though it were made completely of gas.

Aymons did not dare to take this fellow lightly. He could feel the strength of a Level-9 expert from this figure. At the same time, he knew that this was Lord Nozama's strongest Assassin Noyo, also nicknamed "The Guide to the Netherworld."

According to history, this Assassin had appeared only three times in the world of Firuman. Each time he appeared, he had either directly or indirectly caused the collapse of various northern human dynasties. His most acclaimed achievement was the assassination of a certain Elf Queen and his subsequent retreat, which left him unscathed.

After Noyo appeared, he didn't say anything but merely followed beside Aymons. After a short distance, he vanished completely into thin air. How he came and how he went, as well as when he went was something Aymons would never know.

In front of the summoning blood pool, Aymons stopped and took a deep breath. Then, he started to chant a contract spell.

As he chanted the spell, the bubbling in the blood pool grew faster, even starting to rise up. After a minute, a blood-colored figure stood in the middle of the pool.

"Why did you summon me, Aymons?" The voice shook Aymons out of his trance. The voice was sonorous, deep, and made one feel extremely comfortable listening to it.

If not for this creepy environment, just based on the voice alone, Aymons would never have imagined that it belonged to Firuman's most vicious demon lord.

"Lord, Misamier has been killed by Link."

"I already know that. I collected the remains of Misamier's soul. She told me everything. It's not pleasant news."

Aymons had nothing to reply. He kept his silence for a while. Then, he continued, "Our sneak attack on the Yabbas has been discovered. I plan to immediately converge our forces onto Orida fortress. I hope your army can support me."

The blood figure stared intently at Aymons and asked. "Hmmm? Aren't you afraid that the Yabbas will go to aid the Orida Fortress?"

"The Yabbas have already been cowed by our army. As long as we leave our magic cannons at their city to continue the bombardment, they wouldn't know that we have left, at least not for a short while. Once we reach Orida Fortress, using the power of the Dark Serpent, I believe we can quickly take down the fortress," Aymons explained the plan he had long prepared.

Originally, Aymons had planned to gather their strength before heading to Orida Fortress. This way, once they took Orida Fortress, they could rapidly expand their warfront and achieve a swift victory. However, now, that was not possible.

Lord Nozama did not respond to agree or disagree. He sank into silence.

Looking at the blood figure, Aymons could not read what the demon lord was thinking. He could only wait.

After a few minutes, Lord Nozama's voice sounded once again. "Let Noyo follow you. Send some Assassins with him; he will help you get rid of Link. This way, they would be unable to deal with the Dark Serpent at least."

Aymons let out a sigh of relief. "Thank you very much!"



# Chapter 359

## Too Much Energy, Need a Way to Let It Out

### Orida Fortress

To reinforce the Yabba race getting attacked up north, the entire defensive line went into action. Soldiers were brought over, and supplies were transported. As the core of the defensive line, the Orida Fortress was obviously the busiest. Everyone was up to their necks in work.

Of course, those matters had nothing to do with Link. He only had one task—to train Magicians and complete the Soul Slalom Magic Seal to combat the Dark Serpent.

The Orida Fortress contained three Mage Towers. The two subordinate towers were similar to the Mage Tower of the East Cove Higher Magic Academy. The main tower was practically equal to the Heaven's Thorn Mage Tower.

There was a 300-square-foot garden between the three Mage Towers surrounded by a low wall. This was the Magicians' independent area.

Link practiced the magic seal with the Magicians here.

One had to be at least Level-6 to join the magic seal, so most of them were High Elves. There were only five humans, including Link. The High Elves were honestly much more advanced in magic than humans.

The magic seal was very tedious. Every Magician had to multitask while operating it. While casting the spell, they must keep an eye on the Mana of the other Magicians at the same time and adjust their own Mana output accordingly.

The intensity of the training was like having a Magician continuously cast spells at the pinnacle of Level-6.

These tasks were practically beyond the limits of the Magicians and were tedious. However, this directly influenced the result of the battle, and there was no way to back out. Every Magician gritted their teeth and put in all their effort.

But even the strongest determination had a limit. On average, Magicians were physically weak as well. During training, Link paid attention to the physical state of each Magician. Once someone approached their limit, he would immediately end training for the day and take a break.

Every Magician in the Soul Slalom was precious and indispensable.

The result was that Link could only train them for three hours per day.

After each session, the Magicians were all exhausted. They would hurriedly cast a healing spell for themselves and sleep like the dead as soon as they returned to their rooms.

High Elf Princess Milda and Level-7 Magician Romilson were slightly better but not by much. They went to bed early to save energy. In actuality, they had to sleep 16 hours every day.

Only Link would be left.

Before this, he would be like Milda and the others, but it was different now. After receiving the Dragon Power, Link's vitality was extremely high. This training was just like a warmup for him.

After training for three hours, there was still much of the day left. What should he do?

Naturally, he started studying magic books.

Link had many books and scrolls at hand. The most valuable were the Wonders of Space from the Night King and Bryant's Revelations Scroll IV rewarded by the system.

With Link's current strength, it was difficult to improve in regards to spatial magic. On the other hand, Bryant's Revelations Scroll gave him many benefits.

After weighing the choices, Link focused his attention on Bryant's Revelations Scroll. He became obsessed as soon as he started. After training ended each day, he would return to the Mage Tower and start reading the scroll. He would read for 15 hours per day, sleep six hours, and be filled with energy the next day.

There wasn't much content in one scroll. Because of his endless energy, Link could maintain his thought operation at the highest level.

He finished the scroll two days later.

The technique explained in this scroll is so interesting. If I cast spells using this, the power of the spell increases by at least 50 percent and the speed rises by five percent too. It's like having a high-quality wand.

Link was very satisfied. There were still some things that he hadn't completely understood. He didn't have anything else to do and had so much energy, so he just read through casually, absorbing the wisdom of the Legendary Magician.

This would definitely be torture for the average man, but to Link, it was relaxing.

While reading, someone knocked on the door. Link could tell who it was by the aura. He activated the Magician's Hand and opened the door.

Dressed in an officer's leather armor, Princess Annie stood prettily by the door. She saluted to Link casually and asked with a smile, "Master Magician, are you busy?"

Link put away his scroll and replied, "No, no, come in and have a seat."

With that, he used the Magician's Hand to bring fire wine over and poured a cup for Annie. "It's cold out. Have a cup to warm yourself."

A year passed in a blink. It was now early winter, and the first snow was the day before yesterday. The wind cut into one's bones while walking outside. Annie's cheeks were red from the wind.

She walked in, sat down, and took a sip of wine. Letting out a long sigh, she said, "I heard you're all practicing the magic seal. It's really hard, and many Magicians are ill from the fatigue. I thought you would have a hard time, but I guess I was worrying for nothing."

Link chuckled. He pointed at his head and said, "The mysteries of magic are endless. I received some secret spells from the dragons, and my body is much better now. You might not even be my match in terms of strength."

Nourished by the Dragon Power, Link's outer appearance didn't change much, but his strength had risen greatly. His physical strength was probably equal to a regular Level-5 Warrior now, and he didn't even train.

If he underwent the rigorous Warrior training, he could definitely reach a Warrior's Level-7.

"Really?" Annie didn't believe him. After returning from the Black Forest, she'd broken into Level-5, and her strength started improving rapidly. She was now at the pinnacle and would soon enter Level-6.

She specialized in assassination and power wasn't her strongest suit. But if she couldn't beat a Magician, that would be embarrassing.

"Want to try?" Link was interested. He pulled a chair before Annie and rolled up his sleeves. He reached his hand out for a simple match of arm wrestling.

Annie was amused too. "Fine but I might crush your bones," she joked. "But I won't use my Battle Aura so you can't use spells either!"

If Link cast something like a Titan spell for himself, Annie would definitely lose.

"Sure."

Link grasped Annie's hand. Her hand was small, but her palm was rough. There were thick calluses from using a dagger yearlong. Link's hand was a typical Magician's Hand—soft and fine without any calluses or scars.

After holding hands, Link said, "I'm going to apply force. Be careful."

Annie felt the warmth of Link's palm and couldn't control her heart. She blushed involuntarily and calmed herself down with difficulty. "Come at me," she said seriously.

They used their power at the same time, and something cracked. No one won, but the wooden table under their elbows met its demise. It cracked under the immense power and almost collapsed.

With the table damaged, the match couldn't go on. Annie gaped at Link's hand. She didn't expect this. "Link, the dragon spell is so powerful. With your power, you can go practice martial arts."

Link shrugged instinctively. "I'm a Magician. Why should I learn martial arts? I don't have time and my energy... Hey, actually that's not a bad idea."

In Firuman, no Magician practiced martial arts. Other than the bias against physical combat, they also didn't have the energy.

For a Magician, the endless and boundless spells were enough to take up all their time and effort. They were usually physically weak too. Even if they trained, it wouldn't be of much use. They'd also be laughed at by other Magicians so who would do it?

But actually, there was no rule against Magicians training in martial arts.

Back in the day, Link faced the same problems as other Magicians. Now, he had the physique of a dragon. Practicing martial arts while he had no inspiration for studying spells could help relax his mind. He might even become accomplished after training every day.

To Link, martial arts was just for relaxing his mind. Before, he would walk everywhere but now, his body was too strong. Strolling around was a waste. Why not practice martial arts?

Thinking of this, Link smiled. "Annie, you reminded me. After receiving the dragon spell, I'm full of energy, and I shouldn't waste it. Let me think... How about I learn swordsmanship? Can you find me a teacher?"

Annie laughed. "That's easy. Kanorse, the Dawn Swordsman, is in the fortress too. I'll call him over."

What human could surpass the Dawn Swordsman in terms of swordsmanship?

Link's interest deepened. He chuckled and said, "Oh, don't. Since I'm asking him to be my teacher, I should be the one to find him. I owe him a magic sword too. How about tomorrow? After training tomorrow, can you take me to him?"

If not for her duties, Annie would rather be with Link at all times. Now that she had a legit reason, she would obviously agree. Smiling, she replied, "Of course. I'll come find you tomorrow."

The two made the plan and chatted for a while. Annie was now a high-level commander of the MI3 and was quite busy. She left soon. Link glanced at the sky and realized it was only two in the afternoon. It was still early, so he started forging the magic sword.

This would be his gift to his teacher.

# Chapter 360

## Too Simple

Link had plenty of materials on hand. Previously, when the Beastman Warlord commissioned Link to craft his axe, there were many leftover materials. There was plenty left to craft a magic sword.

Link once crafted a Khorium sword for Kanorse. Kanorse had provided Link with the design for the sword, so it was very simple. Therefore, right now, based on a similar design, all Link needed to consider was the magical component of the sword.

After thinking about it for a while, Link decided to use talismans to inscribe the sword with magic. He had plenty of experience with using talismans, and based on his experience with it, he could create profound effects.

He had a few high-grade talismans with him, ones that he had gotten from High Elf Lord Derrac's Lightning Wand.

He took out one lightning talisman from his dimensional pendant.

When no energy was being inputted into the talisman, it looked like a transparent crystal, beautiful to look at. It would definitely make a good necklace for a gift to one's wife, and would absolutely fetch a high price on the market.

This lightning talisman was originally designed for the wand, and not for a sword. Therefore, some adjustments would have to be made.

At this stage, Link already had an idea of the things he'd need to change. After casting an Eagle's Eye spell on himself, Link began to modify the talisman.

Hmm, my eyesight has also improved. Previously, these minute markings weren't so clear before. Now, I can see everything clearly, Link mused to himself in surprise.

In the past, he truly envied Felina's eyesight. Right now, his body had improved to the point that it was comparable to the best.

With plenty of spirit, outstanding eyesight, Link's modifications to the talisman were completed quickly.

Three hours later, a brand new talisman lay in his hand. Information about this new talisman appeared in his vision.

Lightning Tempest Talisman.

Level: Epic

Effect: After channeling Mana into the talisman, the talisman will convert the Mana into lightning energy.

(Note: Priceless gemstone)

The talisman thus formed the core of the sword. The next step was to construct the carrier, the sword that would support it.

Whether or not the talisman could fully utilize its power would depend on the grade of the sword. The sword was fundamentally many times easier than the talisman and was simply no challenge to Link.

Modifying the talisman took Link three hours, whereas constructing the carrier took only half an hour. Very soon, a shape similar to the Khorium sword was produced.

Link inlaid the talisman into the base of the sword blade, aligning the talisman with the lines on the sword. The lightning talisman sword was created!

The process was extremely fast, taking only about 3.5 hours.

If I had used traditional methods to create this sword, it would take me at least a week. Using talismans to do it is a much better way!

Picking up the blade, Link made some adjustments to the body of the sword. Now, the sword was considered complete.

Since this sword was a gift, it would not be appropriate to simply hand it over like this. Link created an elegant ebony box for the sword which he then placed the sword into. Suddenly, Link had a flash of inspiration. He quickly put away the sword and began studying the Flame and Purification spell.



Very quickly, a day passed by.

The next day, after conducting the regular training for the Magicians, Link chose not to leave from the training grounds. Annie walked over, accompanied by Kanorse.

Annie waved her hand helplessly, saying, "Link, I told Kanorse about your request, and he immediately came over."

Kanorse laughed and said, "I heard that you were preparing a magic sword as a gift. I was curious and couldn't resist coming to take a look."

Well, fine. He's already here, Link thought. He retrieved the box from within his dimensional pendant and handed it over to Kanorse.

The box was simple but incredibly elegant. Looking at it, Kanorse's eyes lit up. He carefully opened the box and laid his eyes upon the sword within.

The exterior of the sword was a silvery white. Along the body of the sword was carved exquisite flowing runic lines which sparked with electricity. At the base of the sword was inlaid a brilliant gemstone which emanated a thick aura of lightning energy. It made the entire sword feel very electrifying.

Kanorse held his breath as he kept the sword aside. Immediately, the electricity disappeared, causing the sword glow to fade away. Kanorse was puzzled by this effect. Link explained, "When you're not channeling your energy into the sword, the sword will automatically stop releasing energy so that it doesn't appear too eye-catching. Now, try channeling your Battle Aura into the sword."

Kanorse followed Link's instructions. Immediately, the sword lit up with electricity as small explosions of lightning went off around them. Kanorse did not control his strength earlier and used too much force, causing the sword to explode with energy, transforming a nine-foot area around them into a lightning field.

Link and Annie were surrounded by a defensive barrier that Link had prepared earlier. He said, "Your power is too strong, but it is also too dispersed. You need to control the direction of your power on the sword. I can't advise you much with this; you'll need to figure it out yourself."

However, Kanorse's attention was completely focused on the magic sword in his hands. Who knew if he had heard Link's advice.

Kanorse was completely engrossed with the sword. At first, the electricity on the sword still striking randomly around the area. Ten minutes later, he managed to contain the electricity onto the body of the sword. Yet another ten minutes later, he was starting to be able to release the electricity as he willed it.

This rate of improvement was stunning, to say the least. It was no wonder that Kanorse was the human race's strongest champion.

Nonetheless, time was passing by quickly. Annie reminded, "Hey, Link is still waiting to learn swordsmanship from you."

"Oh? Oh right, I completely forgot! This sword is just too amazing; it's the best and most beautiful magic sword I've ever used. I was just too engrossed in trying it out. It handles well too!" Kanorse praised as he admired the magic sword in his hand. No matter how he looked at it, there were no aesthetic flaws in this sword, and the more he looked at it, the more he liked it.

Of course, since he already received the tuition, Kanorse had to teach Link properly too. He took out a pair of wooden swords that he had prepared beforehand and tossed one over to Link. Holding the other sword in his hand, his expression became serious. "Sir Link, I know that you only want to learn some basic swordsmanship to train your body. Yet, it is the basics that are the most important to build a good foundation. Not only is a proper mastery of basics important for learning advanced techniques, but it is also important to ensure you don't hurt yourself. So, Sir Link, you must learn this properly."

Link understood the seriousness of this. He had never looked lightly upon the skills of Warriors. For their skills to last so long in this world, it certainly had to have its own mysteries and strengths.

Kanorse used the wooden sword to demonstrate some basic sword forms. He knew that Link's eyesight was good, so he moved rapidly. After running through the forms, he asked, "Sir Link, did you understand?"

Link closed his eyes for a few minutes before opening them. "Let me try," he said.

Link slowly repeated the motions that Kanorse demonstrated—chopping, slashing, stabbing, parrying, so on and so forth. Because he wasn't familiar with the moves, he took a much longer time going through them. What took Kanorse half a minute took

him two full minutes.

Actually, the moves were very simple. Link memorized them all after looking at them once. However, when he actually did it himself, he found that his body could not keep up with his thoughts and would constantly make mistakes.

After he was done, Kanorse nodded his head in satisfaction. "Well done, the overall form is there. However, there are many areas that need to be worked on. Continue training; I'll correct you as you go along."

Link nodded his head and repeated the sequence.

Kanorse was a strict teacher. He would shout at Link to stop the moment he noticed a slight mistake to correct the mistake. The basic sword forms comprised of 20 strokes. He took half a minute to demonstrate them, but now, he spent almost an entire hour correcting Link's form.

An hour later, Link ran through the sequence of forms once more, going very slowly this time.

He didn't dare to go through the forms quickly. When he did, he found that he could not control his movements properly and would make many mistakes.

Kanorse nodded his head, pleased. "This is it. From here, you need to work on the speed of the movements. Sir Link, even though you are only doing this as a form of exercise, I hope that you would still take it seriously. Based on your current physical capabilities, as long as you train constantly and become familiar with these basic sword moves, they can still become very useful. It is also better for tempering your body."

Initially, Link had only planned to learn this as a pastime. However, after going through that session with Kanorse, he was beginning to find swordsmanship interesting. Hearing what Kanorse said, he nodded, saying, "Don't worry. This is really interesting; I will continue to train seriously."

Kanorse continued, "Over the next week, I will constantly come to check on you until the point where you are able to run through the sequence of forms without making a single mistake. If you have any doubts, feel free to send someone to look for me. I will immediately come over to help you clarify your doubts."

For such a valuable magic sword, Kanorse was only teaching Link the basics of swordsmanship. Kanorse felt that this trade was too much in his favor, so much so that if he didn't take responsibility for Link's training, he would feel guilty.

Of course, Link was not likely to make many mistakes. With his photogenic memory, it would not even be a problem for him. Nonetheless, he still said sincerely to Kanorse, "My utmost gratitude."

Following that, Link continued practicing.

Annie and Kanorse stood by the side watching him. After watching for a while, Kanorse waved his hand and said to Annie, "I have a feeling that if Sir Link continues to train like this, he could become a very formidable Assassin."

Annie was skeptical. "That can't be. Where would Link find the time? He still needs to study magic."

"I can't be wrong. Based on Sir Link's intellect and focus, as long as he continues to train for just an hour every day, he would definitely make incredible progress with the sword within a year.

"This..." Annie was speechless. She had no doubts about Kanorse's appraisal. It was just that it was simply too unbelievable. Would a Magician that mastered swordsmanship still be a Magician?

The two of them stood in silence for a while. After observing Link for a while more, they left.

Link continued to train.

In the next few days, Kanorse continued to come daily to observe. However, after three days, he decided to stop coming. It was simply pointless. Link did not need Kanorse around, every motion he made was simply flawless.

Link had reached the point where he could feel his own progress.

Every day, after practicing with the magic formation, he would study his magic books, burying himself deep into the books. Then, when he found himself stumped by a problem, he would practice his swordsmanship in the study room of the magic tower. As he practiced, his inspiration would come back, and he would return to his books.

Then, soon after, he would return to training the sword, alternating between the two. Surprisingly, his efficiency increased while doing this, and he had unexpectedly found the answer to many problems that were confounding him.

In fact, due to Link training his body, not only was his body getting stronger, the maximum limit of his Dragon Power was rising as well, increasing 20 points every day.

His Dragon Power which started off at Level- 7 quickly rose to Level-8 within half a month.

How interesting. I should've done this earlier instead of just strolling. Link found it a real pity and decided to step up the intensity of his training.

A week later, Link's Soul Slalom magic formation was starting to show signs of being effective. The coordination between the individual Magicians was improving, and right now, they could actually unleash some magic spells. Unfortunately, there was a high possibility that they would make a mistake and needed more time to become familiar with it.

Based on this rate of progress, it seemed likely that Link's deadline of mastering the magic formation within ten days would be met.

On the other hand, Link's swordsmanship practice was becoming more fluent, to the point where he had almost mastered it. He no longer needed to use a wooden sword. Now, he used the Storm Lord's sword.

The sword spirit in the Storm Lord's sword ignored him, letting Link swing it around without making noise. After practicing for a day, Link found it pointless. Swordsmanship was originally meant for slaying opponents. Where was the fun in practicing it alone?

Link looked at Nana.

# Chapter 361

## Master, You Cheat Every Time!

After another day's magic seal training, Link practiced his sword by himself. He quickly felt bored.

"Nana, come practice with me."

"No... Nana only knows fatal techniques." Nana blinked her big eyes and pouted, shaking her head resolutely.

"It's alright. Fatal techniques are fun. Come, you won't hurt me." Link activated a thin layer of the spatial shield.

"Uh... okay!"

As soon as she spoke, Link felt wind before him. He squinted and saw Nana pounce at him. Link instinctively wanted to use magic to counter her.

My magic instincts are deep-rooted, but this is swordsmanship training. I can't use magic.

Link used a basic move to block the attack.

Clang! He surprisingly blocked it, but then Nana changed her tactic. She easily dodged Link's sword and stabbed towards Link's ribs. His heart was there; if stabbed, he would die undoubtedly.

Faced with these extremely sharp moves, Link couldn't think fast enough. His sword couldn't keep up. This was totally different from practicing alone.

Cling! Link's rib was prodded. Nana stepped back and said in her chirpy voice, "Master, you lost."

Link couldn't admit defeat. He waved his Storm Lord sword. "Again!"

Clang! Link blocked the first move again but Nana's second move nicked his neck. She immediately retreated. "Master, you lost again."

Link finally admitted that he was still far from the top fighters. He couldn't help but think, What would I do if a martial arts expert was next to me?

If an Assassin was this close to him and their speed was similar to Nana's, Link wouldn't have the time to cast a spell. He would be killed!

There aren't any Assassins that powerful in Firuman, and even if they exist, it's hard for them to sneak up to me. But if—if—I make a mistake and something so extreme happens, I can't do anything except get killed.

In the game, Magicians were powerful but not undefeatable. Their biggest enemy was the Assassin because they were fast and could silently approach a Magician.

In the real world, Link's life was pretty smooth. Most of the time, he was the one who caused trouble. He was rarely the target of strong Assassins, but that didn't mean it wouldn't happen in the future.

There were career restrictions in the game, so Magicians had to suffer under Assassins. This was real life though. As long as you had enough time and energy, you could learn everything.

With an Assassin nearby, there was no time to cast spells. He'd make time for himself with swordsmanship.

With that in mind, Link grew serious and competitive. He waved his sword and said, "Again."

Cling, clang. After two moves, Link was defeated again.

"Again!"

Two moves.

"Again!"

...

After being defeated 49 successive times, Link finally kind of got the hang of Nana's rhythm. He got the right feeling.

Nana pounced like lightning. Clang! Link blocked the strike. Nana stabbed at Link's abdomen. Sliding his sword down, Link blocked it again. Clang!

The two moves used up one-tenth of a second. It was enough for Link to cast a spell. Basic sword moves were very easy, and Link's mind was relaxed while fighting with a sword. During this time, he could use a spatial sphere to force the opponent aside, putting distance between them.

But because this was training, Link pushed down the urge to use spells. He continued using his sword.

He failed at the third move.

"Again!" Link was in the groove now. He was using basic techniques, but they were effective. On the other hand, Nana used many advanced techniques but vaguely seemed like a beginner swordsman.

As a Magician, Link was skilled in finding the pattern. After practicing together for so long, he could see through to the essence of Nana's techniques. They were only variations of basic techniques. Compared to spells, the pattern was extremely simple. As long as he knew the pattern, he could respond with basic techniques.

After thinking hard, they started fighting again.

Cling, clang! Link returned to losing after two moves.

Nana giggled. "Master, you got worse."

"I haven't matured yet. Just you wait."

Martial arts couldn't be perfected by thinking. His body had to train as well. Otherwise, he couldn't perform his thoughts and would forever be one beat slower than the other. This would kill him in a real fight.

Nana wouldn't get bored. If Link said "again," she would immediately attack. After around 80 times, Link could consistently block five of Nana's moves.



After that, Link would fail because of his endurance rather than his skills.

"Master, do you want to try again?"

"No, it's enough. Let's stop for today. I need to exercise my body."

Other Warriors would be over with one mistake, but Link had a smart and powerful magic puppet. He also had spells for protection. He could continuously learn from his mistakes.

Thus, the experience he gained in this short period had already surpassed most Warriors in the fortress.

When he practiced again, Link didn't feel as mindless as before. Nana's methods appeared in his mind, and he started strengthening himself by targeting those.

He alternated between thinking and practicing; he was completely immersed.

A day passed in a blink. This time, Link trained until he was utterly exhausted. His entire body was sore. This never happened since he received the Dragon Power.

Before sleeping, he didn't want to move at all. He fell asleep as soon as his head touched the bed. After waking up, Link felt full of energy. Touching his muscles, he discovered they bulged and were hard.

Dragon Power is so miraculous!

He checked his stats again.

Link Morani (Noble)

Level-8 Dragon Mage

Flawless Dragon Power: 6800

Recovery Speed: 12-105 Points per second

Current Recovery Speed: 20 Points per second

Main Weapon: Burning Wrath of Heaven

## Subordinate Weapon: Abstruse Storm—Lord of Thunder—Silent World

He'd actually reached Level-8, and the upper limit of Dragon Power had increased by 300. This rate was so fast.

It seems that working out my body is a good way to increase my Dragon Power. Link had an idea of the Dragon Power's nature. In three words—use and disuse.

He arose and washed up. After dragging a group of sleepy and dazed Magicians and training them until they went back to sleep, Link started practicing his sword again.

"Nana, come train with me." Link activated a shield.

This time, Nana didn't hesitate. Her sword arrived as soon as Link finished speaking.

Clang, clang, clang, clang... Dense clangs of weaponry sounded continuously. This time, Link performed exceptionally well. His body was stronger than yesterday, and surprisingly, he could keep up with Nana.

After blocking 26 moves, Link failed because he couldn't keep up anymore.

This defeat was no longer due to Link's skills. Instead, it was because of his strength. After each block, his sword would be forced aside by Nana and unavoidable mistakes would appear. Link tried to fix them, but he still failed in the end.

"Master, you're not as strong as me. You're around Level-7, so it's normal to not be able to block me," Nana said.

In martial arts, strength was the biggest advantage. No matter how many tricks you knew, it was no use if you couldn't block the strike.

"I understand." Link seemed to be enlightened.

He was still using basic techniques while fighting with Nana now, but these moves were entirely different from the ones he used while exercising.

After his careful research, Link's moves were filled with a type of spirit. They seemed basic, and each move was clear. But for some reason, he could block Nana's dizzyingly fast moves.

At this point, Link could move as he wished.

My technique is fine, but my strength is lacking. I need to get stronger. Yes, train diligently! Raise the Dragon Power!

After that, Link stopped reading. He started sword training obsessively and using up all his Dragon Power. After that, he would wash up and sleep. The next day, after tiring out the Magicians, he would train again.

This went on for five days. The Magicians could operate the Soul Slalom Magic Seal with ease. To avoid mistakes, Link continued training them and increased the duration to five hours per day.

Every Magician improved greatly under the arduous training. Some at the pinnacle of Level-6 had already entered Level-7.

Of course, Link continued his swordsmanship training.

After another three days, Link's strength finally caught up to his Dragon Power and was at Level-8.

When he fought with Nana now, they could go back and forth. They could exchange more than 300 blows without anyone losing.

Link grew more and more comfortable. His body would make the best move without him even thinking.

As time passed, Link was no longer satisfied with responding to Nana's attacks. He started attacking actively.

Nana's single moves were all perfect. Link couldn't defeat him with only a sword, so he started arranging things.

His every move would lead the opponent to make a small mistake until they failed under the accumulation.

If Kanorse came and saw Link do this, he would definitely be astounded. This was a master-level technique, but Link found it natural.

Swordsmanship arrangements were simple. He even had time to cast spells.

One move, two moves, three moves... After move ten, Link felt a flaw in Nana's move as expected. Yes, she really did make a mistake caused by Link. Each move guided the flaw until move ten where it was big enough for Link to grasp it.

Link focused a bit and stabbed toward the opening.

Cling! He hit Nana's rib. It was just a tap, but Nana was forced back. She didn't regain her balance until dozens of steps back.

"Master, Nana lost." She blinked her big eyes, and her eyebrows moved downward. She looked sad.

Link chuckled. Happy, he said, "Come, let's do it again. I'll help you fix your mistake."

"Okay."

The two fought slowly. Before the flaw appeared, Link pointed out, "Look, if I do this move and you block like this, some small problems will appear afterwards. If I do this next, I'll expand your mistake. After ten moves, your flaw will be big enough to be fatal so you should do this from the start..."

Nana's brain was limited to her experience and wasn't too agile. She liked to rely on speed. This was no problem against regular advanced fighters, but she would definitely lose to a super-powerful opponent skilled in planning.

Link was too smart. Compared to spatial magic, martial arts was practically like kindergarten math. It was as easy as pie.

After focusing on training for half a month, excluding the powerful battle techniques, Link was at an unbelievable level for regular swordsmanship techniques.

As for a Warrior's battle techniques, Link didn't have to learn them. What kind of battle technique was stronger and more flexible than a spell?

In a way, spells were the most powerful battle techniques in the world!

After Link explained patiently, Nana nodded. She understood.

Thus, Link said, "Again."

This time, Link used 50 moves to defeat Nana. His plan had changed, but Nana didn't catch it. She was tricked again. When she realized something was wrong, it was already too late.

"Oh, this is interesting. Continue." Link's interest was growing.

After teaching Nana this new trick, they started fighting again. This time, he defeated Nana with 30 moves. His tactic had changed again, becoming more and more creative. The signs had disappeared too.

"Master, you cheat every time!" Nana had lost badly.

"Come, I'll teach you." Link chuckled.

Nana started learning seriously but Link changed again in the next fight, and she lost again. However, she'd lasted for 80 moves this time. She had improved.

Without speaking, Nana learned the new trick and started fighting again.

This time, it was harder for Link. Nana's mind wasn't flexible, but she learned really quickly. She immediately learned the trick Link had just thought of.

But it was fun this way.

Just as Link was having the time of his life, an officer ran over breathlessly. "Master, the Dark Army has appeared at the border of the Black Forest. The duke wishes to talk with you."

Link grew serious. "I'll go immediately."

# Chapter 362

## We SHALL be Victorious

Link changed out of his training shirt and into a more comfortable Magician's robe. As for the Storm Lord's sword... Well, Link had grown fond of it and decided to keep it by his side.

Five minutes later, Link was ready and followed the officer to the stronghold center.

When he reached the hall, he found that everyone had gathered, including the religious leader.

The religious leader was named Yinnos, and he was a 50-year-old man with gentle looking eyes and brows. He was slightly bigger around the waist, a sign of prosperity.

In Firuman, the church did not interfere with affairs of politics and war. If not for the appearance of the Dark Serpent, he would not have come to this war meeting.

When he saw Link, he gave Link a slight smile before closing his eyes, sitting peacefully in his chair.

Duke Abel and his officers were dressed in full military attire. Duke Abel himself was only a Level-5 Warrior, but with his commander's uniform, he looked very imposing.

He asked Link, "Sir Link, what is the progress with the magic formation?"

"They've had enough practice. As long as no one interferes, there shouldn't be any problem with the formation," Link assured him.

"Excellent!" Duke Abel said, punching his fist in excitement. Then, he said, "The Dawn Swordsman will lead 3,000 Silver-white Shield Warriors to surround the formation and defend it from enemies."

Kanorse was in the hall. However, despite his individual fighting prowess, he was born as a commoner and did not hold a major position in the army. He did not have much say in this command structure. He stood to the side of the hall.

Listening to the Duke's commands, he bowed to Link, looking extremely self-confident. The Silver-white Shield Warriors were the strongest in the kingdom and were all over Level-4. The commanders were at least Level-5. With over 3,000 of them, Kanorse had the confidence to defend against any enemies.

Yinnos spoke, "The leaders of the church will operate the Sacred Light Wall to protect the magic formation as well."

"That will be fine," Link expressed his gratitude.

Following this, the rest of the commanders began discussing their plan of attack.

All of this was about war strategy which Link was not well-versed in. Link stood silently by the side, observing and paying close attention to the details. He had to make sure he knew what was going on throughout the battlefield.

There was a magic sandbox in the middle of the hall that displayed a battle simulation. An area of about 50 miles around Orida Fortress could be seen.

The group of officers huddled around this sandbox to discuss the strategy.

After listening for a while, Link got an idea of the overall deployment of troops. On the iron-wall defense line, there were the First, Second, and Third Armies of the Norton Kingdom.

The First Army was the strongest, with 70,000 Warriors gathered in Orida Fortress.

Within the fortress was also 3,000 Dwarf Warriors, 2,000 Musketeers. The Yabbas had brought along one team of airships, consisting of three main attack ships and ten smaller defense ships. They also brought 100 magic cannons with them and had them set up along the city wall in a standby position.

The last force were the High Elves. Although they were the smallest in number, every single one of them was Level-6 Magicians or higher. They were also the main force forming up the Soul Slalom formation, so the army could not do without them.

As for their opponents, the dark elves, it was reported that they were over 10,000 strong. Furthermore, they were all very strong, and at least ten percent of them were high-level demons.

What's worse was that they still had yet to discover the location of the demon army. No one dared to take the demon army lightly.

They had no other information on the Dark Elves, as they had the Black Forest completely locked down.

At the end of the discussion, Duke Abel sighed and said, "We've no other choice, we have to build our defenses around this fortress. Although we humans have the numerical advantage, we do not have enough strong Warriors. If we bring the fight to the demons and encounter them in the wild, we won't stand a chance."

Everyone was silent.

Link had brought back news that there were many high-leveled demons amongst the demon army. Many of them were at least Level-7 and Level-8 demons. An army of that strength would make anyone think twice before fighting against them.

With regards to this, Link also felt helpless. He knew that even with the advantage of high ground from Orida Fortress, this battle would still be a bloody one.

...

In the Black Forest

There was a new patch of clearing in the forest, within which was a Dark Army Camp. Similarly, they were discussing their attack strategy.

For this battle, the Dark Elves were also deploying all their strongest experts. All the members of the Silver Moon council were here, including council leader Romand.

Romand was the only Level-8 Magician amongst the Dark Elves. However, his strength was so close to Level-9 that he was almost on the verge of breaking through. Among the Dark Elves, his fame and power were extremely high.

However, he was only interested in magic and did not care about politics. The one who was really running things was Aymons.

Naturally, the commander of the Dark Army was Aymons, wielder of the Divine Gear.

There was also a special person in the clearing. She looked like a human girl, standing



at about 4.5 foot tall. She wore a simple black cotton war gown.

She had long black hair that extended to her waist and looked as silky as water. Her skin was fair as snow, and her features were very pronounced. Her lips were red, her teeth were brilliantly white, and her eyes were particularly beautiful.

This gentle looking girl stood in the forest clearing surrounded by Dark Elves that looked like vampires and vicious looking demons. She looked like a young lamb that found itself surrounded by wolves.

Strangely, everyone treated her with respect, and this was especially so for the demons. There were even a few that kneeled before her, licking her feet.

This was because she was the daughter of the Lord of the Abyss, Nozama, sent by him to command the demon army.

At this time, Aymons was sharing the attack strategy to attack Orida Fortress in the south. As he was in the middle of his talk, the girl interrupted him, "Sir Aymons, Link has been at Orida Fortress for at least half a month by now. You might not think that he has found a way to oppose the Divine Gear, but I disagree."

"What do you mean, Your Highness?"

"I believe that your worst-case scenario should consider the possibility that Link has a way to oppose the power of the Divine Gear. We need to come up with a contingency for the event in which the Divine Gear is no longer effective," the young girl said. Her voice was sharp, just like the yellowbirds in the south Girvent Forest.

Lawndale agreed with her. He said in a low voice, "Teacher, perhaps we ought to prepare for that possibility too."

Aymons pondered over it for a moment before nodding. "Your Highness, do you have any suggestions?"

"Me? Nope, I'll just be watching from the back later on. Romand, aren't you the chair of the Silver Moon council? I don't see you saying anything. Aren't you going to come up with some spell to counter Link?"

Romand coughed lightly and said, "Well, I do have some spells prepared. We have re-discovered a lost spell known as the Moon of Annihilation. This spell requires 50

Level-5 Magicians to work together, and it can unleash power equivalent to a Level-11 Legendary spell. I believe that even if the opponent wants to render the Divine Gear ineffective, they would have to rely on a magic spell formation. This spell can destroy the spell formation that the enemy creates."

"That's not bad. At least you haven't been a waste of space," The black-haired girl smiled as she clapped her hands. Then, she said, "Well, I don't have any more ideas. Please do continue, I'll just watch on from the side."

Aymons continued the discussion.

After listening for a while, the black-haired girl got bored. She yawned and said to a black shadow beside her, "Noya, how's your coordination with the Dark Elf Assassins?"

This black shadow was naturally very respectful towards the girl. He saluted before saying, "Your Highness, it's pathetic. The Dark Elves are too weak, none of them are higher than Level-7. If we were supposed to infiltrate the fortress to take Link out, they would not even serve as cannon fodder. They would only alert the enemy and make my job difficult."

"Wouldn't you have to go on your own then?" The black-haired girl opened her mouth in shock, seemingly worried.

"Your Highness, don't worry. An assassin is strongest when he is alone. I'm fine on my own. Once the battle starts, Link won't last more than half an hour," Noya said.

"Ha, you're that confident." The black girl nodded her head. "But don't underestimate him. He just killed Misamier. Here, take this, my father wanted me to give it to you."

The girl handed a skull-shaped ring to Noya.

Noya looked at it and then immediately fell to the grounds. His voice trembled as he said, "Your Highness, this is too precious, I... I..."

"What?! Quickly take it. My father wanted me to give this to you. You're only allowed to succeed, not allowed to fail. If you do, you know what will happen."

Noya received the ring with two hands and said, "If I had this Oath Ring and still failed, I wouldn't have the face to meet the lord anymore."

If Link saw this ring, he would immediately be shocked. In the game, this was the description of the ring.

## Oath Ring

Level: Legendary

Effect 1: After equipping this ring, the user will exist in a different dimension. Except for the moment when attacking, the user will not be affected by any other attacks.

Effect 2: User can create two illusory clones which can switch positions with the user at any time.

(Note: Any assassin that possesses this will become the greatest nightmare of the living.)

This ring was almost a Legendary item for Assassins. How could Noya not be moved?

He slowly put on the ring and felt a thin membrane form around his body. His body turned half illusory and half real, as though he were a floating cloud of gas.

Meanwhile, Aymons and the rest had completed their discussion. They determined that the time of attack would be late at night on the next day.

Aymons declared loudly, "Everyone, please remember that we are not fighting alone. On the southern edge of the Norton Kingdom are our allied forces. I just received news that the Kingdom of Delonga have started their attack on the Girvent Forest. The news will reach the humans in the Orida Fortress soon. I'm sure the news will throw them into chaos. So for the upcoming battle, we SHALL be victorious."

## Chapter 363

### Then Don't Use Me in the Future!

Returning to the Mage Tower from the commanding hall, Link's spirits were low. On the way back, he suddenly saw a scout run hurriedly.

The man's expression was anxious, and his footsteps were messy. His clothing was covered in dust and mud. He ran past Link, snaked through the generals leaving, and sprinted straight towards the hall.

Only the top officials could enter the hall. Seeing the strange scout run in, everyone felt that something was wrong. They all stopped and looked over.

Link had a bad feeling too. He halted and waited for Duke Abel to call them to reconvene. But strangely, that didn't happen.

After the scout entered the citadel, he didn't reappear. The hall was as calm as before as if nothing had happened.

Seeing this, the generals found it weird, but they soon departed. They were all busy; at the critical point before the final battle, there was much to do.

Link didn't leave. Not only that, he even walked over.

His vision was shockingly good now. The scout's clothing was horribly dirty, but he could still vaguely see the emblem on it. It was a roaring golden lion.

Only soldiers of the Hot Springs City could wear the golden lion. This meant that the messenger came from the capital city. From the looks of him, the capital was most likely in trouble.

Link returned to the hall. It was still organized with the officers taking care of matters orderly. Nothing seemed to have happened.

However, Link didn't see Duke Abel. The duke had still been sitting when Link left earlier.

He pulled an officer over and asked, "Where's the duke?"

Seeing that it was Link, the officer pointed at the stairs. "He went to the library."

"Oh, write it down that I'm going to visit him now."

It was the army's rule that solo meetings with the general must be recorded. In the proper process, a message would be sent after the recording, and one could visit the general after being given permission. Link obviously didn't need that.

He strode upstairs and to the duke's library. He knocked lightly.

"I'm busy!" the duke's voice traveled from the room. He sounded normal, but Link could hear the anxiety.

I'm afraid something has really happened.

Using the Magician's Hand, Link opened the lock and pushed the door open.

There were two people inside the room. One was the messenger from earlier. He was now shoveling food into his mouth from the small table in the corner; he was clearly famished. The duke sat before a long table, gaping at a letter covered in sweat and blood.

Click. Link closed the door.

"Did something happen to the capital?" he asked. "Let me guess, did Delonga attack suddenly? Did their army pass through the Girvent Forest, going straight to the Hot Springs City?"

At least 10,000 soldiers were always positioned at the Hot Springs City. It wasn't easy to conquer, so Link wasn't too worried.

The duke let out a long sigh and sagged in his seat.

At that time, the scout reached at the wine on the table and was about to drink. Link used the Magician's Hand to steal the cup and add in a drowsiness spell. The man was already exhausted. With the spell, he fell asleep without a sound.

Magic flashed on his hand and the wine bottle dissolved into sand. "There's no use in

killing a loyal messenger to hide news," Link said. "Let him sleep. When he wakes up, he'll forget everything."

The duke looked at the sky with lifeless eyes. "Master Link," he muttered, "the situation is worse than you think. When the messenger departed, Hot Springs City's outer walls were already breached. Everyone is holding down the inner city. Otherwise, His Majesty wouldn't send a letter asking for reinforcements."

He passed the letter to Link, who accepted it with the Magician's Hand. Scanning it, his pupils constricted. "Dark Magician Andrew and the Syndicate. This is indeed a crisis."

Duke Abel glanced at Link and sighed. "What should I do? Abandon Orida and go south to help? No, I can't do that!"

If the Orida Fortress was breached by the Dark Army, it would be a catastrophe for the entire human world. The Dark Army would rush southward like a flood. Everyone in their path would die.

Furthermore, sending reinforcements now would be too late. He could only cover up the news by trying to kill the messenger.

This thin piece of paper held such heavyweight.

Link slowly placed the letter on the table. "The final battle is inescapable, and no problems should occur. Sorry for butting in."

With that, white light glowed around Link. He disappeared from the library and returned to the Mage Tower.

In the library, Duke Abel lit a flame and burned the letter. Then he wiped his face, wiping away all anxiety and frustrations. When he lowered his hand, the mighty general had returned.

...

Back in the Mage Tower, Link felt inexplicably anxious.

The world was riddled with pores and darkness was seeping in from every crack. He'd already done his best, but danger was still looming, even getting worse.

If the Hot Springs City was attacked, what about the East Cove Magic Academy? What about Ferde? Will Celine be okay? The thoughts poured into Link's mind, almost driving him crazy.

"Master, what's wrong?" Nana's crisp voice rang out, shocking Link.

Oh no, my mind is a mess. I still have to lead the magic seal! I can't be a mess!

His library was at the top level of the Mage Tower and included a one-way glass. He could see the Black Forest from here.

Pulling a chair over, Link forced him to sit down and stare quietly at the Black Forest without moving. Time passed slowly. His chaotic thoughts lessened, and finally, he let out a long breath.

I was being impatient. There are many Mage Towers in the Ferde Wilderness. There are many strong fighters, and Celine's gun is powerful too. I left her a lot of bullets. Andrew is only Level-7. If he dares go, a few bullets will end him...

Thinking like that, Link gradually calmed down.

Just then, a message appeared in his vision. It was a mission.

Activate Mission: Orida Fortress

Mission Description: Guard the Orida Fortress against the Dark Army

Mission Reward One: 300 Omni Points

Mission Reward Two: One Full Replenishment Crystal (Level-10)

Full Replenishment Crystal

Legendary Composite Part

Effect: This item can replenish any drained Legendary weapon

Seeing this, Link got an idea. He glanced at the Storm Lord sword at his waist, and the sword's stats appeared.

## Abstruse Storm—Lord of Thunder—Silent World

### Upper Order Legendary

Current State: 1/100 (drained)

The Replenishment Crystal could definitely recharge this sword. However, the level was too low. It probably couldn't fully charge it but could still help a little.

A pity, such a pity. It would be great if I could use the sword during this battle... No, the sword spirit probably won't let me use it. Ah, how annoying.

Just as he was feeling sad, the sword spirit's voice rang out in Link's mind. "Who said I wouldn't let you use me? Haven't you been using me all this time?"

Link shrugged. That counts? Every sword can do that. I was just using you for the convenience.

Then don't use me in the future!

Link felt a change and quickly said, I'm sorry. I really have been using you. With that, Link thought back to his words and still felt something was wrong.

"Okay, fine. I forgive you. I just don't have enough energy right now... Your Dragon Power should be able to recharge me, but it's not very efficient. If you start charging now, I should recover some strength by tomorrow. By then, I'll at least be stronger than your Burning Wrath of Heavens wand."

Really? Link was overjoyed.

"Hurry up." The sword spirit scoffed.

Link's happiness only lasted for a bit. He quickly thought of another problem. I don't know any lightning spells. It won't be effective even if I recharge you.

The sword used wind and lightning strength. Link didn't know either of them.

The sword spirit was quiet as if thinking of something. After ten seconds, it said, "Look at my hilt. Do you see the dark red rune?"



Yes, Link said.

"Drip your blood onto it."

What does that mean?

"If you want to use me, put your blood in!" The sword spirit wouldn't explain.

Link did as told and sliced his finger on the blade. Blood flowed out, and he put a drop on the rune. Strangely, the blood was originally bright red, but the moment it touched the rune, it turned into a translucent drop of water. All redness was absorbed by the sword.

The next moment, Link felt the sword start to vibrate with crisp clinks. Then a spider web of cracks appeared on the body of the sword.

"Hurry, your strength! I need your strength!" The sword spirit's voice was urgent.

Link added in Dragon Power without hesitation. His upper limit was 6900 and was in mid-Level-8. He was now the strongest of the Orida Fortress.

However, nothing happened when he poured the power into the Storm Lord sword. Like mud falling into the sea, it just disappeared. Link's Dragon Power was drained almost instantly.

More and more cracks appeared on the sword. Finally, there was a crack sound, and the sword turned into countless shards. But strangely enough, the pieces didn't fly away. A crystal-red connected each piece. After a moment of stillness, the pieces grouped back together.

Clink, clank. Crisp sounds came continuously as the sword quickly changed.

"Power, power!" the spirit cried.

Link's Dragon Power recovery rate was now 18 points per second. He poured the power in as soon as it regenerated.

"Too slow, too slow. I need more, more!" the spirit yelled.

Link's recovery rate was related to the energy in the environment. If he wanted to

recover faster, he needed somewhere with higher energy. What place had the most energy?

The Azzaro Volcano? It was 400 miles from the fortress, and Link quickly crossed out that option.

The Elemental Pool? No, his body rejected the elements. Those in the Elemental Pool stayed far away from him.

As he thought, Link suddenly looked up. The weather was great today, and the sun was out... Link immediately ran to the rooftop of the Mage Tower. He cast a spell and released a huge Spatial Sphere.

The sphere was more than 300 feet wide. Inside it, the frequency was only slightly warped but it acted like a huge lens, focusing all the sunlight directly on Link.

He felt heat on him, and his clothing quickly burned to crisp. It was alright; his body was fine.

Checking his recovery rate, he discovered it was now 64 points per second while he used up five per second to maintain the Spatial Sphere. Overall, the recovery rate was still three times higher than before.

Is it enough? Link asked.

"I guess."

The sword regrouped bit by bit. After two whole hours, Link put in a total of 450,000 Dragon Power points to complete the sword.

The shape was different. The groove in the center was gone, and dark red scales appeared on the surface, looking like dragon scales. The blade was now a transparent crystal red. The body was wide, and the blade was arced. The cross-guard was a Red Dragon with wings unfurled. The hilt was made up of two entwined dragon tails. It was also covered in fine scales and was smooth to the touch.

Link checked the sword's stats. It was completely different from the Storm Lord sword; even the name had changed. At closer inspection, his eyes flew wide open. It was made just for him!

# Chapter 364

## The Battle Begins (1)

In Link's vision, the information for the Storm Lord's Sword had changed to this.

Dragon King's Wrath, Burning Flame Silences the World

Level: Legendary Beginner Tier

State: Half-sealed

Effect 1: By consuming 1000 Dragon Power, the Dragon King's Wrath can be activated, increasing the user's strength by ten times, speed by five times, and stamina by two times.

Effect 2: All magic attacks increase by 700%

Effect 3: Incomparable sharpness. This blade can not only cut through physical bodies but also magical spells.

Effect 4: All attacks can become AOE attacks with a radius of 600 feet. The AOE damage is 10% of the attack damage.

(Note: Only the strongest Warriors have the right to wield me!)

Link's heart thumped. He looked at the sword in its half-sealed state. "Are you still incomplete? How do I make you stronger?"

"You don't have to bother with that. But anyway, you can input any excess Dragon Power you have into me. This will help me break the seal more quickly," the sword spirit replied.

"Understood."

Link attached the new Legendary sword at his waist and took out the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand. This wand was still useful. Under the effects of Mana Surge, the

magic cast by the wand was still slightly stronger than the Dragon King's Wrath magic sword.

When fighting, he could wield the sword in his right hand and the wand in his left hand.

Finally, the sky turned dark. Link returned to his room from the Mage Tower balcony.

It was still early, and Link was not yet tired. He practiced some basic sword forms in his living room. After that, as he was preparing to look at some magic books, there came a knock on the door. Knock knock.

Link pointed at the door, and it opened. Outside the door were two High Elves, Milda and Romilson.

"Are you awake? Please come in," Link said.

Over the past few days of practice, the two of them were worked to the bone, so much so that Link could see the dark circles around their eyes. This time, however, they look more spirited than before.

As they entered the room, Milda grabbed a chair and sat down while Romilson stood behind her.

"Are we still practicing tomorrow?" Milda asked. She eyed the sword in Link's hand curiously. However, she knew that every Magician had their own secrets, so she did not ask.

"Tomorrow? Yea, why not? But we will only do a few simple drills so as not to tire ourselves out." Link sat himself down too. He had a vague feeling that the war was going to begin soon. Since the magic formation was already prepared, he decided to prioritize making sure the Magicians had enough rest.

"That's good," Milda said, relieved. "We were really beat the past few days."

Romilson added on, "Well, we received some benefits too. My Mana has increased by a lot and has reached mid-Level-7 by now. Furthermore, Her Highness has reached the peak of Level-7."

"That's great, it's a great improvement," Link praised.

Princess Milda laughed drily. "We have no way to compare with you. I feel that there is a strong Dragon Power hiding within your body. Is that the Red Dragon Queen's gift?"

The Red Dragon Queen's power was like a seed that gave Link many benefits. To call it a gift was not wrong. Link nodded his head, saying, "That's right. Is there anything you want to talk about?"

"Yes. It's quite serious."

As she said this, Princess Milda took out a letter.

This letter was leaf-shaped and bore the imprint of a tree upon its seal. The seal was already broken. Princess Milda said, "This letter was written by my mother. While she is the queen of the High Elves, she is also a representative of the Emerald Circle. She has informed me about a distressing piece of news."

Link received the letter and took out the paper inside it, briefly scanning through the contents. As he read it, his heart skipped a beat. He had mixed feelings about the matter within.

In the letter, the queen wrote that the Emerald Eye of the Emerald Circle had discovered that Firuman's Mana density was continuously increasing, causing the natural laws of the world to distort. The Emerald Circle viewed it as a very serious problem, no less serious than the Mana Disaster 2000 years ago.

The queen instructed Princess Milda to immediately return to the Isle of Dawn immediately after repelling the Dark Army's attack.

What made Link happy was that he was no longer fighting his battle alone. The strongest Magician circle in Firuman, the Emerald Circle had discovered the problem. That was great!

What made Link feel shocked was that the Emerald Circle regarded this problem on the same level as the Mana Disaster from before. That meant that there was a high chance, 80 to 90 percent, that this would develop into a huge catastrophe.

The Mana Disaster 2000 years ago started because of one Legendary Elven Magician.

This particular Magician had discovered a flaw in the natural laws of Firuman and

decided to test this particular flaw. In the end, he had started the Mana Disaster.

That year, the density of Mana in the world was reduced by 90 percent. The whole of Firuman became like a deflated balloon.

That year, the elves were still the lords of the realm. Their might was based on magic, and they relied on magic to dominate the continent. Humans and Beastmen used to be slaves to the elves while the Yabbas, dwarves, and other ancient races were suppressed by the elves.

The result of the Mana Disaster was that the elves rapidly lost all their power. Thereafter, humans, Beastmen, and the other subjugated tribes escaped the power of the elves while the Yabbas and dwarves began to set up their own kingdom.

In the midst of the chaos, the elves split themselves into two factions. One faction retreated into the Dark Realms, beginning to worship the Spider Queen Lolth and using the Dark Arts to change their body and adapt to the darkness. These became the Dark Elves.

The other faction retreated to the Isle of Dawn. This faction continued to teach the teachings of the ancient elves. In order to differentiate themselves from the Dark Elves, they called themselves the High Elves.

This was the history of Firuman.

Now, the world was changing again. For some unexpected reason, the Mana density was on the rise. The other races may not know it yet, but how could the elves not detect it?

Link returned the letter to Milda and said, "This is indeed bad news. I think I know the reason for the sudden increase in Mana."

Princess Milda was surprised. "What! You do? Who did it?"

Romilson too was stunned.

Link shook his head. "I won't be able to explain now. Let's wait until the battle ends. I have a feeling that the Dark Elves are going to be here soon!"

Princess Milda and Romilson exchanged a glance. Seconds later, Princess Milda

noded her head. "I understand. May we be victorious!"

Link nodded his head. "It's late. Rest early, you two. Focus on recovering your energy and preparing for the battle."

The High Elves nodded and bade their farewells.

After leaving Link's room and walking down from the Magic Tower roof, Romilson suddenly asked, "Princess, don't you feel that Link is somehow on guard against us?"

"On guard? Is he? Are you overthinking it?" Princess Milda asked.

"Perhaps. But after all, he is of the human race. If... Do you think, maybe, would he become a threat to us elves?" Romilson asked.

Princess Milda blinked. She tried to regain her composure. "Okay, don't talk nonsense. I think you must be tired. Go and rest!"

"Yes, Your Highness!" Romilson slapped his head. "I must be confused."

As he said this, he turned and returned to his room.

Princess Milda watched him leave, making sure that he entered his own room before entering her own room. After she entered the room and closed the door behind her, Princess Milda had a serious expression on her face.

She walked to her desk and took out another letter. This letter was also from her mother, the queen. This letter arrived half a month ago, and its contents were simple. "In order for our people's rise to power to succeed, the power of the human race cannot exceed our own race. You must find an opportunity to carry out Bryant's scheme from 300 years ago."

Looking at the letter, Princess Milda laughed bitterly. Mother, you've never met him, and you don't know what he's like. If you had seen him before, you'd know that you were making the wrong decision.

She felt that her mother was worrying too much.

Keeping the letter, Princess Milda let out a sigh. Her heart was burdened with fatigue, and she immediately fell asleep as she lay on her bed.

The night was quiet.

The next morning, Link ran through a few simple drills before letting the Magicians rest.

The Magicians were tired after many days of hard training. Now that they had a chance to rest, many of them had expressions of joy on their face. Yet, none of them dared to completely relax. Most of them returned to their rooms to catch up on sleep or just to recuperate their spirits.

Link returned to his study to study his magic books. When he found himself stuck, he would train with Nana. He also refrained from overtaxing himself, enabling his mind to remain fresh throughout the day.

As he looked at the darkening sky outside the window, Link's heart was filled with a heavy feeling.

I guess the Dark Army would be here any minute now, Link thought.

Indeed, at 11 pm, the Magician in charge of sounding the alarms released a huge Light Spell into the sky. Simultaneously, the alarm bells started ringing.

"Enemy attack!" The vibrations of the enemy attack and shouting came from over the fortress walls.

The Dark Army had come!



# Chapter 365

## The Battle Begins (2)

Awooga!

A deep horn sounded in the north side of the Orida Fortress.

Boom, boom, boom. There were rhythmic explosions, and the ground started shaking. Twenty huge demons over 90 feet tall walked out of the Black Forest.

Not only were they tall, but they were also extremely muscular. Each one was like a mountain of flesh. Their strength was terrifying too. Blackish red smoke continuously rose from their bodies. They only had one eye, and a ten-foot-long red laser beam shot out of it.

"It's the One-Eyed Mountain Demon!" someone yelled.

One-Eyed Mountain Demons were a type of high-level demon. Their name came from their mountain-like physique. The huge stature gave them terrible strength, and it was practically a nightmare to see them attack the city walls!

Link was already at the square between the three Mage Towers. At this time, he couldn't worry about anything else. His only duty was to watch out for Aymons' use of the Dark Serpent's godly technique.

"Get into position!" Link didn't use an amplification spell; he used his Dragon Power to roar.

His voice traveled into the ears of each Level-6 Magician. They'd saved their energy during the day. Now, they flew to their positions as during training.

Link stood in the center of the magic seal and roared, "Start converging Mana!"

This was the preheating step for the magic seal. After that, the Soul Slalom could be activated at any time.

If Aymons wanted to use the godly technique, he would most likely use it at the start of the battle. That way, he could damage the opponents' power the most and reduce his own loss.

That was why they must be fast!

Buzz, buzz, buzz. The 70 or so Magicians all glowed from the Mana within. Finally, the Mana streamed into the center—Link's body.

Link's body soon radiated with dazzling light. His entire body was glowing, and nine-foot-long Mana flames appeared around him. Three-foot-long beams of light shot out from his eyes.

In the surrounding air, countless runes rose up and died away at an unimaginable speed. The rings of light ripples were like a vortex in the sea, whooshing outward. A terrifying Mana aura spread out from here.

Boom, boom, boom. Organized footsteps came from outside the Mage Tower before stopping outside the walls.

It was Kanorse. He led 3000 Silver-White Warriors to surround the Mage Tower and yelled, "From now on, kill whoever approaches the Mage Tower!"

After a long while, Kanorse personally escorted Pope Innos here. He brought the Cardinals to the square, and they stood around the Mage Tower. The Holy Grail was brought out too. It was a small silver cup the size of a palm. It wasn't eye-catching, yet it held unbelievable sacred power.

The pope knelt onto the ground. He lifted the cup to the sky with both hands and prayed loudly, "Oh, merciful Lord, please cast down your glorious light and help your lowly servant fight against the endless evil!"

The 12 Cardinals knelt in a circle around the pope and began praying as well. While praying, they poured sacred power into the Holy Grail. It began glowing and grew transparent. Finally, it turned into a shadow formed by light.

Whoosh. With a soft sound, a storm of sacred power rushed into the air. The sky used to be covered in dark clouds, but now, a burst of golden power pierced the darkness. The light shone down and mixed with the sacred power.

From afar, it looked like a golden beam that connected the sky and earth. For a moment, the entire Orida Fortress was enveloped in the sacred glow.

The Warriors roared; the sacred light gave them endless courage.

Boom, boom, boom.

On the city walls, the magic cannons started going off, attacking in various ways. There were purple balls of light, thick bolts of lightning, huge whirlpool ice beams, and more. The various attacks all traveled over one mile, sweeping towards the Dark Army to block them.

On the prairie outside the fortress, the Dark Army was multiplying. They continuously surged out of the Black Forest; they seemed to be endless.

After the One-Eyed Mountain Demons, there were Fear Demons and Fodor Flaming Demons. Winged Howlers flew in the air. There were more than 500 of these high-level demons, and each was above Level-7. Innumerable low-level demons followed after that. There were at least 50,000.

The Dark Elves poured out too. More than 80,000 ghouls and elite Warriors rushed out of the forest.

The dark power of the Dark Army gathered, creating a thick black miasma.

The sacred light of the Orida Fortress could scatter practically all darkness, but it was helpless against this miasma. The light and dark sides were at a stalemate.

Aymons and the Dark Serpent emerged from amongst the Dark Elves. He felt the Mana waves coming from the top of the Orida Fortress and whispered to Lawndale, "I'm going to activate the godly technique. Go and tell Romand to prepare the Moon of Annihilation. Destroy the force trying to stop me from the mountaintop!"

"Yes, Tutor!" Lawndale bowed deeply. When he straightened, tears were streaming down his face. He knew that later would be Aymons' most brilliant moment but also his last moment.

After the godly technique, Aymons would no longer exist in this world.

Aymons had already charged forward. Reaching the prairie, he resolutely activated the

godly technique of the Dark Serpent—the Swallowing Storm!

Swallowing Storm

Dark Godly Technique

Effect: The Dark Serpent opens its mouth and swallows all souls within a 12-mile radius.

(Note: After activation, the Dark Serpent's planar repulsion will multiply. The Divine Gear's power will decrease by 80 percent.)

With the appearance of the godly technique, the world changed!

The sacred light that had been fighting against the dark power, the golden beam that connected the sky and earth, was suddenly shattered by a mysterious force!

Black clouds covered the battlefield again. Lightning cheered behind the clouds while the clouds started spinning, creating a huge whirlpool. The terrible soul-swallowing force appeared.

Under Aymons' control, the Dark Army was safe. However, shadows immediately appeared above the Warriors of the Orida Fortress. One was their actual body; the other was the soul being tugged out.

The Warriors all grasped their heads. The weaker ones rolled on the ground, crying out in pain. The stronger ones gritted their teeth against the horrible pain.

At the top of the Orida Fortress, Link immediately yelled, "Soul Slalom, release!"

All Magicians started pouring Mana into Link. It felt like his body would burst. He might not be able to take it before, but now, he had a strong body.

"Ah!" While roaring, Link used the anger of a dragon king and streamed the horrible strength in. After going past the magic sword, it rushed back into the sky.

Buzz, buzz! A deep blue beam of light shot out from the sword. At first, it was a light beam. After flying 100 feet, it expanded and rotated.

Under Link's guidance, the deep blue whirlpool spun in the opposite direction of the

dark vortex. Every beat was reversed!

The two forces—one from a mortal Magician, one from a Divine Gear—began battling in the air.

Crack, crack! Lightning appeared violently between the two. There were explosions and great booms of thunder. It was terrifying.

However, the battle in the sky had intensified to the max. Then the Dark Serpent's attractive force actually disappeared.

"Ah, a miracle!"

"We're saved!"

"The Magicians saved us!"

The Warriors cheered, joyous after escaping death.

There was another citadel on the Orida Fortress's second wall. Duke Abel stood there, looking at the deep blue whirlpool extending from the Mage Tower. He clenched his fists and waved them excitedly.

Then he waved his hand. A soldier beside him raised the flag of a golden lion. Abel unsheathed his sword. Looking at the officers beside him, he declared, "Gentlemen, the future of the kingdom and the survival of humanity shall be decided with this battle!"

"Fight! Fight! Fight!"

The generals roared, and the soldiers roared. The dwarves and Yabba roared angrily too. The godly technique had been repressed, and the Light Army's power was at its extreme!

So what if it was the Dark Serpent? So what about the godly technique? They had the wise and powerful Magicians!

The Dark Army had started charging down the prairie too.

Aymons was frightened. The longer the Swallowing Storm lasted, the stronger it

would be repulsed by the world's laws. After one minute, it would be forced out of Firuman.

Now, it had already been 15 seconds. He didn't have much more time.

"Romand! The Moon of Annihilation!" Aymons yelled urgently.

The moment he spoke, silver light rose from the Black Forest, calming the entire forest. The light was 30 feet long, like a silver moon. It seemed slow, but it was actually rising up extremely fast. It flew and crashed against the Mage Tower at the mountaintop.

This was the Legendary spell, the Moon of Annihilation!

All Magicians of the Silver Moon Mage Council had gathered together and combined their power to create this terrible attack.

At the top of the mountain, the pope took a deep breath. "Glorious Lord," he said softly, "May your glory remain for eternity!"

With that, he put all the sacred power he possessed into the Holy Grail.

His slightly fat body immediately caved in, turning into a bag of bones. His breath disappeared in an instant as well. If not for the 12 cardinals supporting his body, he would be on the ground already.

Receiving this burst of sacred power, the Holy Grail glowed radiantly again.

The silver moon came up, but on its way, a semicircular wall of sacred light suddenly appeared, blocking the silver moon.

The two collided and intertwined. There were bursts of thunder. After five seconds, the enchantment created with the cost of the pope's life disappeared. The silver moon didn't succeed either. It advanced 30 more feet and then exploded with a bang, turning into fireworks.

In the Black Forest, Romand collapsed to the ground. His face was ghastly pale, and blood appeared around his lips. Behind him, the Magicians of the Silver Moon Mage Council looked exhausted too. They'd all temporarily lost the ability to cast spells.

"Dammit!" Aymons saw that the deep blue whirlpool remained in the sky. His heart

trembled, losing confidence. He could only forge on.

Now, he could only hope that the human Magician would break down before him. That way, his godly technique could still damage the Light Army. Even if he couldn't kill them all, he could at least halve their combat ability.

The One-Eyed Mountain Demons had reached the city walls. They started pounding Orida's walls with their bare hands.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The human Warriors where they pounded the walls were shaken to death.

The demons weren't well off either. The Yabba musketeers and dragon archers were all aiming at them. Balls of blackness shot down at these One-Eyed Mountain Demons. One was already killed.

The city wall became extremely chaotic.

In the Black Forest, a black-haired girl watched it all. She sighed and shook her head. "The Dark Elves are unreliable. Noyo, it's already chaotic enough. Sneak in and kill that Magician."

"Yes, Your Highness!" Noyo suddenly disappeared and instantly appeared almost 1000 feet away. It was like teleportation.

"Noyo, you only have 30 seconds though," the lovely voice continued in Noyo's ears like a low murmur.

# Chapter 366

## The Wolf Enters the Tiger's Den

Zip. A second later, Noya soundlessly teleported to the base of the city wall.

The battle had only gone on for less than a minute, but the center of the battlefield was filled with gore, blood, broken bones and dead bodies.

As the blood accumulated on the ground, it formed streams of blood. The stench of blood and gore filled the air thickly, like a fog that would not disperse.

The battlefield was filled with the sounds of killing, screaming, shouting, as all sorts of lethal attacks were unleashed. Within half a second of Noya's appearance, two musket shots and five arrows flew towards where he stood. These weren't aimed at him but just happened to fly past him.

It was a brutal scene.

Noya didn't tarry long. Zip. He quickly jumped to a one-eyed mountain demon's back and then jumped off again, crossing over 600 feet to arrive at the second city wall.

Once again, he immediately moved from where he landed, not giving the surrounding soldiers the chance to notice him. When he reappeared again, he was only 300 feet from the Magic Tower.

It was in this manner that he penetrated Orida Fortress. In the midst of the chaos, no one would notice a vaguely visible shadow.

Being separated by a mere 300 feet, Noya could see the low wall that surrounded the Magic Tower. The wall was only 9 feet tall, and within it could be seen a splendorous divine light. The divine light was blinding, making it impossible for him to jump in as quickly as he did before.

He had no idea what he would find within the walls and had no choice but to proceed cautiously.



Thirty feet out from the wall, the Silver-white Shield Warriors formed a defensive wall. There were many Warriors, some of whom were Level-7 and even one that had reached Level-8.

Of course, if it were one-on-one, he would not even spare this character a glance. He could kill him in an instant. However, here on the battlefield, these types of Warriors could be very troublesome. They were on the alert and could discover his traces. Once he was spotted, he would be tangled up fighting with the Warriors and waste a lot of time.

He was on a strict time limit and had no time to waste.

Noya adjusted his angle of approach, steering clear from the Level-8 Warrior. He sped towards the low wall of the Magic Tower.

Suddenly, one of the Level-7 Shield Warriors noticed Noya. He shouted out an alarm, "Assassins, alert!"

Boom! A resounding clang sounded out. All the Shield Warriors had raised their shields and used them to form a seemingly impenetrable wall.

At this point, Noya had yet to activate the power of the Oath ring. Although the ring's powers could be constantly active, it had a weakness. In the corporeal state, Noya's vision would be limited. Things would appear blurry and dark, and right now, he needed to be able to see what was going on within the walls.

However, he had underestimated these Shield Warriors. They were indeed the elites of the kingdom. The defensive wall was formed instantaneously.

Time was tight. He had no other choice but to quickly break through.

Adjusting his angle, he increased his speed. An instant later, he stepped onto a shield, stepping down hard and employing his demonic strength. He immediately crushed the Level-4 Warrior holding the shield to death, using the rebound to launch himself upwards and forward, towards the next shield.

Shing, shing! Sharp blades stabbed out from within the shield wall, pursuing Noya. However, it was to no avail, as the blades could not keep up with the demon's quick speed.

Watching as Noya was about to jump over the walls, the Level-7 Warrior that discovered him immediately shouted, "Hold it!"

He dashed towards Noya, flinging his shield towards Noya and cutting off his route.

"Pitiful strength," Noya laughed coldly. His body vanished, and he reappeared beside the dashing Warrior. Suddenly, both his legs were wrapped around the Warriors neck, and he spun his body. No one saw how he did it but all of a sudden, the Level-7 Warrior's neck was twisted and broken, and his body was thrown backwards into the rest of the pursuing Warriors.

Crash. The rest of the Warriors were mostly around Level-4. As the heavy corpse was thrown into their way, it caused them to trip over, crushing a few of them in the process.

Noya made use of this opposing force to flip himself over the yard wall, stepping into the sacred area inside the walls.

Hisss. The demonic energy on his body clashed with the divine light, causing green smoke to rise up, further blocking Noya's vision.

"Damn it, this divine light!" Noya squinted his eyes, peering at the area in front of him. There were two groups of people. One group was made of priests who were knelt on the ground, praying. The other group was made of High Elves, and this group was the one responsible for the deep vortex in the sky.

Noya quickly identified his target. He was standing right in the middle of all the High Elves, and his body shone with blinding light. His body emanated strong energy vibrations.

It's him! Noya thought. He immediately activated the Oath ring.

At this instant, he felt three forces from different directions targeting him. One came from directly behind. This was the Level-8 Warrior. One was beside him, rapidly approaching. Out of the corner of his eye, he recognized that it was a magic puppet, precisely Link's puppet Nana. This proved that the human in the middle of the formation was Link.

The last threat came from the human priest. In the air, the divine light formed a corporeal blade that flew straight towards him.

Hehe, the reaction is pretty fast, but it's too late. Noya laughed coldly. The Oath ring's effect was about to be activated. He knew that the opponent's attacks could no longer hit him. He was safe.

However, just when this thought flashed through his head, a dreadful sound came from behind him. Then, the whole courtyard lit up in a flash. It was lightning!

The speed of the lightning was instantaneous, hitting him just before he turned fully corporeal.

This attack was completely out of Noya's expectations. He felt his body grow numb as the energy entered his body. If he didn't immediately deal with it, it could potentially result in permanent injuries.

Noya's heart clenched up. He immediately stopped the Oath ring's activation, using his power to defend against the invasion of the lightning.

Noya was a Level-9 Assassin. The lightning was a Level-8 spell. It took him little effort to disperse the energy of it. However, with this short delay, the sword formed from divine light had arrived. This spell had him completely locked down. This was a divine spell that would definitely injure him if he was hit.

Getting injured in a place like this, surrounded by many strong enemies was almost synonymous with dying.

Without even hesitating, Noya drew out his dagger and stabbed towards the divine light sword.

Boom. The divine light sword was destroyed by his attack and had no chance to injure him. However, the trade-off was that his movements were once again halted.

Now, Nana had reached him. In one hand, she held a sword, in the other, she held a dagger.

The sword arrived first, stabbing towards his heart. Noya laughed coldly. The speed is nothing to scoff at, but the technique is pathetic. A puppet can only do so much.

The Dark Elves had talked so much about this magic puppet, elevating its status to a war god. They even said that the previous user of the Divine Gear was killed by this magic puppet, and as a result, Noya was extremely wary of this puppet. However, after

exchanging blows with the puppet once, he immediately felt that the Dark Elves were trash!

Noya turned his body slightly, avoiding the sword edge by a hair. At the same time, his right hand struck out with the dagger, stabbing towards the magic puppet's breast.

Clang. Unexpectedly, his dagger clashed with the opponent's dagger and was blocked. Even more shocking, this powerful dagger which had accompanied him for hundreds of years was actually split into half by the opponent's dagger.

Damn it! Is this the powerful dagger that Aymons was talking about? Noya had heard about this dagger from Aymons. However, Aymons had not been clear about what actually happened. He said that the magic puppet used the dagger to break through the Divine Gear's defenses. Noya assumed that the puppet had used a special skill, and only now that he had clashed with the puppet, it wasn't the puppet's skill that was exceptional. No, it was the dagger in her hand that was special!

My dagger was constructed from Enchanted Gold and is extremely durable. If the dagger was just shattered, so be it. But how could the dagger be so cleanly split into half?!

Noya could not gauge how strong this dagger was. Furthermore, the Level-8 Warrior was approaching from behind. He had wasted eight seconds here and really could not afford to waste any more time.

He speedily retreated backwards, but suddenly turned his body, narrowly avoiding the Level-8 Warrior's lightning-quick attacks. Then, he activated the Oath ring, turning his body into the translucent corporeal form.

Although his main dagger had been destroyed, he still had a secondary dagger in his left hand. It was more than enough to kill a Magician!

He approached rapidly towards Link who stood at the center of the magic formation.

"Stop right there!" Nana shouted. She chased after Noya, dashing much faster than he could. In an instant, she was behind him and stabbed a dagger towards his back.

Immediately, the priest condensed the divine light into a divine shield that blocked his approach.

Hehe, I'm now invincible, your attacks won't even hurt me... Wait! This dagger is unnatural!

He was rejoicing earlier, but suddenly felt a cold, sharp pain in his back. How could this be?! Had he already entered a corporeal state?

What in the devil is this thing?!

In that instant, with so many things running through his mind, the anxious Noya could barely react in time. He desperately activated the Oath ring's cloning ability. His body immediately multiplied into three bodies. One was still in the original spot; another was rushing towards Link while the last one was escaping towards the wall.

It was at this moment that Noya felt fear blossoming in his heart.

In the corporeal state granted by the Oath ring, Noya's vision was limited, and he did not notice that at some point, Link had changed from using the wand which was sustaining the deep blue vortex in the sky and was now holding a magic sword in his hand.

In all honesty, even if Noya had seen Link change his weapon, he would not pay much attention anyway. So what if a Magician was holding a sword? Could the sword hurt him in his corporeal state? Furthermore, even if the opponent's magic was strong, it still could not injure him in time!

# Chapter 367

## The Sacrifice of My Soul was Meaningless

Under the effect of the Oath Ring, Noyo's body separated into three. One body easily passed through the Sacred Light Wall and charged at Link.

Link immediately felt a shred of unrest appearing in the Mana surging into him. The Magicians in the magic seal were disturbed, affecting their spells.

"Steady! Keep steady! Don't worry about me!" Link muttered. He used Dragon Power to heighten his voice. It wasn't loud but still traveled clearly to each Magician's ear.

On the other side, seeing the Sacred Light Wall lose effectiveness, an archbishop's expression suddenly grew solemn. He and the other 11 had been kneeling in a circle, praying around the pope's body. Now, he stood up and walked towards the magic seal alone.

The other cardinals didn't move, but they all sighed simultaneously as if knowing his choice.

The cardinal prayed as he walked.

"Brilliant Lord, I am willing to burn my soul and sacrifice my all in exchange for your light to protect these mortals. Halo of Sacrifice!"

Halo of Sacrifice

Divine Spell

Effect: The halo's range reaches 150 feet. Within the protection of the halo, all injuries of the targets are transferred to the spell-caster until the spell-caster dies. If the soul is used as the cost, the spellcaster's soul will be destroyed after the spell.

(Note: There must be something in this world that deserves you to sacrifice everything for!)

When the last word was uttered, the benevolent white-haired archbishop stopped. He clasped his hands before his chest, head lowered and body hunched over. Then, golden flames burst from his body. These flames formed a pair of golden wings on his back. They grew quickly until they enveloped the entire magic seal like a mother bird protecting its nest.

Rings of golden runes circled the Magicians inside the magic seal.

Noyo had just arrived beside a Magician. He stabbed at the man with his dagger. The golden runes flowed over, blocking the hit. Not convinced, Noyo stabbed harder. The dagger sunk in slowly but more and more runes appeared before the tip. The resistance grew as well.

I can break through it, but I don't have time! Noyo immediately gave up on this hit and pulled his dagger back. Ignoring these regular Magicians, he ran towards Link.

At the same time, a wound slowly opened on the archbishop's body.

He still stood there, unmoving. His brows didn't even knit. Sacred power surged towards him, healing the fatal wound for him.

Noyo quickly arrived beside Link. His hand moved, and the dagger shot towards Link's back like lightning. He was still in a half-dimensional state.

He planned to turn solid the moment the dagger touched Link. At that time, he would be unstoppable.

That was what he planned, so that was what he did.

But then, there was a cling. His dagger was blocked by the sword in Link's hand. It happened the moment he turned solid!

Link didn't even move, but the body of his sword blocked the dagger perfectly. The dagger's tip was less than three millimeters from the back of his head!

That moment, Link activated the Dragon King's Fury magic sword. His strength multiplied tenfold, and he was five times faster. In two seconds, his physique was comparable to this demon Assassin and might even be stronger.

Noyo ignored his shock. Demon power seeped from the dagger instinctively, and he

continued attacking.

Golden runes flowed over—the Halo of Sacrifice. This flow of light once again blocked Noyo's demon power and saved Link's life. The next moment, Link's sword moved and forced Noyo's dagger aside.

I don't believe a Magician knows swordsmanship! Noyo and Link fought.

Link maintained the Soul Slalom while blocking Noyo's attacks.

Cling, clang, bang. There were various sounds and waves of power rippled. Shockwaves spread in all directions before being blocked by the Halo of Sacrifice again.

The Magicians in the magic seal were unharmed but more and more wounds appeared on the archbishop. There were too many for the sacred power to heal.

He still stood there, praying without moving. His body was covered in thousands of wounds, but he still didn't move.

In one second, Noyo stabbed Link 18 times. Other than the first move that was like a sneak attack, the other attacks were no threat to Link. His sword was like a seamless shield that blocked all strikes.

"This is impossible!" Noyo didn't know how to describe his feeling. He wanted to go crazy. As an Assassin, he was beaten by a Magician in martial arts. He'd never experienced anything like this in his 300 years alive!

"How is this possible?!" Kanorse ran over to help. Seeing this, he was shocked too.

He could tell that Link was using basic moves—each move was a basic technique. But these were somehow able to block all the Assassin's attacks. He remembered that Link had just started learning swordsmanship half a month ago. How could he be at this level so quickly?

By then, Nana had already defeated one of Noyo's avatars. She rushed towards Link, ready to attack the demon from the back.

After half a second, Noyo realized that he couldn't defeat this damned Magician's sword with a simple dagger attack. The magic puppet was coming behind him too. He



must use all his power!

Battle Skill: Thousand Apparition Attack!

Noyo's body suddenly turned into a cloud of black smoke. Hundreds of overlapping figures appeared in the smoke. They surrounded Link and each one stabbed at him. Noyo was too fast, and there were too many apparitions. It was impossible to distinguish real from fake!

But almost at the same time, there was a soft pop. A Spatial Sphere exploded beside Link.

Restraint!

There were no flaws in the defense of Noyo's battle skill. However, there was a momentary opening while attacking. This gave Link the time to multitask and cast a spell.

Link's Spatial Sphere was at Level-8 by itself. With the magic sword's strengthening, its power was multiplied by seven. It reached the pinnacle of Level-8, almost at Level-9. Under this powerful spell's restraint, Noyo slowed down.

His battle skill was an instantaneous burst of indistinguishable attacks. Now, Link stretched this "instantaneous burst" to half a second, making it ineffective!

Link must maintain the Soul Slalom. He couldn't investigate which was Noyo and which were apparitions, but he had half a second to try each one.

The magic sword sliced past the apparitions. Sizzles sounded in the air, and the apparitions popped like bubbles one by one.

At the 36th one, Link hit a solid object.

Clang! Link found Noyo's true body. There was only half a second left for the Dragon King's Fury magic sword. He used all his strength and stabbed.

Huh? Noyo broke free from the spatial restraint at the same time and saw Link's sword. Panicked, he raised his dagger to block it.

Clang! Link's sword had time to build up and power burst from it completely. Noyo

had reacted hurriedly and couldn't block it. He was thrown backwards. The apparitions surrounding him disappeared.

Whoosh. Nana hurried over, wrapped in wind. She was right behind Noyo and reached forward with her dagger. With a squelch, Noyo was stabbed through.

"Oh, ah!" Noyo's cry of pain was short. Then he transformed into smoke and disappeared.

"Where'd he go?" Nana asked in confusion.

"Over there. He's hurt!" Link pointed towards the wall. After seeing Noyo split into three, he realized what gear the demon used. Now that the stabbed body disappeared like smoke, it confirmed Link's guess.

The Oath Ring was a sacred ring of Assassins. Now, two of the three bodies were killed. If the last one was defeated, the Assassin would be truly dead.

Without needing Link to speak further, Nana turned around and chased after the third body. Kanorse did the same.

At that moment, the archbishop couldn't hold on anymore. He paid his soul to block two attacks from Noyo, saving Link and another Magician. After that, he bore all the shockwaves from the battle for the Magicians in the magic seal. His body was battered now.

The light around him disappeared. With a soft whoosh, he dissolved into a pile of white sand and scattered on the ground.

Seeing this, Link sighed, his heart feeling heavy. "Thank you," he whispered.

Noyo was heavily injured too. His speed of escape was twice as slow. Nana quickly caught up with her extreme speed. Noyo was quite skilled in swordsmanship and could still block Nana even with his injuries. However, he was caught and couldn't escape promptly.

Kanorse caught up soon after. Two against one, Kanorse beheaded the demon after a few rounds!

At this time, the godly technique had already lasted for more than a minute. The deep

blue whirlpool remained in the sky. Aymons' dark godly technique was ineffective.

During his final moments, he stared at the deep blue Soul Slalom and sighed. "Ah, the sacrifice of my soul was meaningless!"

As soon as he finished, the light on his body disappeared as well. His body caved in. The Divine Gear that had transformed into a giant snake now returned to a snake-headed whip.

The whip flickered between real and apparition then vanished with a pop!

The Dark Serpent had existed long enough in Firuman and was already about to be forced out. The dark godly technique was the straw that broke the camel's back.

After it disappeared, the dark vortex in the sky scattered. A beam of sacred light shone through again.

On the square, all Magicians were exhausted. They'd practically squeezed their bodies dry for Mana. After the godly technique disappeared, all the Magicians collapsed. Other than Link and Milda, the others fell unconscious.

Milda looked withered as well. Her forehead was covered in sweat, and her starry eyes were dull. She sat on the ground listlessly and looked blankly at Link. "Did we succeed?"

Link was in the best state, but he looked exhausted too. He still had 3000 Dragon Power points and was regenerating at 20 points per second. He nodded. "Yes, we succeeded."

"Good, good." Milda's eyes closed and she fell asleep on the ground.

In the Black Forest, the black-haired girl watched everything and sighed with knitted brows. "Ah, so boring. Not fun at all!"

However, even though all tactics to reduce loss had failed, the Dark Army still had a great advantage in the battle. The girl gathered her patience to continue watching.

The Light Army had won in the fight of the godly technique, but on the battlefield, they were in danger. The fight was burning white-hot. Hundreds of lives were lost every second.

Not even five seconds after the Soul Slalom disappeared, there was a giant boom. The outer wall of the Orida Fortress was 300 feet tall, 150 feet thick, and had been reinforced countless times. Now, a hole was created by the last One-eyed Mountain Demon.

It was killed immediately after but the wall was breached!

The Dark Army poured through the opening.

# Chapter 368

## Millions of People

"Report! Report! The airship is going down!"

A piercing shriek blasted through the air as the final airship in the sky emitted columns of purple smoke, falling towards the ground. It smashed into the plains outside Orida Fortress.

Boom! Immediately after, the magic crystal that was powering the airship exploded, causing a 90-foot-wide cloud of deep purple smoke to rise from the wreckage.

The ten or so Winged Howlers that were flying away from the wreckage were instantaneously engulfed by the smoke, perishing.

Looking around, the dead bodies of the Dark Army numbered at least over a thousand. However, that was but a slight dent in the Dark Army's forces. At the fortress entrance, the Dark Army was like a flood of black, surging towards the fort.

There were 30,000 people posted on the first wall. At this moment, there were only 8,000 left. The rest had fallen in battle.

"Arrows!"

"Fire!"

"Block them! Shoot down those winged demons!"

From the second wall, the officers were constantly shouting instructions, making the battlefield sound very chaotic. Everyone who could fight was fighting, and the battlefield was just one big mess.

As the overall commander of the Light Army, Duke Abel no longer had any control over the direction of battle.

Boom! Whoosh! Clang, clang!

Spells were constantly exploding around. The second wall was also armed with magic cannons as well as a few low-level Battle Magicians. The magic spells rained down on the battlefield.

Some of them were effective, others merely grazed the demons and ghouls, unable to inflict any serious injuries. Although the Divine Gear had disappeared, the ghouls were still very powerful. Their life-force was tremendous, and until now, there were still 20,000 of them left.

As for the high-level demons, there were also many of them left. Three hundred demons still lived, from an initial count of 500. Every single one of them was at least Level-7 in strength. They swept through the battlefields, and no one was able to stop them.

Boom, boom, boom!

These were the Fordor Flaming Demons assaulting the fortress gates. Gradually, the anti-magic gates over a meter thick were slowly changing shape.

Screech! A Winged Howler swooped down from the sky onto the fortress walls, screeching and swinging around a broadsword that blazed with dark demonic fire. Wherever it went, no one could block him.

Fortunately, because of the fighting with the Yabba airships earlier, there were not many Winged Howlers left. There were only ten left. If there were any more, this battle would essentially be hopeless.

"Shoot! Shoot them down!"

Facing the threat of the Winged Howlers, the only means to deal with them were to use the Dragon Ballistae and the Yabba musketeers to attack from afar.

This was only somewhat effective, but unfortunately, the demons were too strong. Especially for those demons that were over 9 feet long, their wings were extremely tough and could act like two giant shields. Even if they were attacked from afar, they would not receive much damage.

The Winged Howlers rapidly cleared out a space on the fortress walls, enabling the ghouls and demons below to climb up and find their footing to battle.

The Light Army was rapidly losing the advantage in the battle. Even worse, the casualty rate among the Light and Dark armies were roughly equal. However, in this defensive battle, adding up all the Yabbas and dwarves, the total army was only 80,000 strong.

Meanwhile, the Dark Army had 80,000 elves, over 500 high-level demons as well as numerous low-level demons which numbered over 90,000. This was almost twice the size of the Light Army, and furthermore, they were stronger too.

If the casualty rate kept up this pace, eventually, the Light Army would be completely wiped out, handing the victory to the Dark Army. Orida Fortress would soon be overrun!

In a small tower behind the wall, Duke Abel and the Dwarven King of the Mountains, Riel, were gathered. As for the the Yabba airship formation commander, he had long since perished. There was no need to talk about the High Elf Magicians, as each of them had fainted and would not be able to do much for a while.

Dwarf King Riel surveyed the top of the city wall, his eyes bloodshot. In his opinion, it was only a matter of time before the second wall was breached too.

"Ahhh! Kill them!"

"Save us!"

As all sorts of sounds of fighting reached the tower, Dwarf King Riel exhaled slowly. He said, "Duke, I can't sit by any longer. I'm going to fight!"

He was a Level-7 Warrior and was ranked amongst the ten strongest of the dwarven race. His weapon of choice was two war hammers. Without waiting for Duke Abel's reply, he dashed out of the tower, shouting in rage, "My Warriors! Great Hammer Riel is coming!"

As he shouted, he dashed towards a Winged Howler. His war hammer shown with yellow light as he smashed it towards the demon.

Although the dwarves were a short race, their bodies were thick and strong, and their life force was immense. Not only that, they had immense strength. Dwarf King Riel ducked to avoid a Winged Howler's swipe of the wing and immediately arrived in front of the demon. He swung his hammer towards the demon's kneecap.

Smash! The demon's leg crumpled, and he fell down to the ground, losing his balance.

Dwarf King Riel dashed onto the demon's body, swinging his war hammers. The hammers fell onto the demon's head like rain, and under three seconds of attack, the demon's head was smashed into a paste.

He immediately dashed towards another Winged Howler. This time, he ran into a Level-8 demon.

His opponent was fast and had long since noticed him approaching. It swiped its wings, blowing the ten human Warriors surrounding it away. It then drew out a sword knocking aside a ballista arrow aside. Now, it turned to face Dwarf King Riel, dashing and swinging down its sword.

"Die, dwarf!"

Even though he had not reached the Dwarf King, the force of the wind from his attack buffeted Dwarf King Riel, making Riel unable to open his eyes. The thick demonic energy was suffocating. Against this speed and strength, Dwarf King Riel had no way to defend or dodge.

Is this it? Dwarf King Riel rubbed his red nose. He didn't even attempt to dodge, but rushed forward, roaring, "Let's go down together!"

However, he still underestimated the strength of a Level-8 demon. With a mere wave of his sword, the demon cut off Dwarf King Riel's path. Then, with a second wave, the sword continued slashing towards Riel.

"Die together? Dream on!" The demon laughed.

The demon's sword was six feet long, ten inches wide, and it blazed with dark demonic fire. Getting cut by it would undoubtedly result in one turning into a meat paste.

Looks like this is the end. Dwarf King Riel sighed. In the end, all he could do was to raise his hammer and block in front of him.

Bam! Suddenly Dwarf King Riel's saw a flash in the corner of his eye. Immediately after that, a streak of lightning struck into the Winged Howler.

The electricity was terrifying, and it immediately paralyzed the demon.



Reinforcements? Dwarf King Riel's heart suddenly lit up with hope. He turned to look and saw a human Warrior wearing a Silver-White battle outfit. He held a one-handed sword in his hand which sparked with electricity and was dashing over.

"Dawn Swordsman Kanorse!" Dwarf King Riel instantly recognized the figure.

Kanorse also recognized him. He laughed. "Commander, leave this demon to me!"

In the midst of his laughter, Kanorse dashed forward, appearing beside the Level-8 demon.

Crackle. The electricity flashed, and the demon who had just regained feeling in his limbs was paralyzed once again. Kanorse slashed out with his sword, cutting off the demon's legs.

The demon lost its balance and knelt down on the floor, exposing his neck. Kanorse swung his long sword, decapitating the demon.

He did not stop after slaying the demon but immediately went to seek out another demon on the fortress wall.

The Dwarf King looked at him, mouth gaping. "The Dawn Swordsman eh. Truly powerful!"

Kanorse was the first to arrive at the battlefield. After him was Nana, followed by 2,000 Silver-White Shield Warriors who were responsible for guarding Link and the magic formation.

These were all elites of the kingdom, and their addition to the battlefield caused the tides of battle to swing.

Nana did not act on her own. It was as though she received some order, and she followed closely behind Kanorse, killing the demons that escaped him.

Both of them were top experts. Although they were cooperating for the first time, after killing about ten demons, their cooperation started to improve. As they fought their way towards the walls, demons fell to their swords. None could stand in their way. From afar, they looked like they were splitting the waves.

Once the Dawn Swordsman arrived at the scene, the human soldiers received a boost

in morale. The previously depressing atmosphere started to improve rapidly.

However, this was just the last burst of strength before death.

Those who understood the flow of battle knew that the addition of Kanorse and the Silver-White Shield Warriors could only delay the eventual fall of the wall. They could not reverse the battle.

...

In the tower behind the fort, Duke Abel was also excited. However, just then, a calm voice reached his ears. "Duke, at this rate, we are sure to lose."

The duke turned his head and saw Link walking in.

Link took five minutes to walk here from the top of the fort. In this five minutes, Link recovered 3000 Dragon Power points. The Dragon Power within him was almost full again, and under the influence of the pure Dragon Power, the fatigue he felt from operating the magic formation had also disappeared.

Duke Abel did not doubt Link's words for a second. In truth, he had also realized subconsciously that the fortress would eventually fall.

"Sir, what should we do?"

Link had a plan in mind. "We only have about 15,000 men left. These are all precious seeds among our Warriors. We must keep our losses to the minimum. Importantly, Kanorse, Dwarf King Riel, and the outstanding talents must survive... Right now, let's have everyone begin to retreat into the fortress to the Magic Tower."

Link decided to use the area of effect of the Dragon King's Wrath magic sword and his newly found swordsmanship skills. With the terrain advantage, he was confident in blocking the Dark Army all by himself.

Of course, the reason he dared to do this was because the Dark Army had no more experts that could single-handedly rock the battlefield. All the high-level Magicians had retreated, and no one could hinder him. With his boundless Dragon Power, he essentially had unlimited energy.

He was probably the strongest on the battlefield right now!

"Sir..." Duke Abel could not quite believe his ears.

"Trust me. Right now, the Dark Army is all gathered on the fields, and I have a magic spell, a very powerful spell that can deal with them. If our soldiers are mixed in, they will undoubtedly get caught up in the attack."

At this point, Duke Abel did not raise any further disagreements. He said, "I understand. We will start the retreat now."

Then, he turned to his deputy, "Go, sound the horn, order the retreat."

Half a minute later, Hoorrrnnnn, a sharp horn blasted through the air. This was the signal for retreating. The soldiers on the wall did not know what was going on, but this was a military order. They immediately started pulling back from the city wall.

"Quick! Quick! Retreat into the fortress!" An officer shouted, directing the troops.

In the Black Forest, Lawndale smelled that something was off. "What's going on? They could clearly defend the fort; why would they retreat now?"

The black-haired girl said doubtfully, "Could they be preparing to release another powerful spell? But their Magicians must be spent from dealing with the Dark Serpent, aren't they?"

When the Dark Elves' Silver Moon Council high-level Magicians used the Legendary magic spell, the 100 of them who participated in the spell were all drained.

Even if the opponents had talented High Elf Magicians, they were dealing with a Divine Gear. The drain on them would definitely be larger. How could they possibly have the strength to release another powerful spell now?

She could not understand. Neither could Lawndale.

Lawndale said, "If they want to retreat now, then this is our chance to break through the fort in one shot!"

"No, something's wrong. We can't attack, we must retreat. They must have some secret killing move!" The black-haired girl shook her head. She instructed a Winged Howler beside her, "Go, send my orders, have the soldiers retreat!"

# Chapter 369

## The “Stubborn” Demon Princess

"Duke, what's wrong? Why did you retreat?" The dwarf King Riel was covered in blood. He looked back at the citadel in confusion.

"This is my idea," Link said.

"Master, you... you're here? You still have energy?" Riel didn't count on Link joining the direct battle. He'd already blocked the dark godly technique for the army. As a Magician, Link had done enough.

Link nodded. "My power has mostly recovered, but we don't have enough soldiers. I checked, and there are less than 13,000 now. If this continues, we will be defeated—"

Before he could finish, a loud screech came from the Black Forest.

The sound was grating. It was the typical cry of a Winged Howler and reverberated across the entire battlefield. After this, the demons that had been violently attacking the city walls were momentarily dazed. Then they retreated.

The demons climbing the walls started jumping down. The Fodor Flaming Demons ramming against the gate were stunned before sprinting back. The low-level demons on the square retreated like a tidal wave, leaving the confused Dark Elves behind.

What was happening?

So many Warriors had died, and one wall had finally been breached. All the walls were about to be broken through. Why did they give up now? Were the demons stupid?

Other than the Dark Elves, the Light Army was stunned too. No one expected this change.

Riel tugged at his whiskers in disbelief. "Was the demon commander kicked in the back of his head by a mountain goat?"

"No, no, he probably guessed we'll use magic," Duke Abel said quietly. He looked at Link. "Master, what do we do now?"

"We'll continue retreating. The Dark Elves haven't left yet." Link was shocked at the demon commander's boldness too. No matter what, retreating when things were going well was too bizarre.

The Light Army was retreating because they couldn't hold the city walls for much longer. Though they retreated a bit early, it was still understandable. But what was with the demons?

...

Black Forest.

Lawndale gaped at the black-haired girl. "Your Highness, why did you do that? We were about to win!"

To him, the humans were retreating, but they needed time. If they immediately attacked and caught up before the humans retreated, even the strongest magic would be useless. Would the Magician kill his own soldiers?

Furthermore, the Orida Fortress' sturdiness was obvious. After so many deaths, it was about to be breached, but now they gave up... Did all those soldiers die in vain?

After they retreated, the humans would recompose themselves, reconquer the city wall, and repair the hole. On the other hand, they lost so many high-level demon Warriors. It was doubtful whether they could attack again.

Ah, this woman is crazy!

"Are you calling me crazy in your mind?" the girl asked with a smile.

Lawndale froze. He shook his head violently. "No, not at all. I just can't understand your actions. You must know, the Orida Fortress is a very sturdy iron fortress. The humans clearly couldn't hold on any longer. Retreating into the fortress is normal, and it's not highly possible for a powerful spell to appear. The human commander isn't stupid. If they really have a spell like that, why didn't they use it at the start? Why would they save it until so many people died?"

The black-haired girl nodded. "You're right, but I'm the commander of the demon army. I like retreating at this time. You can't do anything about it." Near the end, the girl pursed her red lips and jutted her chin out. She huffed through her nose arrogantly.

Lawndale was speechless.

His Tutor, Aymons, was already dead. As Aymons' right-hand man, Lawndale automatically upgraded to the commander of the Dark Elves. Things had been going well, but then the demons suddenly retreated. Now, he was conflicted as to if he should have the Dark Elves retreat too.

At this time, a hoarse voice traveled over. It was Romand, the chancellor of the Silver Moon Mage Council. He walked up and said confidently, "Don't retreat. Continue attacking. There's no way they'll use a powerful spell. Blocking the godly technique is enough to use up any mortal Magician's strength!"

There were more than 40,000 Dark Elf Warriors at this time and almost 2,000 ghouls. It was many times the size of the Light Army, who had given up and was retreating. This was the best chance to snatch victory.

Only an idiot would retreat!

Lawndale had been conflicted but, hearing Romand's words, he immediately made his decision. "Pass down the order, continue attacking!"

Woo, woo woo. The Dark Elves used bone horns. The sound was eerie and chilling. It carried the Dark Elf commander's thought to the frontline.

The Dark Elf army was still dazed. Hearing the command, they ignored their stupid demon allies and turned around to attack.

Countless hooks with cables were shot onto the city wall from crossbows. Ghouls and Dark Elves continued climbing up. On the wall, they met sparse resistance. The human and dwarf Warriors had all retreated, leaving behind a few soldiers with shields who fought as they retreated.

"Stop chasing and open the gate! Fortify the camp!" a Dark Elf general said.

It was none other than Lund, the one who once attacked Gladstone City at night and

was known as the Blood-hand Demon. He was now a Level-7 Warrior and was the strongest Dark Elf general with the highest military rank.

Hearing his voice, the Dark Elves instantly stopped pursuing. A portion went to open the city gates while most collected the bodies. They pushed the bodies into the passageway, creating the simplest and bloodiest barrier.

While the Dark Elves were busy, the Light Army had all retreated. The demons all returned to the Black Forest.

The Orida Fortress, filled with murderous cries earlier, had become almost deathly silent.

"See?" Romand sneered. "The humans have no tricks. They just wanted to hide into the citadel like rats."

Lawndale had still been worried but seeing that there was still no action or abnormal magic waves, he felt assured. Nodding, he said, "Seems like it's safe now."

The black-haired girl clapped and laughed. "That'll be the best. Lawndale, we're allies. I'll be sad if something happens to you all."

A smile bloomed on her delicate face. She didn't look like she'd just retreated alone without caring about her allies earlier.

What could Lawndale say? He remained silent.

At this time, no one in the Black Forest could see that in the Orida Fortress a figure stepped through the blood and bodies in the passageway filled with corpses. He advanced step by step. At the point with the highest pile, the person stopped, gazing at the Dark Elves hundreds of feet away.

At first, only one or two Dark Elves saw him. After a few seconds, a wand appeared in the man's left hand. With a soft pop, a ball of light burst out.

Now, all the Dark Elves on the wall saw him.

Some stopped involuntarily and looked quietly at this young black-haired human. Many were confused, unsure what was happening.

Link wasn't in a hurry. His fatigue wasn't quite gone, and his body hadn't recovered to his peak. Since that was the case, he could spare the time for a few sentences.

He scanned all the Dark Elves. Finally, his eyes focused on General Lund. Smiling, he said, "Hey, you, yeah, you. Do you still recognize me?"

Lund's brows knitted. He found the human familiar—very familiar, especially the eyes. He'd definitely seen those eyes before. He studied Link and gradually, a memory formed.

One and a half years ago, he'd led an army to attack Gladstone. There was also a black-haired young man, though much thinner, who forced him off the city walls with a flame spell. At that time, the man had worn an average Magician's Apprentice's robe. He'd been so thin it looked like he would fall over in the wind.

The man in front of him now was muscular with a rounder face. He wore a fine short robe that only Master Magicians could wear. But those eyes—cold, deep... they were the exact same.

Before Lund could fully remember him, a Dark Elf recognized Link and screamed, "It's him! It's the human Demon Slayer!"

The voice reminded Lund like lightning. Fury rushed out from the bottom of his heart like lava, and his eyes turned blood-red!

"I knew it!" He gripped his Bloody Sword of Glory and settled in a combat position. "One year ago, you stopped me from attacking Gladstone. At that time, you had countless reinforcements, and a demon princess helped you. Now, you're alone. How can you stop my 40,000 brave Warriors?"

Link chuckled. "Yes, what a coincidence. We've met twice, and both times, you're attacking the city I'm protecting. But last year, I was an amateur that had just started learning magic. Now... well, have a taste of it yourself!"

As soon as he finished, the light spell at the end of Link's wand turned into a crystal red ball of light. With a whoosh, the ball stretched into a long whip. It was the Demon Slayer Whip!

It flew out hundreds of feet as soon as it appeared. It reached Lund instantly. Piercing light shot out from the tip, curling at Lund's head.



The attack was too sudden. The hair on the back of Lund's neck shot up. His head shrunk back and he swung his sword.

Clang! There was a huge vibration. Lund's Bloody Sword of Glory met the hit but couldn't block it. The sword flew out of his hand.

Link was a Level-8 Dragon Mage. With the reinforcement of the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand, the Demon Slayer Whip reached Level-9. Lund was still at Level-7, and the difference was too large. He wasn't Link's match.

The whip forced the Bloody Sword of Glory away but didn't stop. It cracked against Lund's face. With a pop, Lund's head exploded. His body flew backwards and plummeted down the wall!

This was the tragedy of not having a powerful fighter there. Misamier, Aymons, or even the fallen angel that had forced Link to pathetically escape could easily make Link escape. But now, these powerful fighters were all dead.

Link wasn't as strong as them, but he was still alive, so he'd become the undisputable top fighter on the battlefield.

Lund was the commander and strongest of the Dark Elves. Even the ghouls weren't his match, but he'd been killed instantly. All the remaining Dark Elves exchanged glances awkwardly.

In the faraway Black Forest, Romand's eyes flew open. "Pinnacle of Level-8 strength... is that him? How does he still have strength?"

Lawndale was shaken too. "How can one man face the entire army?"

The black-haired girl laughed. "Ah, seems like my worry has come true. I'd like to see what spell he'll use. Would it be a Legendary spell?"

When she said that, both Romand and Lawndale's faces turned so white they were almost transparent. Link had used Legendary spells before. Aymons had proved this and had said before that many wounds had appeared on Link's body because of it.

Secret spells like this couldn't be used often. Link hadn't done anything in the earlier battle, so they didn't worry. But now, Link appeared by himself. The situation was odd.

Romand and Lawndale met each other's eyes. Could the demon princess be right?

# Chapter 370

## Hehe, I've Seen Through His Strength

Lund was killed in a single whip!

The Dark Elves on the city wall were stunned into silence.

A few seconds later, someone shouted, "He's only a single person! There's nothing to be afraid of, kill him!"

"Let's go!"

"We've got 40,000 men!"

The ones shouting were ghouls, and immediately after that, they rushed towards Link. Initially, there were only three people in the charge, but soon, there were over 40 ghouls trailing behind.

In reality, the ghouls on the city wall numbered over 2,000. However, it was because of the threat of Link and his Demon Slayer Whip loomed over them. After all, this was someone who could go toe to toe with the wielder of the Divine Gear! Who would dare to easily approach?

The ghouls that rushed forward were hot-blooded and reckless. Typically, a ghoul's strength was about Level-6. They also dashed forward very quickly. Before the tracker was invented, the ghouls used to guard the perimeter of the Black Forest, preventing all scouts from getting into the black forest. They were quite fearsome.

When 40 ghouls charged at the same time, even a Level-8 Warrior could not face them head on and win easily. It would be necessary to use the terrain advantage and engage in hit-and-run tactics to deal with them.

However, Link did not retreat. He just stood calmly there.

Three seconds later, the ghouls had surrounded Link. They came from all directions. Some climbed the walls to get behind him, others flanked him while some charged

him straight from the front.

This was the way to deal with Magicians. To prevent the Magician from annihilating all of them at once, it was necessary for them to split up and attack from multiple sides.

However, they still underestimated Link.

As the ghouls arrived before him, Link pointed his Burning Wrath of Heavens wand at the floor. A Spatial Sphere the size of a sesame seed landed on the floor. When the ghouls reached within two feet from him, the Spatial Sphere suddenly exploded.

"Shackles!"

With Link as the center, a white misty semi-circle formed around him, 60 feet in diameter. This enveloped all the ghouls that had rushed forward.

The ghouls were originally rushing forward quickly, but once they were enveloped by the mist, they slowed down instantly, moving inch by inch towards Link. From outside, it appeared as though the 40 ghouls were locked in place.

This Spatial Shackles cost Link 300 Dragon Power points and was equal to a Level-7 skill. The ghouls were only at Level-6 and had no way of breaking free.

Then, Link drew the Dragon King's Wrath magic sword, strolling forward. As he walked round, he casually stabbing into the heads of the ghouls he passed.

The Dragon King's Wrath magic sword was incomparably sharp. The ghouls' skulls could put up no defense against Link. Link did not even need to put in much strength but merely poked his sword to slice into their skulls.

Fifteen seconds later, every single ghoul had been stabbed by Link. Link walked to the edge of the Spatial Shackles field. All the ghouls were still suspended in the air, in a charging position. In fact, they were still moving forward ever so slightly. However, the one thing that had changed was that their eyes were now listless, as they were now all dead.

Snap! Link snapped his fingers, canceling the Spatial Shackles spell. Crash, Crash. The 40 ghouls fell from the air like kites, smashing into the ground. Their bodies trembled slightly, as though they hadn't completely died, but there was already no hope for them.

The whole process of casting the Spatial Shackles spell and killing the ghouls cost Link 300 Dragon Power points. In the 15 seconds that he took to kill the ghouls, his Dragon Power had already recovered.

Therefore, killing these 40 ghouls was as simple as breathing for him.

This was a terrifying existence.

The Dark Elves glanced at each other, at a loss. As Link took one step forward, they subconsciously took one step back.

Then, one Dark Elf Commander stood up and shouted, "Warriors, he is a Magician. His Mana is definitely limited. Let's all charge together! Archers keep shooting at him, waste his Mana!"

Twang twang twang. Sounds of bowstrings releasing reverberated out as the arrows filled the air like rain, heading for Link.

Link waved his wand lightly to his side again. "Shackles!"

Whoosh. In the next instant, a space of about two feet around him rippled, and the arrows struck into the space. All of them immediately stopped in mid-air. The scene resembled arrows being stuck in a training puppet.

Link walked towards the Dark Elves while waving his sword around. Every single one of the arrows he sliced through fell to the ground like trash.

It was truly a joke to use normal arrows on a Level-8 Magician like Link.

"Quick, use the anti-magic arrows!"

The Archers immediately changed to using anti-magic arrows. However, these arrows met a similar fate to the normal arrows. To a Spatial Magician, arrows that were designed to penetrate normal magic barriers were completely useless against them.

Huff, huff. The Dark Elf commander panted, trying to calm the fear in his heart. Three seconds later, he raised his sword and charged Link. "Warriors, charge!"

This commander was a Level-6 Warrior. The Battle Art exploded out from his body, enveloping the sword and causing it to glow brilliantly as he charged Link.

He knew that he was going to die, but he also knew that when facing a Magician, the army cannot break down in fear. That would be the worst thing that could happen.

As long as the Warriors continued charging forward, that might provide them a chance to reverse the situation!

As the commander of the army, he had to be the first to make the sacrifice!

The ghouls followed behind him, and the Dark Elves also started charging at Link from all directions.

They couldn't believe that a 40,000 strong army would be unable to kill a single Magician.

...

Link had rested enough. He took a deep breath, focusing his thoughts and pointed the magic sword in front of him. "Demon Slayer!"

Whoosh. A 300-foot-long crystal red whip appeared, wrapping around Link over ten times. The body of the whip was covered with zigzag thorns. Each thorn shone like a bright red crystal. Viewed in the darkness of the night, it would look like flickering fireflies.

However, this spell which was as beautiful as fireflies also had destructive power incomparable to fireflies.

Each point of light was an attack point. Although it looked small, its power was terrifying.

As the ordinary Dark Elf soldiers were hit by the whip, it was as though their bodies were hit by a siege hammer. They were flung back far away. As they flew back, they coughed up thick mouths of steaming hot blood. By the time they landed on the ground, the Dark Elf soldiers were completely dead.

That was not all!

Each time the fireflies hit somebody, there would be a fiery red aura that exploded out in all directions, covering an area of 600 feet, looking like a fog.

This fiery red fog was also terrifying. Those who were enveloped by it felt that it was burning hot. At first, it was scalding, causing their skin to blister. It was still tolerable, but soon after, even their armor and weapons started to heat up and turn red. It became unbearable.

The fireflies exploded continuously, and every Warrior that tried to approach Link was knocked back. Meanwhile, the red-hot fog in the air got thicker, causing the temperature to rise.

Finally, some of the Dark Elf soldiers cried out. "No, I can't breathe!"

"My eyes, I can't see!"

"My clothes are on fire!"

Various voices shouted out in agony, as the fireflies continued exploding. The red-hot fog in the air continued to become even denser, causing the fortress walls to seem less like a battlefield and more of a slaughterhouse.

Two minutes later, Link had used up 5000 Mana points. Every 10 Mana points could form one thorn on the Demon Slayer Whip, possessing the strength of a Level-2 spell. These fireflies could block the majority of these attacks. Through the two minutes, he had unleashed over 400 attacks with these fireflies.

As for the stronger ghouls, Link used Spatial Shackles to deal with them. He was surrounded by a Spatial Shackle from the start. Anyone who broke through the whip would find themselves shackled. Link would simply stab through their heads with a sword, killing them.

Therefore, no one was able to get close to Link.

There were 400 firefly explosions, all of which were wide area attacks. The resulting damage from the area attacks was ten percent of the main firefly attack. Four hundred of those added together was equal to being attacked by 40 fireflies.

Orida Fortress was huge, however, within 600 feet of Link, there were over 30,000 soldiers caught in his attack. Some of them had detected the danger and escaped earlier with their lives. Yet, there were many others who were determined to kill Link at all costs, throwing their lives in the process.

Whatever the case, two minutes later, the city wall was completely silent.

Link cast a Light spell, causing a weak light to shine over the battlefield. Everywhere that the light shone on, there were piles of steaming corpses. From far away, there was also the patter of footsteps. They were very disorganized and were gradually going further away. They belonged to the escaping Dark Elves.

Looking at the carnage on the city walls, Link estimated that he had killed over 35,000 Dark Elves. A large portion was killed from the area attacks by the Dragon King's Wrath magic sword.

After walking one round around the walls, Link sat down on a pile of arrows. Beside his feet lay many corpses. There were some corpses that belonged to humans, but the majority were Dark Elves. Streams of dried blood ran along the floor, and the air was filled with a stench of gore and barbecued meat. It was strange and grotesque.

Link felt like he was truly a slaughterer.

Having killed so many, it burdens the heart. Link said to the sword spirit.

This is war. However, my previous owner, the Storm Lord rarely attacked weaker opponents. He said that it felt meaningless. Of course, not many dared to provoke him. I believe that after this, weaker opponents would not dare to provoke you anymore, the sword spirit replied.

Link nodded his head. Indeed, he found it completely meaningless. This was a simple slaughter, and he killed so many that he had become numb.

He felt like all he needed right now was a hot cup of wine and a good rest. He decided he wouldn't eat barbecued meat for a long time.

...

In the Black Forest.

Lawndale stared dazedly at the Dark Elves that had returned alive.

Every single one of their clothes was in tatters. Their skin had many burn scars. Their expressions were completely dejected, their eyes were wide open, and tears streamed down their face. What's more, they panicked at the slightest sound. They were



evidently frightened to death.

"He's not a human! He's a god, a fire god!"

"We couldn't even approach him! Arrows couldn't hit him!"

"Even the Lady of Darkness isn't his opponent. We were just like chickens to him!"

"He has some kind of body freezing spell."

"Commander Lund was killed in one hit by his whip."

Countless recounts of their terrifying experience made Lawndale speechless.

Romand's expression was completely sullen. Out of 40,000 Dark Elves, only 5,000 had made it back alive. That was completely brutal.

It was his suggestion that the Dark Elves continued the attack. Now, it dawned on him that his suggestion had sent all those Warriors to their grave. Simultaneously, he had destroyed the future path of progress for the entire Dark Elf race.

After this defeat, they no longer had any strong Warriors. If they wanted to survive within Firuman, they needed to retreat to the Dark Realms and lay low for a hundred years. Otherwise, they would not be able to recover from this.

His mouth twitched. "It was just in an instant. Furthermore, there was no high-level spell used. How could he kill so quickly?"

The black-haired girl was still laughing. Out of the slits of her eyes, she looked at the two dejected Dark Elf commanders. "Oh dear, that was a mistake. Now that all the Dark Elf soldiers are dead, what should we do?"

Lawndale was dazed and forlorn. He had just buried the future of his Dark Elf race. It was a huge blow. As he heard the princess, he said listlessly, "Your Highness, you don't have to say these useless things."

He didn't even have the energy to get angry.

"Oh wells, you guys are too pitiful. I won't make fun of you trash any longer. In my opinion, Link must have used some powerful magic weapon. You fell into his trap! I

won't say any more, lest I make you cry. I'll teach him a lesson for you. Hehe, I've already seen through his strength!" The black-haired girl said.

While she spoke, dark purple scales appeared on her skin, covering her whole body. Her skirt also became stiff, turning into armor made of numerous purple pieces. Because the girl was small, the armor looked petite as well. However, it still gave off an imposing and savage aura.

On every corner of the armor, there were also spikes. This was especially so for the shoulder area, which had plenty of spikes. On top of the spikes were stuck many skulls. Two sharp horns stuck out from the helmet forehead.

Petite but savage, together, they created a feeling that was hard to describe.

In her hands appeared two curved sabers. The blade edge sparkled, flickering with deep blue flames. The air around the blade occasionally sparked with electricity.

All of these transformations happened in an instant.

Finally, in the small but savage helmet's eye area, two purple flame-like eyes lit up.

A metallic voice sounded from inside the helmet. "You, you, and you, the three of you, come with me. We're going to kill."

She was still prudent, and selected three Level-8 high-level demons to assist her.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

# Chapter 371

## Really Can't Beat Her

### Orida Fortress

Within 600 feet of the second ring of walls, all buildings were slightly hot to the touch. All wood had burned down, and the ground was charred.

The charred blackness stretched to 100 feet before the top citadel before stopping. If the humans hadn't retreated, they would be in the same state as the Dark Elves now.

Surrounded by the army, the pressure was great. Link couldn't keep the Dragon King's Anger effect from accidentally hurting his own soldiers. He sat blankly on the oven-like wall for a while. Gathering his senses, Link walked towards the citadel. The Dark Elves weren't a concern anymore, but the demons had retreated. They were unhurt now, so he had to quickly reorganize the fortress' defense.

After a few steps, Link felt something. He turned around.

It was around one in the morning and the night sky was like ink. The prairie before the fortress was even darker. He couldn't see anything.

Night vision.

Link wiped his eyes lightly. His vision immediately turned gray-white and the night scenery became clear.

Five black shadows charged towards the fortress. They were quiet and extremely fast. The smallest shadow seemed to slow herself down so the others could keep up.

Her armor was extraordinary and familiar, especially the two blue scimitars in her hands. Two purple demon eyes (a type of gemstone) were embedded in the hilt.

Seeing this, Link gulped. Without thinking, he turned around, poured Dragon Power into his sword, activated the Dragon King's Fury magic sword, and started sprinting towards the citadel!

He knew this demon; he'd never forget her in his entire life!

In the game, she appeared in the later part. Instead of being in a storyline quest, she appeared in the wilderness around the time of Celine Flandre's appearance.

At that time, Celine was plotting against her father. She created missions to test the players' abilities. They were also the prerequisite missions for the Nozama storyline quest. One of the missions was called "The Lord's Other Daughter." The player had to kill a demon named Saroviny.

The game recommended players to form a team for the mission. But at that time, Link was already well-accomplished in magic. He had a bunch of Epic Legends and was confident to the max. Regular bosses were nothing to him. He called on a Warrior and Priest from the guild and set out.

The three found her in a remote riverside mansion. The first time they met, the black-haired girl was planting flowers in her garden.

Link remembered that when she saw them, she clapped lightly and had a human slave bring over clean water. After washing her hands carefully, she smiled and asked, "Only you three?"

At that time, they were all young men. They were high-spirited and the top players of the game. Without saying anything, they started fighting immediately.

One second later, their souls returned to the cemetery together.

The Warrior was the one who took the hits in the guild. He was killed instantly, and the Priest didn't even have time to heal him. Just as Link was about to cast a spell, the girl streaked like lightning. There was a flash of a sword, and his world turned black and white. Half a second later, the Priest was there too.

The three thought the game system had purposely raised the enemy's difficulty. After checking the records though, they were impressed. It wasn't that her difficulty was high. They'd fallen into the demon's trap!

While approaching the mansion, they were secretly marked with a death mark. It was a tiny spell, hidden but easily removed. If they didn't remove it, the enemy could use the mark to semi-teleport. The damages would increase by 300% and could break through armor.

They obviously died within seconds after falling for this.

After being resurrected, they went to take revenge on full alert. This time, they lasted for three seconds before all dying. Not giving up, they went back and died again after three seconds. The enemy had tons of tricks and never repeated the same one.

Finally, they admitted defeat and went offline.

This was Link's most frustrating and humiliating experience in the game. Even worse, a passerby player saved one of the recordings and posted it on the Internet. After that, they became national laughingstocks.

Thinking back, Saroviny's tricks were actually quite simple, but she had an indescribable ability. No matter how careful you were, she could make you fall for the trap.

Later in the game, many players went to find Saroviny, but they were all defeated. Even a team of 1000 couldn't ensure victory. Nine out of ten times, they would lose. The remaining time, it would be a win with great costs and Saroviny still wouldn't die. At most, she would be forced to escape into a storyline quest and turn into another terrifying boss.

Finally, a player accidentally found a bug. They could bring Celine to Saroviny's side and use Celine's strength to defeat Saroviny.

In reality, Link could tell from Saroviny's appearance and aura that she was only a step away from the Legendary level. She also had four pinnacle Level-8 demons by her. Only an idiot would stay there. He obviously ran away.

He ran all the way to the citadel when a voice said, "Master, you're back. How are things?"

It was Kanorse with Nana beside him. They'd come to welcome Link.

"I defeated the Dark Elves, but the demons are unhurt... Hurry into the citadel and close the door. Big demons are coming, hurry!"

Link rushed towards the citadel, Kanorse and Nana following behind him.

The citadel was a giant metal thing. The portion on the ground was a semicircle 150

feet in diameter and three floors tall. However, this was only the tip of the iceberg. The biggest part was underground. There were five floors below ground, each floor being extremely spacious. The tunnels reached in all directions, practically emptying the entire mountain.

Storing 20,000 soldiers inside was no problem. There were only 13,000 soldiers left now. They easily fit inside the citadel with the exhausted Magicians.

The strength of the citadel was unparalleled. The door that Link had just passed through was two feet thick, 30 feet tall, and 15 feet wide. It was entirely built from sheet metal and fine gold alloy. It weighed more than 200 tons. The inside was also carved with many magical runes.

These runes were not ordinary either. The Orida Fortress survived more than 2000 years and was fortified every generation. Three hundred years ago, Bryant personally fortified the citadel, adding a shockingly durable Level-10 defensive magic seal.

"Hurry, close the door! Close it!" Link cried.

Crack, crack, crack. A few herculean Warriors used hinges to close the door bit by bit.

Link estimated it would take half a minute to completely close. It was too slow, so he activated the Dragon King's Fury magic sword again. He walked to the door and shoved it.

Boom! The heavy door shook. Under the shocked scrutiny of everyone present, the door closed at twice the speed.

Ten seconds later, it closed with a boom. With another boom, the gate dropped down. Link quickly found the magic seal's activation rune and poured in Dragon Power.

With a soft buzz, the energy accumulated over the centuries was activated. Mana flowed through the entire citadel. A beam of golden light extended over the gate, quickly covering the citadel's inner and outer walls.

This light was special. At a glance, it was like a flawless film, but at closer inspection, one would realize it was formed by countless beehive-like cells. They were independent but connected intricately.

Apparently, Bryant was inspired by the Yabba magic shield but added many

innovations. The Yabba saw this, and all shook their heads, impressed.

Link finally took a breather.

No matter how powerful Saroviny was, she couldn't break into the citadel. Currently, the only way to do so was to wait until the citadel's saved energy was used up. There was a great amount of energy though. Link calculated that it could last at least three months.

...

Outside the citadel

When Link entered the citadel and prepared to close the door, Saroviny just arrived at the first wall of the fortress. She didn't know Link had retreated. She continued walking in carefully.

"Be careful. That guy might make a sneak attack." She hid behind the four high-level demons, not going forward until safety was confirmed.

They were demons and had seen countless bloody scenes. But inside the fortress, they still gasped involuntarily when seeing the mass of dead Dark Elves.

Saroviny sniffed lightly and whispered, "It's the smell of a flame spell. It's only around Level-3, but the Dark Elves didn't escape. They were packed on the wall and died in such an organized manner... What a bunch of failures!"

"Your Highness, he's gone. From the footprints, I think he went towards the citadel," a demon reported.

Saroviny flinched. She listened closely and seemed to think of something. Running towards the citadel, she cried, "Hurry, hurry, that guy is going to hide!"

The demons sprinted, but when they reached the citadel, they saw the golden glow envelope it all.

"Your Highness, the citadel is sealed. The enchantment is very strong!"

"Shut up! You think I'm blind? This is a Legendary enchantment left behind by Bryant. We can't go in," Saroviny said, annoyed. She was in a bad a mood—a really bad mood!

"What should we do?"

"Surround them!" Saroviny sneered. There were more than 10,000 people inside the citadel. Eating and drinking was a great cost. Even if the Magicians inside could create some magic food, those couldn't be eaten too often. Problems would arise soon. "I'll see how long they can last!"



# Chapter 372

## Searching for Reinforcements

On the tower balcony

The core members of the alliance were already here. They looked through the legendary yellow enchantment, observing the demons surrounding the fortress. Their faces were all pale.

Link pointed at one figure and said, "Look, see that black haired girl? She's the daughter of Lord Nozama. Don't be tricked by her petite looks, she's just a hair away from reaching the Legendary realm. If we were out there, give her enough time, and she would be able to easily kill everyone here."

Saroviny was an Assassin, at the same time, she knew some very useful high-level spells. Link suspected that she was had the same gifts of foresight as Celine. Engaging in guerilla battles with these types of enemies was the worst possible nightmare.

Everyone's faces were pale.

Among them, the strongest was Link, at mid-Level-8, followed by Kanorse and Nana who had also reached Level-8. They were already strong beyond compare in Duke Abel's opinion, but they still could not compare to the demon army whose commanders were a step away from the Legendary realm.

Legendary Warriors!

Just the thought of it made one tremble in fear. Who would dare confront these people?

"That's not all," Link continued. He pointed at the demons surrounding Saroviny. "This, this, and this guy, they all have Level-8 strength. I believe that out of the 230 high-level demons, thirty percent of them are over Level-8. That's about 70 demons. Besides that, they have 60,000 low-level demons! It's quite impossible to fight!"

Although a Level-8 demon was not able to obliterate an entire army like Link had done, against the human armies, they definitely would not face any obstructions. If they

weren't locked down in fights but free to roam the battlefield, they could easily kill thousands of people.

Demons like that, they had over 70!

Just these 70 were enough to obliterate all the soldiers in the fortress. There was no need to talk about the 160 Level-7 demons and the 60,000 demons who were all around Level-5.

It was only in the late phase of the game that players were able to deal with such a force of demons. Only when the true Light Army alliance was formed with the Legendary experts from the various races did they have a chance to fight back against these demons. Everyone's faces were white as a sheet.

Kanorse said, "They're trying to siege us!"

"Evidently," High Elf Princess Milda sighed. She had long since woken up but had only gotten an hour of rest. Her spirits were far from recovered, and she looked fatigued.

Duke Abel was similarly forlorn. He didn't bother looking at the demons outside the fort but reported some figures, "Within our fortress, there are 12,900 people. We have 50 tons of stockpiled rations. If we want to maintain our current fighting strength against the demons, we will consume one ton of food every day. At most, we will last two months."

Princess Milda offered, "I have some seedlings... Forget it. It's not going to work. The fortress enchantment has prevented any form of energy from entering. There wouldn't be enough sunlight and water."

Dwarf King Riel stroked his beard in habit. "In other words, we're still going to die. Either we die starving, or we die in battle."

Link glanced outside the enchantment. Saroviny could feel his gaze and turned to stare back at his direction. She smirked and waved her fist at him. It was extremely adorable, but it made one's heart clench while looking at it.

With no mood to continue looking at the enemy, everyone turned back to return inside the tower. They had no mood to even discuss a strategy.

Link was in the best condition among them. He focused his mind and went to one of

the great halls.

Although the fortress was said to be able to accommodate over 10,000 people, it was still rather crowded. The great hall was filled with people, especially injured soldiers who were lying down in the corner. The air was thick with the scent of blood, urine, and sweat, and it was extremely pungent.

As he walked in, Link saw a small figure in the corner. Her face was covered in wounds, and her hair clumped together with dried blood. She was leaning against a wall and clutched in her hand was a musket covered in blood and dirt. Her head rested on a gunny sack filled with some items, and she was obviously fatigued.

It was the Yabba woman, Melinda. Initially, when the attack on Orida Fortress first began, she was grouped with the Yabba people and Link couldn't find her. He was pleasantly surprised to find her still alive.

There were many cuts on her little face. Because there were few priests, and most were busy tending to soldiers with heavier wounds, she had not been able to receive any treatment.

Link's feelings were complicated as he looked at her. She fidgeted, changing her resting position. As she moved her body, her eyes were shut tightly. A tear dripped down her face. This tear dropped instantly moved Link's soul, causing him to shudder involuntarily.

This was just an ordinary Yabba young woman. Her country was invaded, her parents killed, and after arriving at Orida fortress, her clansmen were essentially all killed. At the moment, there were only about ten other Yabba people resting beside her.

After pausing for a while, Link softly said to a soldier beside him, "Help me fetch some blankets and lay them on the floor in my room. Let these Yabba people rest in my room."

"Yes, sir," the soldier obeyed.

Link turned to look at the human soldiers around. Essentially, all of them were injured. Some were lying on beds, their eyes blank. Some were softly crying or calling out. The priests were running around tending to injuries, and although they had completely used up all their divine power, it was evidently still not enough.

Link also saw Annie. She was injured but still in good shape, able to run about to help with work.

When the soldiers saw him arrive, they looked at him with hope. There was one soldier who was still very young. The signs of youth still marked his face. He was probably only 18 years old. His injuries were very severe, and he was on the brink of death. Trembling, he stretched out his hand, struggling as he said, "Sir, help me... save me!"

Link was helpless. His Dragon Power could assist people in recovery, but it could not bring the dead back to life. It also could not cure fatal injuries.

Link walked over and knelt on the ground. He grasped the soldier's hand and said comfortingly, "Don't be afraid. You will enter the kingdom of heaven. There, there will be no pain or darkness, no fighting..."

Halfway through his words, Link felt the hand he was holding lose all energy. The soldier had passed on. Even then, his eyes were wide open, hoping to be saved, hoping to live on.

Link solemnly closed the soldier's eyes, and wordlessly stood up.

No! We cannot simply wait to die! Link knew he had to do something.

These soldiers had gone through a baptism of fire and blood. Given enough time, they would be able to grow into powerful Warriors of humanity. As long as they had enough time!

He needed to go and get reinforcements.

Link turned and went up to the hall on the second level. He was going to see Duke Abel.

...

"What?"

"I heard that there is a secret passage under the fortress?" Link asked.

The duke responded blankly, "You mean to have us retreat through the passage? I don't

think that's possible. Ten thousand people will create too much noise and will immediately be discovered. On the plains..."

"No, I plan to go out alone and bring a few experts with me. Kanorse has to stay, but King Riel, Princess Milda, as well as Nana can accompany me. The four of us will go out to search for reinforcements."

Kanorse would have been a great help, but his importance to the army was too great. If he left, Duke Abel, being the only Level- 5 himself, would not be able to defend the fortress on his own.

It seemed to him that looking for reinforcements elsewhere was the only way. Duke Abel pondered for a while. Then, he turned to face the bookshelf. "The secret passages under the fortress are very complicated, like a maze. I have no idea where the magic door truly is. Hold on, let me look through the maps."

He went to the bookshelves and flipped around. Finally, he pulled out an ancient scroll. "Got it!"

He opened the scroll on the table and pointed at the passage. "Originally, the passage was not complicated. However, since ancient times, this fortress has been renovated over ten times, and each time, there were some projects that were never finished, making the place very complicated. Let me see... let me see..."

Ten minutes later, the duke slapped his head and handed the scroll to Link. "It's very messy, here, take a look."

Link took a look at the scroll. Immediately, he frowned. This wasn't even a map. It was just scribbles and scrawls on the parchment. Some places were faded, and other portions of the map had holes bitten out of it by worms.

After looking at it for half a day, Link roughly understood the structure. "According to the map, Orida Fortress was originally a dwarven mountain fortress. Later on, they abandoned this fortress, and it was taken over by humans. On top of the original structure, they built Orida Fortress. Later on, additions were added until we have today's final fortress. There is a magic door in there in the basement level five, and it should not be hard to locate. It's not actually hard to find, but the problem lies in after finding it. This magic door leads into the dwarven tunnels that crisscross and go everywhere. My God... I can't even see that part clearly."

The duke's heart rate increased. "So, how is it? Is there a way out?"

Their entire fate now rested on whether Link could find a way out and bring back reinforcements. If he couldn't, then they were finished. Eventually, the fortress would run out of supplies, and that would surely result in a miserable and chaotic end!

Link replied with a firmness that could cut through iron. "I will definitely find a way out. Even if I can't, I'll just blast my way out."

After that, Link went to find High Elf Princess Milda and Dwarf King Riel. After explaining his plan, they agreed. This was their only way now.

...

"Okay, time is precious. Let us go now. We'll leave secretly, Duke, while I'm not around, say I am researching a new powerful spell."

"I understand," Duke Abel nodded.

Link released a Traceless Spell, and the four of them vanished from sight. They followed the stairway down into the underground, walking for over ten minutes through numerous intersecting passageways. Finally, they found where the magic door was located.

It was a simple spell formation made of a single rune. Link understood how to use it in one glance. "Stand on it, please," he instructed everyone.

The three others stood on the rune stone, and Link got on as well. After locating the activation rune, Link channeled his Dragon Power into the stone. A few seconds later, the four of them felt the world spinning, a feeling which lasted for five seconds. Then, the feeling vanished, and they were back on solid ground.

Thump. Dwarf King Riel sat heavily on his bottom. He cursed continuously as he got up. "Damn magic door, it nearly destroyed this old ass of mine."

Nana landed stably, while Link and Princess Milda cast a levitation spell on themselves to land lightly.

Dwarf King Riel felt that it was really unfair. He rubbed his buttocks as he complained.

"I hate magic," he grumbled.

Link started to look around the surroundings. He found that he was in a large underground passage surrounded by stone walls. On the stone walls were embedded crystals. Drip. Drip. Water dripped from the ceiling. Wuuuuuu. The wind howled as it blew through the cavern.

Dwarf King Riel looked around as well. Then, he patted his chest and said, "These passageways are built in the style of my race. We are probably in the heart of the mountain. Without a map, outsiders will very likely lose their way, but for me, it's no problem. Follow my lead."

Naturally, the dwarf would be most familiar with the dwarven passages. Link and Princess Milda exchanged a glance and followed closely behind King Riel.

They walked for over half an hour. Half an hour later, the group of them were still circling around the passages.

"King Riel, why are we still stuck in here?" Princess Milda could not help but ask suspiciously.

Dwarf King Riel's reply was full of pride. "Don't you worry, there's no hurry. My people's tunnels are very complicated. I'll need to walk through a few more tunnels to familiarize myself first."

Link did not say a thing, but he had a feeling that this dwarf was not very reliable.

After another half an hour had passed, Riel stopped in front of a stone wall. He pulled his beard roughly, grunting and sighing, "Why is it like this? This is wrong! This was definitely the way out. What's going on?"

Princess Milda immediately frowned. "You're lost?"

"Lost? Nonsense! How could I be lost in my own home? I'm just a bit confused, but I'm sure I will find the way out!"

Princess Milda shrugged helplessly.

Link couldn't say anything either. He had to protect King Riel's face. He said, "How about this, let us select a tunnel that looks to be going upwards and follow along that

path. What do you think, King Riel?"

Dwarf King Riel's face was downcast as he said, "Hmmm, these passages are too old, and the style has changed a lot. Sir Link, let's do as you suggest."

...

In the demon camp

Not half an hour after Link left, Saroviny suddenly stood up with a start. She said to the demon beside her, "Hey, I feel that something is not right. Do you think Link would have gone out to look for reinforcements?"

The demons looked at their princess blankly. Reinforcements? That would still require them to sneak out of the fortress and the demon barricade. Considering that they've guarded it so tightly that not even a drop of water could leak through, how could the other party get out?

"Hey you dumbasses, you're useless! The fortress is sure to have some underground passage. All of you go out, search and check if any rats are sneaking out from around here."

Saroviny's orders were very clear. The demons nodded at once, replying, "Yes, Your Highness."

As the demons dispersed, Saroviny sat down and rubbed her chin. Her two black eyes stared at the distant tower, unblinking. "Hey little rat, oh little rat, where will you crawl out from?"



# Chapter 373

## The Derpy Dwarf

"Look, there's light ahead," dwarf Riel called. He sped forward.

He was so excited after being in this mine hole for two hours. If news of him getting lost in a dwarf mine hole traveled back to Moria, the dwarven capital city, he would be so humiliated.

Yes, he must tell Master Link and Milda to keep this a secret.

Link immediately cast a traceless spell and said, "Don't run out when we get to the exit. We need to see where we are."

"No problem," Riel replied. He gained momentum as he ran and quickly passed the corner.

Milda couldn't help but shake her head and chuckle. "This guy is so funny. He's so old but still acts like a kid."

Riel had been serious, but after they became more familiar with each other, he began relaxing and showing his derpy side.

Link didn't find his personality strange. In the game, he'd met too many funny dwarves. If you stayed in a dwarf's inn, you'd see many interesting things. For example, a dwarf once lit his beard with his pipe and poured hard liquor on it. His entire body had lit on fire.

A dwarf had run under a dragon's stomach to research the dragon's gender. Another dwarf used a magic gun to hit at a fly on food and ended up smashing all the food on the table. There were many similarly shocking cases.

Anyway, one had to be prepared for all types of situations when with a dwarf...

Dammit, I jinxed myself!

Just as Link was about to speak, there was a cry from outside the tunnel. It was a tragic cry and made one's guts clench, involuntarily close one's legs, and cover one's crotch.

Just as Link and Milda exchanged a glance, not sure what happened, Riel scampered back. As he ran, he called, "Oh no, ack—there's a demon outside, and he saw me."

When the guy ran over, Link saw that his head was covered in black mud. There was also a disgusting smell that made him nauseous.

"What exactly happened?" Milda covered her nose and cast a cleaning spell to get rid of the "mud" on Riel's head.

As Riel walked deeper inside the tunnel, he said, "The tunnel opens up skyward. When I went there, a Fodor Flaming Demon was taking a dump. I think he ate some bad food. That guy was like a spray gun. I wasn't paying attention, and it got all over me. I even swallowed some... I was so pissed! I slammed my hammer on his ass. I'm sure he's injured now, but more demons will run after us later. Let's run... ugh... ack... it's so disgusting!"

"Ugh!" Milda ran with Riel. She just wanted to throw up.

Link's throat felt uncomfortable hearing this too. Pushing down his urge to vomit, he asked, "Demon feces are poisonous. How are you feeling now?"

"Ah, poisonous? No wonder my stomach hurts now... Ah!" Riel missed a step and tripped. He fell down and couldn't climb back up. His face was black as if he was heavily poisoned.

Link hurried over to help him. Milda continued holding her nose. She pulled out a bottle of Elf Nectar and gave it to Link from afar. "Here, feed it to him."

Pulling out the stop, Link poured the green liquid into Riel's mouth. As expected of the sacred antidote, Riel started vomiting violently after drinking it. Mouthfuls of stinking black liquid spewed from his mouth. After throwing up three mouthfuls, he was finally clean.

Riel was a Level-7 Warrior and was very strong. He wasn't poisoned deeply and had the antidote promptly, so he recovered after resting for half a minute.

He shook his head and took out a bottle of liquor. Rinsing his mouth, he put the liquor

away and breathed deeply. "Thank you, Your Highness," he said to Milda. "Those demons are so f\*cking disgusting."

"Enough, let's go now!" Milda had had enough. She'd thought this dwarf was like a kid, but now, she thought he was an insufferable bastard.

Seeing that Milda was upset, Riel shrugged. "I'm the one who drank it, and I'm not complaining. What are you angry about... alright, I'll stop talking. Let's go. I saw many demons patrolling outside. They seem to know our plan."

He led them deeper into the mine hole. Link, Milda, and Nana followed.

As they ran, Nana asked curiously, "Riel, what does demon poop taste like?"

"Nana!" Milda yelled. She was going to have a breakdown.

"Nana, stop talking," Link commanded.

"Oh." Nana didn't say anything else.

Riel didn't know what it tasted like. He ran powerfully without speaking. Dwarves had a weird and funny personality, but they were naturally sensitive to cave tunnels. He memorized it all after one trip.

The group quickly returned to the cave along the original path. Finally, Riel stopped before a black tunnel. "We didn't go down this road. I have a feeling that it's very, very deep and might lead to danger. Are you sure we should go in?"

Milda looked at Link, who nodded without hesitation. "Of course. The demon general is very strong. If we run into her, we'll die."

"Alright, follow me." Riel didn't dare face someone about to enter the Legendary level. He widened his eyes, picked up his battle axe, and went into a defensive posture. He walked towards the deep, dark cave.

...

On the other hand, the Fodor Flaming Demon's cry traveled far. After a while, a team of demons hurried over. When they arrived, the Fodor Flaming Demon was already dead. His stomach had been torn open by a hit from below. His guts were everywhere,

and it was tragic.

It was clearly a sneak attack.

There was a two-foot-wide crack beside him. A demon crouched down and sniffed strongly. "Uh... it smells like poop... and... sniff... it should be a dwarf's scent. Those rats are hiding under these rocks!"

"You found the rats?" asked a lovely voice. It was Saroviny.

"Your Highness, a dwarf appeared here and killed Lomen."

Saroviny walked over. Seeing the feces on the rock, she wrinkled her brows. She took out a handkerchief to cover her nose and started investigating carefully.

"A dwarf had indeed tried to come out of here... The footprints on the rock are very deep. He'd used power and stomped hard... He's quite strong, should be a Level-7 Warrior. This should be the dwarf's King of Mountains... I can feel that Link is with him."

Saroviny laughed. She stepped back and said to the Fodor Flaming Demons beside her, "Make the hole bigger and get rid of all the waste. I don't want to smell a thing. Then you and you shorter ones go in with me. We're going to catch the rats!"

"Yes, Your Highness."

The Fodor Flaming Demons immediately started working. They used their claws, Battle Aura, and feet to attack the rocks. For them, the hard rocks were as soft as dirt.

After a few minutes, the small crack was many times wider. Finally, it revealed a tunnel around ten feet tall and six feet wide. The two Saroviny had chosen were Dimensional Demons. They were only about seven feet tall. The hole was big enough for them.

"Alright, let's go in."

...

Booms came from behind them. Link and the others exchanged glances and saw shock in their eyes.

"They're coming. We gotta hurry!" Riel quickened his steps. Link easily caught up while Milda was a bit slower. She activated the Cheetah's Agility spell for herself. However, she still hadn't recovered and looked exhausted.

Link saw it unintentionally and felt a twinge. "Nana," he said, "carry Princess Milda."

"No need... alright." Milda had refused instinctively, but she was honestly too tired. Her vision was blurry. She knew that holding on stubbornly would only slow down the team, so she nodded and accepted.

Nana picked her up and continued walking.

Link was at the back of the group, wiping their footprints clean.

They advanced. The further they walked, the more spacious the tunnel became. It became darker as well, and they couldn't see the path clearly. But strangely, the wind grew stronger.

It wasn't blowing from within the tunnel. Instead, it was being sucked in from behind them. The further they walked, the stronger the wind became.

Woo, woo. The wind whistled, almost making them lose their balance. It felt like a hand pushing them forward.

Suddenly, Riel yelped. He missed a step and lost his balance. Woo. A gust of strong wind came just then and blew him a few feet ahead. That wasn't all. He continued falling down. It was so dark, and they couldn't see anything.

"Light spell!"

Whoosh! A ball of light appeared, illuminating the tunnel. Link found that there was an underground cliff up ahead. Riel had been blown off the cliff.

Seeing that Riel was about to disappear from his line of sight, Link hurriedly cast a spell for him. "Levitation!"

But it didn't work!

Riel kept dropping at an incredible speed. He struggled and yelled, "There's wind! The wind keeps blowing down! Oh, Glorious Lord, I'm gonna die!"

# Chapter 374

## Mysterious Realm

The wind from the cliff was extremely strong. Under the light from the light spell that Link had cast, they could see small wind ripples. These all pointed to the base of the cliff, as though there was a vortex sucking them in from there.

Watching as the dwarf Riel was slowly getting further and further away from them and that the demons behind them were catching up, Link bit his lip and said, "Milda, go on, we'll jump too."

He had never come to this place before when he played the game, but he had seen something similar on the game forums.

On the discussion boards, it was said that beneath Orida Fortress was a dwarf cavern. If you followed along one specific path inside the cavern and followed it till the end, you would reach a place called the Wind Vortex.

This vortex was a naturally occurring vortex. By going through it, one could reach a place known as the Hidden Realm.

As for what was in the Hidden Realm, the writer did not give many details. From his description, after entering the Hidden Realm, players would appear in mid-air. As for him, he had died in mid-air, killed by the birds in the Hidden Realm. The adventurer had been Level-5 at the time. The only thing he knew was that the birds' levels were all indicated as a question mark. This meant that they were at least three levels above him.

He attempted to respawn in the Hidden Realm after dying. However, he could no longer find the Wind Vortex. Therefore, he could only respawn in the graveyard.

After him, many other adventurers also attempted to find the Wind Vortex, but none had succeeded. It, therefore, became a legend.

On the discussion boards, the player had included a map. However, the vortex shown on the map was nowhere as big as this one.

In the game, it was just a small vortex. According to the player, after jumping down, a levitation spell was activated on his body, and he gradually floated into the vortex. Over here, not only was the wind insanely strong, the jump was much bigger too. What's more, there didn't seem to be any levitation spell appearing.

The light spell illuminated the surroundings, allowing Link to see the not-too-distant stone wall. It was almost pitch black inside this pit, and every now and then, violent wind blasted out from the darkness as if it were reminding them that below it was empty space.

This truly was another underground space.

Link leaped forward, angling himself towards King Riel. Nana followed closely behind. In mid-air, Link waved his wand at King Riel and cast, "Spatial Shackles!"

Riel momentarily stopped in mid-air. Link grabbed Nana's hand and instructed Princess Milda, "Hold on tightly!"

Then, he released a Vector Throw behind him. Whoosh. Energy blasted out from behind him, causing him to increase speed, reaching Riel's side.

Under the restraints of the Spatial Shackles spell, Riel was stuck in a very funny position. He had assumed he was going to die, and in the last moments before his death, he had retrieved his alcohol flask, intending to finish the rest of the alcohol before dying. The alcohol was still flowing into his mouth when Link reached him.

Link grabbed the dwarf's thick hand, flinging the alcohol flask aside. Then, he canceled the Spatial Shackles spell.

Riel looked at Link and was so moved that he started crying. "Waaaah, Link, Milda, waaaaaahh. You guys are truly my best buddies, when I fell off the cliff, you guys actually jumped off to accompany me in death. Waaaah, to have such friends like you, it's all worth it. My life has been worth it!"

Link was speechless.

Princess Milda couldn't take it anymore. "Dwarf, there has never been a Magician that has fallen to his own death before!"

"Hmmm, eh what? You mean, I won't die?" Riel suddenly realized what was happening.

He immediately started clapping. "Hahahaha, I'm not going to die! That was such a fright! Where's my booze, I'm gonna drink to celebrate!"

His hand was feeling around his belt for his alcohol flask, but it was nowhere to be found. Link had long since thrown it away.

Link couldn't be bothered to deal with him. After falling for another short distance, he shouted, "Careful! We're reaching the bottom!"

It was still completely black ahead of them, just like a black hole. The light from the light spell was useless in lighting up the way. The ripples in the air due to the force of the wind were becoming even stronger, and the wind that blew past their faces was like a sharp knife, cutting deeply into their skin. Link immediately cast a Level-2 protective barrier on everyone.

Two seconds later, the four of them disappeared into the black hole. Just before they disappeared, Link heard a clear voice from behind him.

"Don't run!"

He turned back to look and saw a vague black figure sticking her head over the top.

Shit. It's Saroviny. She's caught up!

Meanwhile, the four of them entered into the black hole, and it seemed like time had stopped for them.

Link embraced Nana and Princess Milda in one hand, while in the other, he grabbed on tightly to the dwarf Riel's arm. In that instant, he felt like his mind blanked out. Besides the feeling of constantly falling downwards, he could not see or feel anything. Neither could he move his body. At some point, the light spell also winked out.

This feeling was like a ghost crushing you while you slept at night. It was very frightening.

That player's description was nowhere near as frightening as this. Who knows if this vortex will lead to the same Hidden Realm as in the game.

After falling for an unknown period of time, Link could vaguely make out some light in front of him. It got brighter and brighter until finally, the four of them appeared high



up in the sky. Beneath them was an endless sea of clouds, while above them hung the brilliant sun. Birds flew through the clouds like fish swimming through the sea.

This was exactly as was described in the game.

Link let out a sigh of relief. It seems like he had entered the Hidden Realm.

He immediately cast a levitation spell onto everyone, letting them descend slowly from the sky.

"What is this place?" Riel asked in surprise.

Princess Milda pondered for a moment, before saying, "I believe we have reached the world of Aragu!"

"Aragu? As in the disappearing continent?" Link asked. He was shocked. This was a name that was not unfamiliar to him. He did not know of this place in the game. Rather, it was during his time in the East Cove Higher Magic Academy, when he was flipping through the library archives out of boredom that he came across this name. It was in a book called The Continental Adventure Guide.

In the book, it was said that in the ancient past, Firuman was a lot bigger than it was now. At that time, there was a strong and knowledgeable race, known as the Aragu. They occupied Firuman's most beautiful landmass, creating an incomparably strong magic empire, producing many illustrious, famous magical works.

However, amongst these magical works, there was one incident that happened. In the midst of that incident, the magic went out of control, and the resulting explosion caused the Firuman continent to break apart into many smaller pieces.

After the incident, Firuman was split into many pieces. The current Firuman continent consisted of the largest piece. The Isle of Dawn was another small piece of land that broke off. According to legend, there was another large piece that drifted off towards the east. Because of the treacherous sea waves and wind, all adventurers that had gone out in search of this continent had lost their lives. In the end, none had brought back concrete evidence of another land.

No matter what, after that incident, the Aragu people and their empire disappeared. The only traces they left behind were stories in the history of some of the tribes in the current Firuman continent.

Link had always treated this as a myth and did not pay it much heed. Princess Milda, however, was a High Elf. The High Elves were an ancient race, and Princess Milda would not talk nonsense without having any basis for her words. Therefore, Link still trusted her words.

Princess Milda surveyed their surroundings, picking up some clues. She pointed to some of the birds flying through the crowds, saying, "Look there, at those birds. Their wingspan is over 30 feet long, their beaks are bright red, long, and sharp like a spear. No such bird exists on Firuman now. However, I've seen fossils of this kind of birds in the museum on the Isle of Dawn. Based on the research by historians among my tribe, these red spear birds lived over 100,000 years ago and were extremely ferocious birds of prey..."

"Hold it, you said, birds of prey?" Link immediately interrupted. He remembered that in the game, the other player had died from being pecked to death.

Princess Milda also realized Link's concern. They were about half a mile from the nearest cloud. The red spear birds had yet to notice them, but at the rate they were descending, they would soon encounter the birds.

The dwarf rubbed his forehead. "I hope these birds don't give us too rough a welcome. My old bones can't take it anymore."

As Riel was starting to feel a headache coming, they heard a sharp voice coming from above them.

"Don't run! I'm gonna get you!"

Link looked up and saw Saroviny just above their heads, rapidly catching up to them. What made matters worse was that Saroviny had a pair of dark purple wings extending out of her back. Needless to say, these wings were inherited from her father's fallen angel bloodline.

Fortunately, amidst all this misfortune, Saroviny had come alone.

Yet, even this was enough to give Link a hard time. He did not dare to get tangled up with her. Making use of the distance between them, he did not hesitate to use a Dimensional Jump to get further away.

Whoosh. A column of white light appeared, and Link and the others vanished from

their original spot. A moment later, they re-appeared below the cloud. From there, they could see dense forests covering the land. At the same time, the red spear birds had noticed them.

Caw, caw! Immediately, the red spear birds chased after them.

Link had no time to play with these birds. He immediately activated another Dimensional Jump to teleport to the ground.

The forest here was very different from that on Firuman. The trees here were extremely tall and thick. Every tree was at least 30 feet wide, reaching a height of 600 feet. Even the grass and vegetation were ridiculously huge.

Beside where they landed was broadleaf grass. The grass was, in fact, bigger than a banana leaf by about three times. The way it drooped down made it look like a natural shelter.

"What kind of shitty place is this? Look at this worm, its teeth. It could almost bite off my entire leg!" Riel whined, using his war hammer to smash a worm the size of a cat.

"Look up, the demon is being attacked by the red spear birds!" Princess Milda pointed out.

Link saw it too. As Saroviny chased them through the clouds, the red spear birds also noticed her and started to pursue her.

Link's eyesight was excellent, and he watched how Saroviny drew out her knife to slash at the red spear bird. As her blade collided with the bird's beak, it let out a harsh clang sound, causing sparks to fly out. However, the beak was not damaged at all. After being dazed for a moment, the red spear bird immediately resumed its pursuit of Saroviny.

Link had no time to admire the strength of this predator. "This is a good chance, she won't be able to escape for a while, let's use this chance to get away!"

The four of them ran through the mysterious forest. After a few minutes, Saroviny was no more than a black speck in the sky. It wasn't because Link's party was traveling quickly. Rather, Saroviny was chased far away by over ten red spear birds.

This was truly a frightening place.

Link kept his senses on full alert as he slowed down his pace. As they passed another giant tree, all of a sudden, ten people appeared out of the vegetation.

Their clothes were all tattered, as though they were simply wearing rags. They were thin and gaunt and had sharp noses, looking almost like humans, but possessing sharp ears like those of elves. It was perhaps more accurate to describe them as elves rather than humans.

After jumping out, one of them pointed a long spear at Link, speaking in a strange language that consisted of lots of howls.

Link could not understand, but the system helped him translate what the other party was saying.

Basically, this was what was being said. Dear friends from afar, you came from a distant place and met with me. This is the grace that the lord has showered upon me. I must reciprocate this grace. Therefore, I will use all my strength to destroy you and take all your possessions, enjoy your women and beat up your children!

"Isn't this simply robbery?" This was Link's first time hearing such eloquence prior to a robbery.

Link could understand what he said about women, but as for children...?

What children? Don't tell me, it's Riel?

# Chapter 375

## Aragu Empire

Mysterious forest

Dwarf Riel held two battle axes and muttered to Link, "These are the poorest elves I've ever seen. Master Link, do you know what they're talking about?"

They were indeed poor. Not only were they thin as bags of bones, but their clothes also couldn't cover their bodies. Some only had a piece of hide while others just wrapped leaves around their waist. The one who jumped out was in the best state. Other than the fur hide, he also had a metal spear and a damaged metal ring around his neck.

Link activated the Dragon King's Fury magic sword in preparation. "I can't really understand. I think it's a dialect, but it seems they're here to rob us. Milda, can you understand?"

Unexpectedly, Milda nodded. "They're speaking the ancient elven language, a really ancient one. I'll cast a Consonance Spell."

Consonance Spell

Level-2 Secret Spell

Effect: The receiver of the spell will instantly learn the elven language.

(Note: Spell unique to the elves.)

She lightly tapped Link and Riel with her wand. Two thumb-sized balls of light melted into their bodies. A few seconds later, they could understand the screaming of the elven robbers.

"Brother, I think they're Magicians!" an elf whispered to the leader.

"The leader seems to be from Aragu. From his clothes, he looks to be a noble," another robber said.

The leader lost confidence. He waved his spear and said to Link, "My friend from a faraway place, I've decided to let you go this time. Leave your wealth behind and go."

Link was curious about this world; they seemed to all be really powerful. For example, these robbers were extremely thin, but from their auras, the weakest was at Level-4. The leader was even at Level-6.

That wasn't too strong, but they were robbers in the lowest class. If there was an elven kingdom here, the strongest would be impossibly powerful.

The leader was losing patience but didn't dare act brashly. Brandishing his spear, he urged, "Hey, say something. Are you gonna give or not?"

Link thought for a moment and quietly took out a few dozen coins. He squeezed them and cast an enchantment, melting all the coins into a fist-sized block of gold. Then he flicked his finger while activating the Magician's Hand. The gold slowly floated towards the leader.

"We are just travelers from a faraway place. Coming here was purely coincidental. We want to know the specific situation inside. Who is the king? Who does this land belong to? Are there any cities nearby? If you answer, this gold is yours."

Gold was clearly also the currency in this world. When it appeared, the elves all stared unblinkingly at it. It seemed that gold was quite valuable.

When the gold flew beside the leader, he reached out to take it. But there was a soft sound and the gold stopped moving. Link had used Spatial Restraint and added 1000 Dragon Power points, making the spatial frequency very high.

The leader grasped the gold to tug it back. But no matter how he tried, the gold wouldn't move. It was like it was stuck there. He activated Battle Aura, and his body shimmered. He used all his might, and his face turned black and red. He even yelled loudly, but the gold still wouldn't move. He hung all his weight from the gold, but it wouldn't even budge.

The trick was marvelous and incomprehensible.

The other elves looked at Link with terror. The leader seemed to sense something. He shuddered a bit and let go from the cold. "Friend, is that for real?" he pushed on. "If I answer the questions, this gold will be ours?"

He didn't mention the robbery anymore. Only an idiot would try to rob someone so powerful.

"Of course. After my questions, this is yours."

"Okay, okay, I'll tell you now. We're in the Great Beast Forest as you can see, everything is huge. But we're at the edge, so it's not that dangerous. Go east from here for 30 miles, and there's a small town called Spring Leaf Village. The lord is the Bloody Butcher Balha. The Spring Leaf Village is a small place of the Aragu Empire... Oh, right, let me tell you, we're in the Aragu Empire right now. There's no king, just an emperor. The emperor is Calagu XVI. He lives in the City of Gold."

The robber rambled on. Link's group learned a lot about this world.

"You said that this gentleman looks like an Araguan noble," Milda said. "What do Araguans look like?"

The leader looked at Milda and was mesmerized. However, he was scared of Link, so he quickly looked away. Then he said fiercely, "The Araguans are similar to us from Lagu, but their ears are different. They have round ears like this gentleman. They enslave us Laguans!"

With that, he turned to Link and said, "Sir, I must remind you that your slave is too beautiful, like the moon in the sky. You should cover her up, or else people will come to take the moon. It'll be really, really troublesome then."

Link didn't expect that the elves would become slaves. It was so interesting.

Milda didn't find it odd though. She covered her face with a veil and then put on a hat. At the same time, she whispered an explanation to Link. "In our historical records, the ancient Araguans were extremely powerful. They ruled over most races in the continent. In addition to my face, the dwarves and Yabba were all slaves. I think that not only did we teleport, we also time traveled. We've returned to ancient times."

Link had this feeling too, but it was all a guess now. He needed more information to prove it.

"What year is it?" he continued asking.

"Year?" The leader was confused.

"Epoch. What epoch is it?" Link tried again.

The leader was still confused. He thought for a while, scratching his head, and said, "You're probably asking about the Aragu calendar, right? It's the year 3162."

The Aragu calendar was nothing like the later Holy calendar. As for year 3162, there was no reference number, and this number had no meaning.

"It seems that we're in a new world," Riel said softly.

"That's possible, or we just came to a new land or realm. Or we traveled through time. We can't get much information from the robbers, and we're short on time. Let's go to the Spring Leaf Village."

It would be best if they time traveled. Otherwise, they only had two months. Within the two months, they must find reinforcements and return to the Orida Fortress. That was their mission.

The three nodded seriously.

Link canceled the Spatial Restraint on the block of gold. "It's yours."

The gold dropped down, and the leader caught it with two hands. A smile bloomed on his face. The gold was the size of a fist. It was enough for them to live off of for half a year.

Link's group turned and left, walking eastward.

Seeing them leave, an elf asked quietly, "Brother, should we tell them there's a group of Blood-eyed Robbers on that road?"

The leader smacked his head. "Shut up! He didn't ask, so we won't say it. Why should we look for trouble? Come, let's go to Spring Leaf Village to buy a goat. We'll feast."

"Yeah!" The elven robbers were immediately in a good mood. All of them started drooling.

...

The other side



Plop! Saroviny rushed into the hole of a large tree. As soon as she entered it, there was a series of tut-tuts. The flock of strange birds arrived and started pecking at the tree. Thankfully, the tree was strong. Even though wood splinters flew crazily, it protected Saroviny inside.

The birds went crazy around the tree for a long while, cawing for a whole half hour before leaving unhappily.

Inside the tree, Saroviny clutched her chest, still unsettled. What place is this? It's too scary!

The birds actually had Level-8 strength, and there were many of them. At first, only a dozen attacked her, and she didn't mind. She even killed some, but it was like hitting a beehive. Hundreds came all of a sudden.

She was frightened and could only escape frantically. After a while, she finally discovered the tree. She ran with all her might into it and escaped.

Relieved now, she suddenly heard a hiss. Turning around, she saw a black spotted snake thicker than her waist inside the tree. Its eyes were green and about the size of her fist. They were like two will-o-wisps.

Seeing Saroviny turn around, the snake hissed again. Then there was a poof, and green mist sprayed towards Saroviny's face.

She reacted quickly and immediately held her breath. Simultaneously, she activated her demon power and blocked the mist.

But the snake reacted quickly too. During this, it curled and wrapped around Saroviny. Then it started squeezing, instantly stealing Saroviny's breath. The snake was abnormally powerful, and she couldn't struggle free. Both her hands were entangled and couldn't move.

No, I'm going to die like this! Gritting her teeth, Saroviny screamed. Demon power spun wildly and exploded!

Boom! With a muffled boom, the snake swelled up and fell down from Saroviny's body.

Ack, this mist is so poisonous! Saroviny was in bad shape too. To use her power, she had to take a breath of the poison. Now, she felt dizzy. Everything doubled in her vision.

After struggling, she actually lost consciousness.

When Saroviny woke up again after some time, she found herself in a small cage. It hung on some long-haired demon. There were many other cages on the demon, all filled with people. Most were elves, but there were also dwarves. The snake had now been skinned and was being grilled over a fire. Humans dressed in leather hide sat around the fire, eating the snake while laughing.

They put me in a cage. How horrible! Saroviny's fury was about to explode, but then she discovered that her power was sealed by something. She couldn't control it at all. There was something cold on her neck. Touching it, she realized it was a metal ring.

The ring had a mysterious power that locked all her demon power.

I'm... a slave now? Saroviny never imagined that she would be in this state. Even scarier, she'd lost all power.

After a while, the humans had their fill. One walked towards the demon. He tossed a bundle of hay to the demon, and it started eating quietly.

"Let me go! Let me go!" Saroviny yelled.

The human heard. He walked over and looked at the cat-like black-haired girl. He reached into the cage and patted the girl's cheeks with a smile. "Pretty girl, don't be scared. When we get to Spring Leaf Village, I'll sell you to a good home. You'll have a good life."

Saroviny tried to bite the hand, but there was a crack. She missed. The human retracted his hand, fast as lightning.

"Kitty, you have to change your attitude. Otherwise, you'll have a hard time in the future." The human was still smiling but stopped paying attention to Saroviny. He walked to his bedroll by the fire and fell asleep.

Saroviny stared at him in shock. The reasoning was simple: a slave trader in such crude leather had Level-9 power!

This world was terrifying!

# Chapter 376

## This Place Was Really Shitty

Hiss hiss. From deep in the grass came a soft hiss and suddenly, a figure flew by.

"That seemed like a person," Riel said, tiptoeing. He shaded his eyes with his hands as he looked at the direction he saw the figure disappear in.

He was roughly only about four feet tall, and the grass was a bit taller than him at four and a half feet. Despite all his efforts to make himself taller, he still could not see past the grass.

"Nana, catch him!" Link ordered.

He had seen it too. After getting his Dragon Power, his eyesight had improved greatly. He had seen the figure in a grey leather armor and a mask. The figure looked highly skilled.

That figure appeared in the forest, leaving no traces. After it saw them, it turned and disappeared. That was very suspicious, and Link had to find out why.

Nana immediately put down Princess Milda before shooting towards the figure. Half a second later, Nana had crossed a distance of 900 feet and had caught up to the figure. She stretched out her hand to grab onto him.

That person's reaction was instantaneous. He ducked, rolled on the floor and jumped up, turning back with dagger in hand. His body flashed and all of a sudden, he had his dagger stabbing towards Nana's neck.

Clang. Nana withdrew her Breakpoint dagger and countered, slicing through her opponent's dagger. Then, she punched towards the figure's head.

That person was shocked. Nonetheless, he reacted and blocked Nana's arm, retaliating with a punch towards her chest.

Nana retreated backwards, dodging his punch, then shot forward once more, stabbing

with her dagger.

Unexpectedly, he dodged again. Although he had lost his dagger and was at a disadvantage in a fight with weapons, he was still able to fight back. He crouched low, punching, clawing, and kicking at Nana's lower body. Every strike was extremely vicious.

Nana had never faced an attack like this before. In the face of this attack, she could only dodge and retreat. Even though she held her dagger in her hand, she was unexpectedly on the receiving end of the attacks.

Bamm. Suddenly, a dimensional ball exploded, stopping the enemy in his tracks. Link had arrived. However, immediately after that, the person's body shone with white light. Link felt his Spatial Shackles becoming unstable as the person struggled to escape.

Link was shocked. This person has to be Level-8 at least. This is ridiculous.

Nana had charged back in, landing a punch in the person's belly, knocking him to the ground. Then, she stepped heavily onto his head, preventing him from moving.

Link, Princess Milda and Riel walked towards the person, expressions of surprise and shock on their face.

"This fellow wearing tattered leather armor is actually a Level-8 expert?" Riel asked, eyes wide. He almost couldn't believe what he was seeing.

What kind of shitty place is this? A regular thief was a Level-6 expert. Then, a random suspicious looking fellow appeared and he was Level-8. Unfathomable!

Princess Milda carefully assessed this person. He was about 30 years of age and wore a mask that hid all his features. However, his ears were sharp and pointy, although not quite as sharp as an elf, but just a bit more rounded. She turned back to look at Link, saying, "This is a Halfling."

Link used his Magician's Hand to remove the person's mask.

His looks were ordinary. He didn't have the same features as other Halflings. On his forehead, in between his eyes was a tattoo, a blood red eye. From afar, it looked like a third eye.

Although his head was being stepped on, his expression was twisted with hatred. He squinted at Link and laughed coldly. "Magician, don't even dream of leaving the Great Beast Forest!"

He spoke in the same elven language as the thief from earlier. Link and the rest could naturally understand.

Link frowned as he asked, "Are you together with those bandits?"

"Nonsense! I am from the Blood Eye Mercenaries. I'm a mercenary. You guys better release me quickly, otherwise, you'll regret ever coming to this world."

Riel laughed coldly. "Hmph, bandits are bandits. Once you open your mouth, you give away your identity. Sir Link, let me smash his arm with my hammer, he won't talk so much nonsense after that."

Who would have thought that the bandit actually laughed at this. "Hahaha, Sir? With such weak magic, you actually call him sir? Hilarious. Little dwarf, if you are lucky enough not to die, you can visit the Yellow Golden City. This Magician won't amount to anything there."

Even after he was captured, he was still as arrogant as ever and did not tone down his taunting. It was as though he knew Link and the others wouldn't dare to do anything to him.

Evidently, Link and the rest weren't worth anything in his eyes.

Riel was infuriated at his words and was about to attack him.

Link stopped him. From what had happened, he could feel that this world was not simple. At this moment, he laughed. "Sir is just a title we use as a joke between ourselves. We're just passing through and we're sorry to have disturbed you. This is just a misunderstanding. What say you forget about all this?"

"Hmph, it's too late for that now!" He laughed coldly, then stared at Princess Milda. "Legu woman, there's no use hiding. I could smell out a beauty like you no matter how you hide. Heehee, my leader will surely savor you."

This caused the three of them to frown.

For a scout to possess Level-8 strength would mean that his leader must be incredibly strong as well. He would definitely be at least Level-9, right?

Riel grumbled, "We just escaped a wolf, but find ourselves in a tiger's den. How unlucky!"

Princess Milda looked at Link. "What do we do now?"

Link was silent. He was considering his options.

The scout had seen that Link was the leader. He smirked as he said, "Are you thinking of killing me to keep me silent? My Blood Eye Mercenaries take vengeance very seriously. If you kill me, they will definitely seek you out and then use the most horrible methods to torture you for a hundred days!"

In the past, he had always used his mercenary troop name to scare people. Anyone who heard that would immediately release him and escape for their lives.

However, he had ran into the wrong people this time.

After hearing his words, Link immediately gestured towards Nana. Nana used force to stamp down on his head, and the scout's head exploded like a watermelon. The blood splattered all over the ground.

Since they had already provoked the enemy and there was no way to avoid the trouble, then they might as well do a clean job of killing them. As for this fellow's threats, this was something to worry about later. They would deal with whatever came later.

Link threw out a dimensional ball, and softly said, "Rend!"

Zaaap. The scout's body soon turned into a crystal like white powder.

After having done all of this, Link said, "Legends say that in ancient times, Legendary figures were common. It seems like we've returned such a time. In here, we cannot rely on such a strength anymore. This means that things are only going to become more dangerous."

He then said to Princess Milda, "Disguise yourself well, make yourself look as ugly as possible. Riel, your hammers and armor look too valuable, hide them and wear plain armor. I've got to hide my wand too. This sword..."

Before he finished what he was saying, the Dragon King's Wrath sword suddenly turned dull. The dragon-like scales on the sword became ordinary looking lines. It looked like a regular factory-made sword.

"Seems like I can still use this," Link said.

The reality was right in front of them. Riel and Princess Milda didn't argue further and immediately got to work.

Riel's armor clanked as he took it off and changed into his most ordinary armor. As for his weapons, he took out a large iron hammer from his dimensional bracelet.

"This was the hammer I used when I was training, never thought I'd use it again," Riel reminisced, moved.

Princess Milda was a woman and still had to care about her modesty. She walked behind a large leaf to change, speedily taking off her outfit.

As this was happening, Link asked the Dragon King's Wrath sword spirit.

Is this the ancient century?

The sword spirit replied, although a bit hesitant. "It is somewhat similar, but not quite. Do you feel that? The Mana here is thick and bountiful, at least ten times more than on Firuman. It is higher than it was even in my time."

Link was now a bit confused. Have you heard of the Aragu Empire?

"I've heard about it before but I can't remember clearly."

There was no point in asking anymore. Link only became more and more confused.

About five minutes later, Princess Milda emerged from behind the grass.

She wore a simple pale green leather armor which looked simple and not very eye-catching. However, upon closer inspection, you would discover that the armor was more than it seemed.

Princess Milda also let down her braided hair, changing to a simple ponytail. Still, it could not hide her beauty, from her light purple eyes and flawless skin, sharp features

and her diva like figure.

She simply could not hide her beauty and brilliance. Even if a female goddess dressed in simple clothes, she would still be a female goddess. In fact, it gave her a simple charm.

King Riel shook his head. "No, no, no, Princess Milda, you'll give us away like this."

Princess Milda replied in frustration, "This is already the outfit I like the least. There's nothing worse."

She was a princess, well-respected by everyone. Every single one of her outfits was worth 100 gold. This was her cheapest set of leather armor, but it was still worth over 50 gold. She simply didn't own any simple common clothing.

Link also didn't have any. He was no longer the poor simple Magician from the past. He was the Lord of Ferde, a great Magician. His clothes were similarly top grade.

Riel was the King of the mountains. With that kind of status, how could he wear torn and tattered clothing?

As much as the three of them tried to change into something common, it could not hide the truth from people with keen eyes.

Link also could not do anything about it. "Let's just go on like this. We'll try to stay as hidden as possible. We'll decide what to do when we get to Spring Leaf Village.

In order to avoid danger, the four of them moved inconspicuously, carefully proceeding eastwards.

Fortunately, they didn't meet any unexpected situations on this journey. After walking for about half a day, they reached a stone wall that was 60 feet high. This entire wall was made out of anti-magic rock. Both sides of the wall were guarded by soldiers. The guards wore seemingly normal battle armor, but they themselves exuded an aura that was exceedingly shocking.

King Riel eyed them, swallowing his saliva. "This is Spring Leaf Village? It has a 60-foot-tall stone wall and such strong guards guarding the city wall!"

He instinctively felt that the soldier could kill him with one slash.



Link could accurately gauge the opponent's strength. He reported, "Level-8 strength, two of them."

Riel was beginning to miss the demons in Firuman. At least those demons were a low level and easy to deal with, even though they were numerous beyond compare. He, the King of the Mountains, could barely deal with mountain bandits.

Princess Milda sighed. "We're just nameless pawns now."

Even as she sighed, the four of them caught sight of a huge beast. On the beast's back hung cages filled with people as it swaggered towards Spring Leaf Village.

Link casually glanced over, then blink and focused his gaze once again on one of the cages. "Look, over there. That demon has been captured."

As they looked over, they found that, indeed, in one particular cage, there was a black-haired young woman hugging her legs as she knelt on the wooden cage floor. Her face was extremely depressed and down-spirited.

Hey, wasn't that the one that had chased them to death? The demon commander famed for being half a step into the Legendary realm.

"Hmmm..." Riel looked at Link with a serious concerned expression on his face. "There is too many people on the road up ahead. Let's steal some normal looking clothes. These clothes make me fearful."

This place was really shitty. Just within half a day, they had been eyed by other people more than twice. It was the feeling when a weak young woman walked naked into a pirate den. Just thinking about it was enough to make people too afraid to fight.

Princess Milda's heart was jumping right out of her chest. "I need to touch up my disguise. This is too dangerous!"

Even a Level-9 demon was captured.

Link nodded his head. "Yes, let's go steal some clothing."

...

In the mountain forest

Two halflings appeared, standing around a pile of white powder. One of the Halflings carefully studied the pile of white powder. After a while, he stood up. "This was done by a Magician. They have four people, two male and two female.

"Rohan cannot die in vain. Ollie, report this to the chief. I'm gonna circle around and see if I can get any leads."

"Okay," said the other, as he turned and ran into the distance.

# Chapter 377

## The First Legendary Magician

Scrape, scrape.

Riel dragged the fourth unconscious passerby into the tall grass beside the road to the Spring Leaf Village from the Great Beast Forest.

This passerby was a rare fat man. He wasn't too tall either—barely past 5'3" and wore a short dirty flaxen robe. Riel removed the clothing and put it on himself. While doing so, he muttered, "I, the King of the Mountains, have become a robber. What did I do in my past life to deserve this?"

He finally put the clothes on. The sleeves and pants were still too long. He looked like a circus clown and had to roll the cuffs.

Link walked over. He tossed some coins beside the unconscious fatty and said, "Alright, we should be able to go to the town now."

Right now, Link wore an old cowhide armor. He had a plain red craft sword at his waist. His hair was messy and tied carelessly behind him. Nana wore patched leather armor. She'd put away her elegant Epic swords and only held the Breakpoint dagger that Link had modified.

Milda looked the most different. She lowered her hair and mussed it up. Forcefully bearing the disgust, she rubbed dirt in her hair, face, neck, and every other patch of bare skin. She wore a short dress and baggy pants that regular women wore. There were even two ugly patches by her butt.

The dirt covered the luster of her hair and skin. The baggy clothing completely covered her beautiful figure. Now, she was a slightly attractive village girl.

"Okay, this should be enough. Let's go."

The four walked towards Spring Leaf Village. Though it was a village, it was similar in size to one of Firuman's average cities. The roads outside the village were wide and

smooth. People passed to and fro. Most were adventurers and looked like humans. There were occasionally elves and dwarves, but they either had bronze rings around their necks or were dressed in rags. They looked utterly abject.

Link's group's disguises were successful. No one looked at them strangely along the road as if they were regular passersby.

At the entrance of the village, the guard looked at Link and then at Milda and Riel. "Are they your slaves?" he asked.

"Ah... yes, my slaves." Link quickly reacted and nodded, following the guard's flow.

"Why aren't they wearing collar rings?"

Along the way, Link had some idea of the customs here. Now, he nodded and said, "I just bought them. I was preparing to put the rings on inside the village."

Surprisingly, the guard shook his head. "Slaves can't enter the village without rings!"

"Ah, then what should I do?" Link asked. He'd already seen that the guard had rings hanging from his waist.

As expected, the guard took these rings off. "Three coins for one. If you don't put them on, it'll be seen as your slave breaking the law! The Spring Leaf Village has the right to punish all slaves breaking the law!"

It was only two copper rings; it wasn't that big of a deal. Link had the currency used here, taken from the passersby they'd knocked out. However, he only had two coins. He couldn't take out coins from the Norton Kingdom either and he'd only taken a few dozens of those too. He secretly made a few golden nuggets and gave it to the guard with the coins. "This is all I have. Is it enough?"

The guard wasn't too picky. Golden coins and nuggets were the same and Link had obviously given more than needed. He weighed the gold and smiled, handing two rings to Link. "Take them. Recently bought slaves are wild, and you have to be stricter. Don't be a pushover!"

Stared at by the guard, Link had to put the rings onto Milda and Riel. Strangely, the rings seemed just like regular copper rings, but once on the neck, they immediately closed seamlessly. Milda and Riel's expressions turned odd, and Link knew that

something was wrong. But this was the city gate, and the guard was there. He couldn't say anything and just walked in.

Inside the city, Milda said, "This ring is strange. My power is completely sealed."

"Me too, I can't use any Battle Aura!"

Link had checked the rings earlier. He hadn't noticed anything strange and was surprised to find out it had this effect. Thinking a bit, he said, "After we find an inn, I'll study this closely."

The streets of the Spring Leaf Village were similarly busy. People walked to and fro, just like outside the village. Humans were the majority; there were elves and dwarves, but they were all slaves. Each one wore copper rings; there was no exception.

There was a variety of roadside stores—daily products, weaponry, armor, magic equipment, and more. Link looked at a few magic equipment stores and discovered the craftsmanship was similar to the present. Other than the method and style of enchantments, there was nothing special.

Especially for material, the rare materials in Firuman were also rare here.

"At least we won't go hungry." Link had many rare materials in his dimensional storage, as well as many coins. From the prices he'd seen, his stuff was worth at least 10000 coins. They could live by selling material.

As they walked, a bookstore appeared. Link's eyes brightened. "Let's take a look."

Books were the best aid in quickly understanding this world.

The group walked in, but at the door, a human worker stopped them. "Sir, slaves can't enter the bookstore. Have them wait outside."

Link knitted his brows. What was wrong with this world? Did they discriminate against the slaves of other races so badly?

He was forced to say to Milda and Riel, "Wait here for me. I'll be out soon. Nana, you wait for me too."

In the bookstore, Link walked around and quickly found The Encyclopedia of Aragu.

After paying, he walked out and said, "Let's go find an inn now."

Milda and Riel were pissed now but couldn't show their anger. This world was too horrible to them; there was discrimination everywhere. Just then, they saw an elf get beaten to death by his master. The surrounding people didn't bat an eyelash as if it were a normal thing.

It was terrifying. They could only stick close to Link.

After walking for a bit longer, Link suddenly heard a strange conversation.

"Hey, did you hear? Magician Rockham is going to accept apprentices again."

"Psh, apprentice my ass. They just work for him and barely learn anything after three years. It's a complete waste of time."

"That's true. I've never seen anyone stingier than Magician Rockham. He's a complete slave to money!"

Link was interested. From these words, he received two important pieces of information. First, Magician Rockham was an important figure and very famous. Second, he didn't have a great reputation. He was stingy and lacked Apprentices.

In this strange place, any random mercenary was at Level-7 or Level-8. There were a few at Level-9 too. As a foreigner, he didn't know anything and could easily get into trouble. It would be much safer with support.

Thinking of this, Link walked towards the speakers. "Hello sirs," he said. "I am a Magician from out of town. I'm not quite familiar with here... Did you say that Magician Rockham is looking for apprentices?"

The two exchanged glances, and one laughed. "Foreigner, I'll advise you against this. Rockham isn't easy to deal with."

"If you can learn anything from him, then you're this!" The other man gave him thumbs up.

Link smiled and continued asking, "Can you tell me his address?"

One man pointed towards the village center. Chuckling, he said, "You don't have to look

around. See, the tall tower in the village center is Rockham's factory of blood, sweat, and tears."

Link looked over. There indeed was a tall tower in a completely different style from the Norton Kingdom. It was a round white tower, like a lamppost from Earth. The tube was very simple.

When he looked back, the two were already walking away, chuckling. They looked at Link as if he was an idiot.

Milda walked up and whispered, "Are you planning on relying on him?"

She was a princess and was most familiar with these tactics. She obviously knew Link's motive after hearing his question.

Link nodded. "It's too dangerous here. They're so cruel to the slaves and are too violent. They probably won't be too nice to humans either. We have no authority or power here. If we get the wrong attention, it'll be bad news."

If this was Firuman, like in Creekwood Village, Link wouldn't have these worries. In the Norton Kingdom, laws were still effective, but here, Link was completely unfamiliar. He didn't feel safe at all.

Milda nodded. "That's the only solution."

It looked to be only two in the afternoon. It was still early, so they walked towards the round tower in the village center. Spring Leaf Village wasn't too big. After around twenty minutes, the group stood outside the tower.

Looking in from the fence, they could see that the tower was only a small portion of the magic field. There were many other beautiful buildings and a huge garden square. Many young Magicians walked on the square, all looking stressed and frazzled.

"It looks like a magic academy," Milda said.

Riel was too short to see what was inside. His strength had been locked too so he could only jump up and down. "Tell me what's inside."

Just then, Link suddenly felt someone looking at him. He turned around and saw an old man with a pointed hat and white beard. Seeing Link look at him, the old man

asked with a smile, "Young man, do you want to learn magic from me?"

Link was completely shaken. He could feel an overpowering Mana aura from the elder. It was almost endless. Standing beside him, it felt like a black hole. The Mana's attractive force made one dizzy. It told Link clearly that this elder was a true Legendary Magician!

This was the first mortal Legendary Magician Link had met after coming to Firuman!



# Chapter 378

## Hourglass Plane

Spring Leaf Village

"Are you Great Magician Rockman?" Link asked.

The old man's smile widened. A glint appeared in his eyes.

Magician Rockman shook his head. "Young man, please don't call me a great Magician. I'm still far from being a great Magician. However, I can see that you have great potential! How about this, would you like to study magic from me?"

Link didn't rush to answer him. He waved his hands helplessly and said, "But I have no money."

Rockman pulled Link's hand warmly. "Haha, why talk about money? I, Rockman, have never asked for money from students learning magic. Come come, follow me. Are these your slaves? Follow me... Oh hey! This is a magic puppet! Not bad."

He dragged Link by the arm as he walked into the yard. When he reached the yard, Link saw a person standing there.

It was a black-haired young girl. Her skin was fair, and her features were delicate. On her neck was a slave collar, but Link immediately recognized her as the demon princess Savoriny.

"This is??" Link jumped backwards in shock. Princess Milda and Riel also retreated behind Link as though they were facing a strong enemy.

Rockman laughed as he introduced, "Her? She's a new slave a bought. Pretty isn't she? Don't mind her, I'll gift her to someone soon."

As he said this, the white-bearded old Magician shouted, "Fu, Fu!"

Soon, a fat-faced middle-aged man walked out. This middle-aged man was also

wearing a slave collar. When he saw Rockman, he bowed and asked, "Master, you called?"

"See this pretty lady? Send her as a gift to Great Lord Bal. Bring her away and train her."

Newly bought slaves were unusable. They were disobedient and rough and didn't know how to serve people. They needed to be trained. This was especially so for a slave that was being given as a gift to a great lord. Such a slave needed even more training so as not to lose face for the giver.

Once Fu heard that this was to be a gift for the Great Lord, he respectfully acknowledged the order. "Master, rest assured. Give this slave three months, I guarantee that she will be as tame and gentle as a sheep."

"Okay, go on," Rockman said, pleased.

Fu beckoned towards Savoriny. Although her face was bitter, she didn't dare to resist. She obediently followed along.

Link and the others were shocked speechless. They simply couldn't believe that this was the ferocious demon commander that they knew.

Princess Milda and Riel were even more afraid. They had slave collars on them too. Could it be that there was no way to break the collar? Otherwise, why would the demon princess still be so obedient?

Meanwhile, Rockman turned back to look at Link. "Young man, your two slaves don't look like they have been trained. Would you like Fu to train them for you? He's a great slave trainer."

Link hurriedly refused. "No thank you, I'm already used to them."

"Okay then. Come with me, let me find you your accommodations."

Link said, "Sir, could you arrange for my slaves to stay with me? I grew up with them around and would like them nearby."

Rockman's face was neutral. "Haha, that's no problem. You decide what to do with your slaves. I'll find you a comfortable place to your liking!"

He dragged Link along with him into the yard.

There was no reason for Rockman to be so welcoming. It seemed like he really was looking for a student to teach magic to. Furthermore, he was surely extremely stingy. However, for Link, that didn't matter. Link needed someone to depend on to find a place to settle down and understand this world better. Therefore, Link let Magician Rockman pull him into the yard.

Princess Milda, Riel, and Nana naturally followed behind Link.

Along the way, Link realized that although this fellow was old, he was still strong. He seemed to be equivalent to a Level-7 Warrior. He also didn't use a wand but a magic sword instead, just like Link.

The sword gave off a mysterious aura, something that could not be underestimated. Surely, it was a Legendary weapon. However, its appearance was crude, even pathetic. It looked like the work of a three-legged cat.

On his way in, Link also met many students of magic. However, none of them were as welcoming as Rockman. Many of them look disinterested. In fact, there were even those that looked over at Link with a sneer. There was a cold laugh on their face, as though saying, "Look at that, another fool has been tricked by Rockman."

Rockman pulled Link to a solitary stone building in the side of the yard. "Here, this is yours. Doesn't it look comfortable?"

The stone building was about 860 square feet wide, with two floors. On the upper floor, there was a balcony. Outside, there was also a small garden that looked rather beautiful.

"It is beautiful. But I haven't even done anything!" Link responded. He turned back to look at all the other Magicians. Once in a while, they would enter their wooden huts. Compared to his stone building, the difference was just too great.

He wasn't a kid who would believe that a random old stranger would treat him so nicely for no good reason. That person must have some kind of motive.

Rockman laughed. He pointed at the Magic Ring that Link wore. "Did you make that ring?"

Link nodded.

"The handiwork is not bad. I'll give you materials and talisman blueprints. If you help me create talismans, I'll teach you magic. What do you think?" So, Rockman was attracted to Link because of the magic items he wore.

Whether it was the magic sword on his waist or the ring on his hands or even the magic puppet by his side, they all looked flawless.

Perhaps the magic on these items wasn't particularly strong, but because of their appearance, their value would increase by at least 50%.

To Rockman, as long as that person could help him earn money, that person was a talent that deserved privileged treatment!

Link now knew his intentions. Link immediately agreed. "No problem! I just wanted to learn magic from you."

"Great, great!" Rockman laughed uproariously. The wrinkles on his face bloomed like a flower. "Truly a young man with determination! Here, this is a Tier-1 talisman. See if you can do it."

Link received the talisman blueprint from Rockman. Princess Milda curiously looked over, wanting to see the blueprint. Immediately, Rockman frowned and shouted, "How unruly! Get back to your position!"

This was Princess Milda's first time being scolded like this. Her face was flushed, but she could not talk back either. She bowed her head and retreated.

Link did not say anything to interfere. He simply continued looking at the blueprints.

He realized that what Rockman called a Tier-1 talisman was actually not that complex. The magic knowledge inside was similar to that of Level-4 magic on Firuman. However, the way it was used and arranged was almost like that of a Level-8 magic spell. It required huge amounts of patience and meticulousness. The smallest mistake could ruin the whole talisman.

"This shouldn't be too difficult..." Link said.

"Not difficult? Hahaha, you're truly someone with talent. Young man, what is your

name?" This old man was one of a kind. It was only now that he asked Link for his name.

"I'm Link, this is Mil..."

Before he could finish, Rockman interrupted him. "Don't tell me the names of your slaves. Even if you did, I wouldn't remember them. How long would it take you to finish the talisman? Is two weeks enough?"

Link was at a loss. They take two weeks for a talisman like this?

Before, Link would take about an hour for one talisman. After obtaining his pure Dragon Power, he could maintain a state of high concentration for longer periods of time. Three days was enough for him to craft one talisman. In response to Rockman's offer of two weeks, Link thought for a moment before saying, "Ten days is enough for me."

Unexpectedly, Rockman frowned and said, "Ten days? Young man, it's good to be ambitious but do not be overly ambitious. How do you expect me to believe your big words?"

It seems like two weeks was already a high expectation. This talisman would take over two weeks on average. Link wracked his brains to find a suitable reply. "Sir, ten days is the time I take if I expend all my energy. I cannot do it for too long. I need to rest for a week after each talisman. So on average, it takes me about 18 days."

"Oh, so that's how it is. There's no need to rush so, two weeks is fine. After two weeks, if you give me the talisman equipment, I'll give you a Tier-1 magic book and answer three questions on Tier-1 magic for you."

"No problem," Link agreed, nodding.

"That's good. Then I won't bother you. This is the key to your lodgings. Everything has been prepared inside for you. There's also a special room for doing talismans. You can begin anytime."

After handing the keys to Link, Rockman turned and left. On his way out, he saw another student walking slowly. Rockman kicked him, causing the student to stumble. "What are you wasting time for? You've got no talent and only know how to skive. Hurry and help me wash the Winter Night Grass!" Rockman scolded.

His attitude towards this student and Link were two worlds apart.

Riel whispered quietly, "Link, how confident are you? I feel that if you can't complete what you promised, we'd be chased out after two weeks."

"Of course I'm sure. Let's go inside. I'll try to figure out what's the deal with the collar," Link said.

After entering the room, Link began inspecting the collar.

He found that the collar had no seam lines to show where it was connected. After knocking on it, it produced a thick sound that didn't seem like either metal or wood. Furthermore, there were no talisman markings whatsoever on it. It was as though it was completely natural.

"This workmanship is amazing," Link praised.

He gestured to Nana. "Try using the dagger to cut it."

The Breakpoint Dagger could cut through all items. It probably shouldn't have trouble cutting through this three-ringed collar.

Nana was just about to use the Breakpoint Dagger to test out Riel's collar when Riel immediately panicked. "Wait wait wait, stop! It hurts, my head hurts. Don't poke at it anymore, please."

His face was pale.

Nana helplessly pulled back her dagger.

Riel let out a sigh of relief. "That was really scary. It felt like my soul was tearing apart."

"It seems like this collar cannot be broken with force. No wonder the demon commander was like a cat after being captured. I need to study this more."

Link was full of regret. If he knew this would happen, he wouldn't have made them wear this collar.

Princess Milda consoled him. "This isn't your fault. This is a new world, if we don't wear this, we might not have even lived."

Riel also said, "Sir Link, there will be a way. Don't be anxious."

Link nodded. He opened the book he just bought, the Encyclopedia of Aragu, flipping through the pages to understand more about the place.

At this point, a notification window popped up in his vision.

All this time, the system had been silent. Now that it appeared, it showed a message:

Anchor point in time has been discovered. Determining the current timeline. Player is in an hourglass plane.

# Chapter 379

## Hourglass Realm

"The Hourglass Realm?"

Link was taken aback. He'd never heard of this term—it didn't appear in the game or in the books.

His vision flashed and an hourglass appeared. The top was labeled as the World of Firuman while the bottom was the Aragu Realm. The narrow neck area was marked with the Wind Vortex that they'd traveled through.

The two worlds are opposite one another yet are still connected. The current known passageway is the Wind Vortex. From the results of the time anchor calculation, time flows very quickly in the Aragu Realm. It's more than 100 times that of Firuman.

This cheered Link a bit. If time flowed that fast, he could stay here for one year and it would only be three and a half days on Firuman. He didn't have to worry about not having enough time. This way, he could focus on finding a way out of the world.

"But how can it be so fast?" Link asked.

The Mana density of Aragu is 20.5 times higher than in Firuman. Life controls great power and operates at high intensity, making time flow extremely fast.

Link thought about it but he still didn't understand it. Time was too confusing. His abilities weren't at that level yet. However, the flow of time was only meaningful to higher-level observers. The living organisms would feel nothing. For example, Link didn't feel any difference from the World of Firuman. Everyone was going at the regular speed.

"Then how come Aragu appeared in the ancient legends of Firuman? Why do the elves, dwarves, and humans speak in the ancient elven language?"

There is not enough information to answer.



"Alright..." Link was helpless but knowing the speed of time now, he didn't have to hurry. He had a lot of time to understand this world.

He opened the Encyclopedia of Aragu and started reading closely.

The book was also written in ancient elven and mostly described the customs and conditions of the land. Milda and Riel had nothing else to do so they read as well. As for Nana, she was playing with a small accessory on the table.

After reading for a bit, the three exchanged glances in shock.

There were many things in the book but it revealed clearly the Araguans' superiority complex. They called themselves the "descendants of God" while the others were "scum of the earth."

In Aragu, the elves, dwarves, and Northern Beastmen were even lower than horses. They could be sold, killed, and humiliated at will, treated like tools. Once a slave became sick, they would be killed immediately. Instead of burying the body, it would be sold to a butcher. There, it would be cooked and fed to hunting hounds, griffins, wolves, and other trained carnivorous beasts.

The encyclopedia also listed the prices of the different slave meats. Elves were the most expensive because they were the most tender. Amongst them, meat of elven girls was the most valuable. They were usually fed to the pets of nobles. Dwarves were the cheapest. Their meat was described to be rough as sandpaper. Even dogs weren't willing to eat it.

"That's too scary. These Araguans are so barbaric!" Riel exclaimed in fury.

"Sh!" Milda quickly shushed him. "Don't say that in the future. Someone might hear!"

Riel wanted to argue but Link said, "Her Highness is right. Riel, remember this isn't Firuman. We have an important mission and nothing can happen to us!"

"Alright. This f\*cking place!" Riel muttered. It wasn't that he didn't understand what the others were saying. This place was just too horrible.

At this time, Link flipped to a passage about the slave collar ring. The three started reading closely.

The book explained that the ring's scientific name was "Soul Shackle." It was known as the most successful and powerful gear of the Aragu Empire. It was created by one of the emperor's magic workshop, the God-given Wisdom. One million are made annually. The cost isn't high but the effect is shocking.

The encyclopedia proudly declares that, this shackle is a gift from God. Perfect and flawless, it is the scepter for descendants of God to rule the scum!

That was it. Other than a bunch of bragging, there was nothing useful.

"Damn Araguans!" Riel muttered again.

Thankfully, this book wasn't only bragging; there were also useful things, such as descriptions of the world's power.

In this world, all power under the Legendary Level was known as Tier-1. Legendary Level-10 was Tier-2. Legendary Level-17 of Firuman was Tier-9 here and Magicians of that level were known as Masters. Level-18 was Saint. As for Level-19, that was almost God-like. It was the pinnacle of humanity and was known as the Archmage!

In Aragu, there was currently one Archmage, three Saints, and 18 Masters. They could easily destroy everything in the world. As for official Magicians, there were countless. An ordinary little town could produce someone like Rockham. Just imagine how many there were in the world!

After reading this, Link sighed. "No wonder the robbers laughed at us. The Masters of Aragu are Legendary Level-17."

"I feel so weak after reading this." Riel plopped onto the ground. He'd wanted to redeem himself and wait a few days before breaking free from his slave identity. But the Aragu Empire was like a mountain with no seeable peak.

Milda was much more optimistic. "It's not all bad. Link, have you felt your power increase much more quickly? Not even a day after being here, I've already entered Level-8."

Her Mana had been at the pinnacle of Level-7. In Firuman, leveling up required a good opportunity but she passed through it naturally here. Link could feel it too so he checked his information.

Link Morani (Firuman Noble)

Level-8 Pinnacle Dragon Mage

Flawless Dragon Power Maximum: 7100

Dragon Power Recovery Speed: 18-110 points per seconds

Current Dragon Power Recovery Speed: 40 points per second

It hadn't even been a day but his Dragon Power had already risen more than 100 points. The speed was shocking.

"It's the same for me. I feel that I can break into Level-9 soon... I'm afraid the demon commander will break into the Legendary state soon."

"So what? She's just a slave now," Riel leered. This was probably the only good news.

The encyclopedia was quite thick but the descriptions weren't too deep so they finished it within half a day. They all had a general idea about Aragu. At least, they won't do anything taboo when they go out now.

"I'm going to start with the enchantment now." Link took the paper towards the enchantment room. "I prepare to make the bracelet on this paper. Milda, Riel, don't go outside during this to avoid trouble."

"I'm too scared to go outside. It's too dangerous out there," Riel sighed.

"I'll clean up the room," Milda said.

"Okay. If you feel bored, you can come help me."

"Of course." Milda would love to do that. She wanted to learn Aragu's magic too.

Inside the enchantment room, Link found that there were many mid-level materials here. There were also many tools that were similar to those in Firuman and weren't too complicated. Link could use them after studying for a bit.

He placed the paper on the table and started working.

Link barely left the room in the next few days; he had people bring him his meals. His magic bracelet came into shape bit by bit.

In order to complete within two weeks, Link purposely slowed down his speed. This way, he had time to perfect the details and work more intricately on the bracelet.

The first two days, Rockham would come check. After that, he was reassured and left satisfied after saying some encouragements.

Two weeks later, Link completed the magic bracelet as expected. Putting it in a wooden box, Link went to find Rockham.

He first went to the concierge to find guard Afu.

"Master is in the round tower. He said that you can go to him directly."

"Oh, okay."

Link walked straight towards the round tower. It was in the back of the courtyard. Along the way, he would pass by the apprentices' dormitories, magic workshops, the library, and other buildings. When he passed by a small yard, he saw Demon Princess Saroviny by chance.

The yard was closed with a locked door. There were many beautiful girls inside that Rockham bought to give to important figures as "gifts." Saroviny dressed scantily. She had a bra and a semi-transparent muslin dress. One could see through the muslin that she didn't wear anything under it. The details of her body could be seen fleetingly. She even had a Mithril accessory hanging from her belly button.

When Link saw her, she was learning a sexy dance with the other slave girls in the yard. Clearly, she was not doing well; she kept making mistakes.

Crack! The whip fell onto her, making her stumble. A halfling with a slave ring around her neck yelled, "Idiot! Is your body made of wood? Move your waist! Shake your ass! I've never seen a slave as stupid as you. You should be chopped up to feed the dogs!"

Without making a sound, Saroviny stood up and continued. Link was sure she saw him but her eyes looked straight ahead.

Link was slightly relieved. At least this demon was completely submissive in this

world. He should be safe... No, this wasn't enough. He was mistaken as an Araguan now and had a great advantage. He had to get rid of this girl.

With that in mind, Link walked towards the tower. Rockham was about to go out and saw Link at the entrance. He smiled immediately. "What, did you finish the bracelet?"

"Yes. Here you go." Link offered up the wooden box.

Rockham opened it. He glanced at it and his eyes brightened greatly. "Good! Amazing! Perfect! This artistry is incredible! Tsk, this artistry deserves a spell book as a reward. Come, come. Go to my library and choose any Tier-1 book. And three Tier-1 questions are still free."

He was so excited. Looking at Link was like looking at a mountain of gold.

"Tutor," Link said politely. "Can I change my reward?"

"Oh, what do you want?" Rockham asked.

"I saw a slave girl in the yard, a black-haired one. Can I have her as a reward?"

# Chapter 380

## Average Foundation but Incredible Vision

"You want the slave girl?" Rockman was shocked.

"That's right. I've taken a liking to her," Link pleaded.

Rockman found himself facing a dilemma. Before seeing the magic bracelet, he would have instantaneously rejected Link. The slave had cost him 1000 gold, and she was meant as a gift for Great Lord Bal. Most importantly, he had informed Lord Bal about the news and Bal was very excited. He couldn't simply swap her out like this!

However, the magic bracelet was worth at least 300 gold. He would make a profit of 200 gold, and could easily cover the cost of 1000 gold. He needed to take good care of this golden goose that could help him earn big money.

Pondering the matter, Rockman decided on a compromise. "I can't give her to you, she's been promised to Great Lord Bal. How about this, I'll let you have any two others to your liking."

Link was stunned. He now knew who Great Lord Bal was. He was the lord of this region of about 77 square miles. In Firuman, that would be the equivalent of a Duke. His son, Bloody-Butcher Balha was the lord of Spring Leaf City.

Not only did Great Lord Bal have a high status, but his personal strength was also terrifying. He was the strongest in the region and was a Level-15 Legendary Expert.

It was said that Bal was hot-tempered. He would kill over slight disagreements. The slaves killed by his hand numbered over 5000. His nasty personality was inherited by his son, Bloody-Butcher Balha.

No one would dare to provoke a person like this in the whole realm. Link's face was immediately full of "disappointment," and he shook his head in regret. "It's alright then, I'll go with the magic book."

Rockman let out a sigh of relief. "Haha, young man, if you want to go far in life, you

must properly study magic. Don't get caught up by lust. Come with me, I'll give you two Tier-1 magic books. As for that girl, don't think about her anymore. I'll get you another pretty one soon."

He opened the door to the circular pagoda and led Link inside.

The first floor of the pagoda was a spacious hall. Along its walls were bookshelves, forming half a circle around the room. The shelves were stacked with books.

"Here, the Tier-1 books are on this side. You already have some knowledge of magic, so you can choose any two books that are suitable for you," Rockman said generously.

Link nodded and walked towards the bookshelf. Rockman did not bother Link while Link browsed through the books. He was engrossed with the magic bracelet that Link had made.

It was a truly splendid piece of work!

He had only given the blueprints for the talismans to be built into the bracelet but did not specify any shape or design. That was left entirely up to Link.

The final product was a simple, flawless circular band. However, the various colors blended to create a magnificent scene of two Red Spear Birds locked in battle. The birds looked lively and full of vigor, emanating the ferociousness of a live bird.

He used magic to magnify the details and couldn't find a single flaw in all the details. Even the wrinkles and curls along the birds' eyes could be seen, making them appear extremely realistic.

He channeled Mana into the magic bracelet and felt keenly for the changes. He could detect that the magic flowed smoothly into the bracelet, encountering no hindrances or obstruction. The entire bracelet emanated a warm and rhythmic magic aura.

This rhythm indicated that the magic formation in this bracelet was almost perfect!

Aesthetically pleasing and flawless, it was the most perfect thing ever. Rockman found that even he himself was reluctant to part with it now.

This thing is truly unique, one of a kind. Rather than selling it, I could give it as a gift to the Great Lord's daughter. She loves collecting these kinds of things to play with.

I'm sure she'll like it. Who knows, I may even be able to get a Tier-3 magic book as a reward.

By now, Link had decided on two magic books. They were The Basics of Magic Analysis and Top Skills of Tier-1 Magic.

"Teacher, I've selected the books," Link said.

Rockman brought his attention back to Link. He looked at the magic books that Link had selected and instructed, "You can bring these two books back with you. Return them after two weeks. Also, here is the blueprint for the new talisman, this time, I want a magic sword. Do you have confidence?"

Link received the blueprints from Rockman.

The basic formations in the blueprint were simple, although they were slightly harder than the magic bracelet. They were equivalent to Level-6 magic. However, the way they were arranged was also more complicated, roughly possessing the complexity of Level-9 spells.

Link looked at it for a moment. He thought about it for a while. He knew that it would only take him a week if he tried. He nodded and said, "Teacher, this is a little more difficult. I think I will need three weeks."

Unexpectedly, Rockman was delighted. "Only three weeks? Great! Truly someone with potential. Okay, you don't have to tire yourself out, I'll give you a month."

"Thank you, teacher."

Just then, Fu appeared at the entrance to the pagoda. "Master, Lord Balha's men are here."

"What do they want? Haven't I already given this month's medicinal tribute to the army quartermaster?" Rockman frowned.

"It seems like the Great Beast Forest's Blood Eyes goons are up to something again."

Rockman's expression turned dark. He turned and said to Link, "Alright, you may return. Good luck with your studies, and don't forget the sword!"



"I got it, teacher," Link nodded his head. He now knew what kind of people he had provoked in the Great Beast Forest. The Blood Eye Mercenaries were formed from a group of oppressed and outcast halflings. They were the scourge of the Spring Leaf Village.

Their members numbered over 500, with 50 core members possessing over Level-10 strength. Their chief was known by his name Blood Pupil and possessed Level-13 strength. His strength was similar to Spring Leaf Village's Balha and Magician Rockman.

It was said that Balha and Blood Pupil had fought before, resulting in Balha's loss. If Balha hadn't escaped fast enough, he would now be dead.

"Go on," Rockman frowned. His mood was solemn.

Link left the pagoda. Before leaving, he saw Rockman walk away with a fully armored soldier. The soldier seemed extremely sturdy. Standing there, Link felt like he was an unmovable mountain.

Hmmm, another Legendary Warrior. Probably Level-10. Link thought. He was starting to get numb.

In this world, the Mana density was high. It was easy for all living things to grow. Without much effort, one could easily reach Legendary level. However, there was a drawback. Perhaps because they gained strength too quickly, they didn't have a good foundation and understanding of skills.

For example, among Rockman's students, there were many who possessed enough strength to reach Level-6, however, because of a poor understanding of magic, they were stuck at Level-2 and could only use a few simple spells.

Therefore, Link's control of magic was far greater than his peers of the same age. In fact, in some ways, he was even superior to Rockman.

Of course, power was still power. With enough power, it doesn't matter even if you had no skills. A simple punch could unleash incredible destruction. Link would probably be killed by any random punch from Rockman. This was just winning by force.

Thinking about this, Link was anxious to quickly raise his strength.

He followed the path back to his residence, passing by the slave training yard along the way. He could see Saroviny still learning to dance. Then, he stared, stunned. He realized that in just a short period of time, Saroviny had gotten much better at the dance. Earlier, she was like a wooden block with stiff movements. Now though, her body flowed like water, her limb movements were supple and smooth. There was something about her that now captured people's attention.

Did she have a change of heart?

At this moment, the halfling instructor praised. "Good, good. At least you're not wasting your good looks. Continue working hard, considering your good looks, I'm sure Great Lord Bal will treat you well.

Link's heart clenched. Bal ruled the lands around here. If Saroviny got his favor and influenced him, wouldn't that become a great threat for him?

Link felt Saroviny's gaze and detected a trace of cold killing intent. The moment he looked over though, the killing intent vanished and was replaced by a warm smile.

Link knew that he wasn't mistaken though. He didn't tarry a second longer and quickly headed back to his own residence.

In this world, he couldn't remain a small and unimportant person. He needed to quickly become strong and create a name for himself so that Bal couldn't simply kill him when he liked.

Over the next few days, Link entered his previous state of fervor when creating the magic bracelet and began constructing the magic sword.

When he was free, he would study the two books of magic. Princess Milda would look at the books with him. As for Riel, he would use wooden swords to train against Nana.

After a few days, Princess Milda said, "The content in these books is somewhat normal. However, the discussion about magic is very in-depth. This book on magic analysis is still alright, it's about Level-8. This book on top skills, however, is more difficult and requires at least Level-9 magic knowledge to be able to make use of it."

"It is something like that. I've looked at it and gained a lot from it. Furthermore, this is only a Tier-1 magic book in this world. After that, there's still the Saint and Archmage level. There's no end to their field of vision," Link sighed.

After possessing enough strength, your field of vision would naturally increase. Perhaps they might be lacking in some ways in their magic foundation, but the world in their eyes was surely something that Link could never imagine.

Without standing on the mountain peak, you would never understand how wide the view from the peak is!

Link tried his utmost to absorb the magic knowledge from this world.

Two weeks passed by in a flash. Link's magic sword was completed three days ago. His dragon power now reached 7500 points, successfully pushing him to Level-9 while Princess Milda and Riel reached Level-8.

Here, there were no barriers to increasing their strength. Naturally, they would grow quickly.

Perhaps it was because there were no barriers to their growth which was why the Aragu people considered everything under the Legendary Level as Level-1.

This day, Link was practicing the new magic knowledge he had learned when he heard a clamor from outside the building. Something had happened.

As Link was still thinking about it, Riel's voice came from the second-floor balcony. "Link, Link! Something's up. Rockman was carried back by some people. His body is covered in blood."

# Chapter 381

## Take All Opportunities!

With Rockham in trouble, Link couldn't stay indoors anymore. He could feel that this was an opportunity!

After thinking, Link took out his finished magic sword. Placing it in the sheath, he ordered, "Stay here and don't open the door for strangers."

"I know. We're not kids," Riel answered.

Taking the sword, Link left the house and jogged to Rockham.

When he got close, he saw Rockham lying on a stretcher. He was covered in blood. There was a bloody hole below his liver. The bleeding had mostly been stopped but blood was still seeping out slowly.

Rockham was being taken to the round tower by two slaves. When he saw Link, a weak smile appeared on his pale face. "Heh," he laughed at himself. "I'm old now and got stabbed by that bastard without realizing."

As far as Link knew, there were no priests or healing spells in this world. If Rockham's wound wasn't treated properly, it could be fatal.

The apprentices stood in the courtyard, watching from afar and muttering amongst themselves.

"It's karma for this money-slave. I think he's going to get it this time!"

"I'm afraid the Bloody Butcher will find another stingier Magician after he dies."

"How can he teach us magic if he's so injured? He promised to answer my two questions last week."

They just watched without doing anything. Rockham was too stingy and mean to them usually. Of course, Rockham didn't need them; he had many slaves. Seeing Link beside

him, he said, "You don't have to come. I won't die."

Link took down his wooden case with the sword. "Tutor, actually I already finished the sword and was about to give it to you."

"Ah, you finished so quickly." Rockham was surprised, but he quickly smiled. "Follow me then, but you'll have to wait. My wound still needs to be treated carefully... Ah, that damn bastard was so cruel!"

Link followed Rockham's stretcher all the way to the round tower. When he passed by the slave yard, he looked inside subconsciously. It was empty. The slave girls didn't come out to practice today.

They quickly arrived at the tower. After entering, the stretcher was taken to the second floor and inside a spacious bedchamber. Rockham was placed on the bed.

The doctor that had followed them went forward. He cut open the bloody clothing with practice and started treating the wound. The doctor's methods were similar to surgeons from earth. He cut open Rockham's wound and used very thin thread to sew the injury to Rockham's internal organs. Then he sewed up the cut quickly.

After around twenty minutes, he was done with sewing. He also poured some blue medicine on it. It sizzled softly, and many bubbles appeared.

Rockham grunted and his body tensed. Five seconds later, he felt much better and let out a long breath.

"Lord," the doctor said. "You injured your intestines and bled a lot. You must rest for three months. During this time, you mustn't work too hard. Otherwise—"

Rockham lost his patience. Waving his hand, he said, "I know. It's not my first time getting hurt. You may go and tell Balha about my injury. Say that I need to rest but nothing will be delayed. Tell him to not bother me if it's not important."

In the Spring Leaf Village, Rockham was a Magic Official. He was responsible for the magic affairs and had high status. This could be seen from how he spoke to the owner of the village, Balha.

The doctor nodded. He collected his tools, left some bottles of medicine behind, and left.

A few pretty elven servants came up. They carefully cleaned up Rockham's bloody clothes and dirtied sheets. The room was soon tidied up.

During this, Link waited quietly in a corner, but he didn't waste time. He had a book borrowed from Rockham and was reading seriously without making a sound. When everything was taken care of, he put his book away. He stood up and waited for Rockham with his arms lowered.

Fortunately, Rockham didn't forget about him. He patted his bed and said, "Come, kid. Show me your sword."

Link took the sword out of the wooden case and offered it to Rockham with both hands.

The sword had a sheath made from the skin of a python unique to Aragu. It was brown-gray and wasn't attractive. Of course, the sheath was made as intricately as always—there were no flaws.

Seeing this, Rockham nodded. "Good. A sheath that hides the sword should be more low-key. This is interesting."

He looked to the hilt. There were many grooves for better grip. Holding it, it felt a bit rough but also a bit soft. "It won't be slippery and can also absorb sweat. You used soft magic steel, didn't you? You adjusted the property very well."

Rockham was already very satisfied by the sheath and hilt. He used a bit of force, and the sword was unsheathed with a clang. The air in the room turned cold as soon as the sword appeared. A couple of the elven servants around Rockham let out soft cries and retreated involuntarily.

"Get out of here... a bunch of idiots ruining my mood... hmph." Rockham was upset and spoke loudly, affecting his wound. He grunted again.

The elven servants scurried frantically out of the room. A young girl even fell hard, hitting her head against the corner of a table. Blood flowed out of her pale forehead. Without making a sound, she used all her limbs to get up and walked out of the room dazedly.

The room quickly quieted down.

Rockham rested for a bit and pulled the sword again.

Clang! With only some power, the sword sang again. It was clear and high like a dragon's cry. Rockham was a Magician, but he'd worked with all sorts of magic gear and weapons. Hearing this, he couldn't help but praise, "I know it's a good sword just from the sound!"

He slowly pulled the sword out. Pale white fog appeared on the blade. Under the fog, the silvery-white sword seemed to turn into crystal. The room's temperature dropped even more until the cold seemed to dig into one's bones.

Rockham praised again, "You were able to use the ice enchantment to this extent. So amazing!"

The runes on the body of the sword were flowing and intricate. Not only did it use the enchantment's effect to the extreme, but it also twisted around the sword, creating an ancient and thick groove.

If not for the low level of the enchantment, Rockham would think that this was a Master-level Legendary weapon!

He finally pulled the sword out entirely. As soon as it appeared, the room glowed faintly, and the temperature dropped again. The sword's arc was smooth and natural. It was light without a bit of murderous intent. The surface was covered in a faint layer of even white light. Around the glow, snowflake-light spots of light floated around.

Rockham studied the body, looking at the runes one by one. He grew more and more focused, even forgetting about his injury.

After a long while, he sighed. "I can't believe that I'm able to see such a magic sword before I die. Ah, what a pity. If only the enchantment was higher, at least at Tier-3, I believe it can be sold for up to 6000 gold coins. Right now, it can only be 2000 coins at most. Ah..."

No, he couldn't sell the sword. He should use it to forge more connections. With his injury, he would definitely have to overlook some matters in the village. Balha never liked him. Rockham had to use this sword to stabilize his status.

Lord Balha liked swords. Yes, this sword must be given to him. This sword came at just the right time and solved one of his worries.

Rockham put the sword away and looked at Link. His eyes had become so gentle as if looking at the love of his life. Link got goosebumps.

"Kid, your artistry is very good. Are you interested in becoming my student?"

"Student? Tutor, aren't I your student already?" Link looked confused, but his heart was pounding. He knew his chance had come.

"Ah, that doesn't count. How is this being a student? It's just working physical labor for me. But you're different. If you're my student, I will pass down my magic print and tell the entire village. As my student, you can read all my books at will, and I'll answer all questions for free. While I'm recovering, you can be responsible for the magic workshop. What do you think?"

Rockham wasn't saying this casually. He hadn't disturbed Link, but after receiving the magic bracelet, he'd kept an eye on Link.

The result was that this young man was a bit soft and was overly nice to his slaves. People like that are easier to control. Plus, he had such great enchantment skills. There would be many benefits to having a student like him.

As for being responsible for the magic workshop, Rockham had considered this thoroughly. He'd seen two of Link's enchantments—the bracelet and sword. He could see from the items that the man was careful and smart. There would be no mishaps if he was in charge. Rockham could also lasso Link in like this. It was two birds with one stone.

Link was surprised. He didn't expect all these benefits. Raising his head and seeing Rockham's enthusiasm, he thought a bit and nodded. "Tutor, I am so honored!"

There were both pros and cons. The most obvious negative was that, after becoming his student, their relationship would be very close. Rockham's bad reputation would affect him heavily. There were many more pros than cons though.

More importantly, Link didn't have other choices. This was the best chance to get a hold in this world. There was no reason not to accept.

Rockham clapped his hands and laughed. "Great. I didn't think that at my age, I could find a true disciple. Heh, come, I'll add the magic mark for you!"



# Chapter 382

## A Simple Matter

Clang! In the fortress in the center of Spring Leaf Village, a fully armored Warrior pushed open the door and walked into the main hall.

This Warrior was wearing blood red armor, a bright red cloak, and a helmet with fire red feathers. Looking from afar, he was completely dressed in red. When he walked quickly, he naturally gave off an extremely oppressive air.

He was Spring Leaf Village's lord, Balha.

"Master..." a young, elven slave rushed forward, wanting to help this Warrior remove his armor as usual.

"Scram!"

Balha's hand swung forcefully, his hand landing on the elf slave's face. Crack. The body of this elf slave who was less than 17 years old stopped, his neck was completely twisted around.

Without caring about this pathetic elf, Balha continued to walk forward until he reached the seat at the very end of the main hall, then he finally stopped. He shouted angrily, "Where are my slaves? Quickly come and help me remove my armor!"

Another two elf slaves approached cautiously, carefully helping Balha remove his blood red armor.

This time, Balha waited patiently for his armor to be removed. Then, after his armor was removed, he sat down. After a few seconds, he suddenly raged, violently throwing the wood carving beside his chair onto the ground.

Crack! The wood carving broke into pieces, forming a large hole in the ground. Balha roared, "Damned Laguans! Damned Blood Eyes! Don't let me catch you!"

This time, he personally led 1000 Warriors to clear the bandits. In the end, they were

ambushed halfway. Never mind that over a hundred Warriors died, even Master Magician Rockham was stabbed by a sword and almost died.

Although he did not see eye to eye with Rockham, it was only an internal problem within Spring Leaf Village. Now, Rockham was almost killed, and it was because the Warriors did not protect him properly. This was a blow to his face!

Huff, huff. He sat on his chair, breathing heavily. His facial expression was livid. The surrounding people did not dare to make any noise, especially the two elven slaves who were afraid that they would end up like the previous slave if they were not careful.

The atmosphere in the main hall was so heavy that it was difficult to breathe.

Clack, clack. At this moment, light footsteps sounded. After a short while, a black-haired woman walked out from the main hall's back door. The woman had skin as white as chalk and a round face with beautiful features. Wearing an exquisite dress, she carried herself gracefully. When she reached the main hall, she saw the slave who had been beaten to death. She frowned, looking at Balha and said, "Lord, you vented your anger on others again?"

Weirdly, although Balha was originally in a rage, a smile actually appeared on his face once he saw this woman. "My wife, I lost control for a moment; it was not on purpose."

This woman was Balha's wife, Anlis.

Balha had a brutal personality, and people called him the Bloody Butcher. This wife was the very reason why his brutal personality was always displayed outside but hardly ever in his home.

Balha would fight and kill people as he wished, but for unknown reasons, once he saw his wife, his temper would disappear, and he would not scold a single person.

The whole of Spring Leaf Village knew of this.

Since the person had already died, and it was only a slave, Anlis did not nag Balha anymore after that.

"Carry him out and bury him," she said to an elven slave.

Once she appeared, everyone in the main hall let out sighs of relief. When the elves

heard her instruction to bring the elf out to be buried, they said gratefully, "Thank you, Mistress."

If it were left to Balha, the elf would surely be taken to be chopped into meat slices and fed to the dogs.

After the young corpse was brought out, Anlis sighed and sat down beside Balha. Her discerning eyes stared at Balha. "Lord..."

Balha couldn't stand his ground under her gaze. He hugged his wife and said in a gentle voice, "Call me Jon. Don't call me Lord. I've told you many times."

"Alright, Jon, I don't wish for the house to constantly be filled with blood. It scares our child," Anlis said.

"Nonsense! My child would never be so cowardly... Alright fine, I won't do it again, I swear!" Balha said. He had one arm wrapped around Anlis's waist, while he raised his other arm to affirm his promise.

"Alright, I believe you," Anlis nodded. "Were those bandits that hard to deal with?"

Once she raised this up, Balha's anger was stoked again. He was about to rant and vent, but under Anlis's stare, he immediately quieted down. "That rabble has no true ability, they're just like little rats scurrying about. My Warriors were wearing heavy armor and couldn't catch them. Hmph! Tomorrow, I'll request for 100 black-robed soldiers from my father!"

The black-robed soldiers were Great Lord Bal's strongest soldiers. Every one of them had minimally Tier-2 strength. In total, they numbered 3,000 strong. They went through harsh training and had plenty of battle experience. They were the sharpest sword in Bal's realm.

Anlis stroked Balha's face, and said softly, "Alright, calm your anger. It's not worth flaring up over the bandits. In my heart, you, Jon, are the strongest Warrior. You're the one my child, and I will rely on."

Balha felt happy. He felt like his heart was melting and he hugged his wife tightly. However, in his heart, he swore. Laguan trash, just wait. I'll wipe the lot of you off this planet.

...

## The Great Beast Forest

The floor was covered in blood and gore. There were over 300 corpses. Two hundred or more belonged to the halflings and elves, while about a 100 of them were Warriors from Spring Leaf Village.

At the edge of this battlefield, there was a group of people scavenging through the corpses. A large portion of them were halflings, while a few of them were elves.

They retrieved all the armor and weapons they could find, especially when they came across Spring Leaf Village Warriors. Even their underwear was not spared.

Among these halflings, there was one garbed in pitch-black leather armor. On his back were two transparent blue short swords that looked like crystal. Other halflings had a blood eye scar carved onto their foreheads. His, however, looked more like a bloody red eye constructed from magic talismans. It seemed almost real.

This was the Blood Eye Mercenaries' leader, Blood Pupil Maude. He stood quietly at one side, surveying the remains of the battlefield.

In this ambush, they traded the lives of 200 Laguans for 100 Araguans. This was a battle record with nothing worth being proud of.

After some time, a middle-aged halfling walked to his side. He was using a human Warrior's underwear as a handkerchief to wipe the blood off his face. After walking to Maude, he said, "After this, Balha will definitely come for revenge. We'll have to go back into the Great Beast Forest to hide for a while."

"I know. I also know that tomorrow, he will go to his father, Bal, to get reinforcements. If I'm not wrong, he must be preparing to go to Black Eagle City right now. Within three days, he will head out," Maude said, confident in his prediction.

The middle-aged halfling was stunned for a moment, but he quickly understood Maude's intention. "You mean to assassinate him along the way?"

Maude nodded. "Hehe, but of course. Anyway, we've got to escape. If we kill Balha, our fame will skyrocket. Then, even more, Laguans will come to join us."

The middle-aged halfling thought for a moment and nodded his head. "This is risky, but if we're going to kill him, then we need to plan this well."

Maude laughed and looked at his most trusted deputy. "Derek, you've got any good ideas?"

Derek laughed. Shing. He sheathed his sword and said, "Indeed I do. I heard that Balha dotes on his wife the most. Balha's temper is extremely volatile, and the elves hate him to the bone. I suggest we get some suicide troops to kill Balha's wife and throw him into a rage. That way, whether he goes to Black Eagle City to get reinforcements or comes out to battle us directly, we will still easily be able to rout him."

Maude pondered over this plan and laughed. "This plan is truly vicious. Haha! I love it! Let these Araguan's learn the taste of losing a loved one!"

"Hahaha... That year, my daughter was only nine. Nine!" Derek clenched his teeth in hatred.

Maude also exhaled slowly. He didn't say anything but patted Derek's shoulder. Within his mind, there appeared the figure of an elven woman. She was called Lili and was his older step-sister.

From young, the Laguans had mocked him for being a halfling. Only Lili had stayed close to him. Every time he was bullied, it was her who would seek justice for him.

Therefore, his stepsister became a hero figure in his heart, until one day, Warriors from Spring Leaf Village invaded and kidnapped the elven girls. Among them was his sister. They said she was just going to drink with them for a bit.

That night, he could hear his sister's voice, screaming helplessly for help.

The second night, all he saw was his sister's bloody mangled corpse. From then on, Maude swore that he would make all the Araguans from Spring Leaf Village pay the price of blood!

Clenching his fist, Maude stared at the sky. Up in the sky, it was as though a gentle girl was smiling at him.

"Sister, I will help you get revenge!"

At this moment, a scout ran out from the trees. After looking around cautiously, he ran up to Maude.

"Leader, I've found traces of the murderer!"

"Hmm, who is he? Where is he now?" Maude questioned.

"His name is Link, he's a Tier-1 Magician. He's currently hiding in Spring Leaf Village and is a student of Magician Rockman."

"Oh, is that so? Derek, find some brothers and sneak into the city. Find the chance to get rid of them and get revenge for our brothers!"

"Haha, it's a simple matter," Derek laughed.

# Chapter 383

## A Way Back to Firuman

Link's small cottage

There was a library on the second floor of the cottage. The table was originally very small, but Link had now become Magician Rockham's official disciple. He was also in charge of the magic workshop now. There were many things to do. Link exchanged the table for a long one quickly. Four to five people could sit and work at the same time with no problem.

By the table, Milda was carefully looking at the production documents of the workshop. She was a princess and had now become a Level-8 Magician. This was a small matter for her.

Link, on the other hand, was studying a book while studiously taking notes. The best thing about becoming Rockham's disciple was that he could read whatever he wanted. He definitely wouldn't let such a good opportunity pass. He'd been reading like crazy for the past three days.

He was spirited and read very quickly. With the additional aid of the system, he wouldn't forget anything. Even if he didn't understand, he would write it down first and then deal with it.

Rockham was at Legendary Level-13. There were around 35 books pertaining to power. Link stood before the bookshelf and scanned them voraciously. Rockham knew about this, and he didn't mind. What could one learn by just flipping through it? He thought Link was just scanning it out of curiosity.

Riel practiced martial arts with Nana as before. Though his power was locked, he found that after practicing a lot, his inner strength could rise faster.

In Firuman, he was stuck in Level-7 and hadn't improved in a long while. Now, there was obvious improvement every day. This made him happy every day.

Everyone was focused on their own work. Time passed quickly and half a day passed

in a blink.

While organizing the workshop documents, Milda said to Link, "I'm mostly done. The situation is quite good. On average, the workshop can make a profit of 100 gold coins every day. What is your plan? Maintain the current situation or raise earnings?"

Link put down his book and thought. "Just maintain it. We need to figure out how to get back to Firuman. Magic is the necessity. There's no point in wasting effort on other things."

Even though time passed slowly and they had enough time to think, it didn't mean they should just stay here without moving.

"Then there isn't much to do with the workshop—just ordering raw material and supervising the apprentices to complete the orders on time. There are people in charge of that now. We just have to make sure nothing goes wrong."

Link nodded. He pushed his notes to Milda. "This is Analysis of Time-Space Structure that I borrowed. It's Level-10 and explains the hypothesis of realm transportation. It should be able to take us back to Firuman."

"Oh, what does it say?" Milda was immediately interested. She took Link's notes and started reading earnestly.

In the notes, Link described two ideas of realm transportation.

The first was direct. He drew two bubbles, representing Firuman and Aragu. The center was connected by a thin neck. It was empty outside the realms. Link marked it as the Sea of Void.

The other was Link's specific calculations. There was a string of obscure spatial structure changes beside the picture. Milda glanced at it and gave up on understanding the specificities. She only checked if the equation was complete or not.

It was, meaning Link had come to a specific conclusion.

"You really found a way back?" Milda was slightly excited. This world was too scary. For her especially, it was like hell. Once people found out about her beauty, she couldn't even imagine what kind of future awaited her. She'd already had many nightmares about this.



Link nodded. "Speculated from everything we've seen, I realized that Aragu and Firuman are actually one entity."

Of course, it was mainly due to the game system's reminder, but Link couldn't say that. As he spoke, he snapped his finger. A head-sized Spatial Sphere appeared in the air. Link manipulated it, and the center grew thinner until it turned into an hourglass.

"Now, for some reason, the connection has become thinner and thinner to the point of almost breaking. I've pretty much found the reason too."

Link waved his hand. The Spatial Sphere disappeared. He took out another book titled Genesis. It recorded an Araguan legend.

Flipping to page ten, Link pointed at a line and read aloud, "Moses had a vision of a disaster. He brought his people south to the Promised Land. Halfway there, the world-ending disaster occurred. The saint (Moses) waved his staff and used his power to split the sea of the world. Everyone was safe, and they made a home in the new world."

After reading that, Link took out another book. This was the Aragu Annals. He had also taken this from Rockham's library. Official disciples had no restrictions in borrowing books. He also took unimportant books, so Rockham didn't care at all.

"This annal was written officially by the Aragu Empire. I read it. Even though it glorifies the Aragu Empire at times, it's still reliable." Link flipped it open and pointed at a passage. "It records here that Moses was a real person. It's unknown when he was alive, and there are practically no records of his life. However, one part is clear. Look at this description. 'Moses may be the most powerful Archmage in the history of Aragu. It is said that he has the power to break through realms.'"

Here, Milda finally understood. Excited, she said, "I know what you're saying. This matches my race's records of the Aragu Empire. Taking both into account, this means that a catastrophe happened to the World of Firuman in the ancient times. During this, a powerful Magician named Moses retreated with a portion of Araguans. Finally, he split Firuman into two halves... Oh, if this is true, that power must be unimaginably incredible!"

Link nodded. "There are many details that must be confirmed, but the general idea is right. I did some spatial experiments these days. The data matches the spatial thesis I worked on with the Red Dragon Queen. I received the spatial variant—"

Milda shrugged and stopped him. "I don't understand that. Just tell me the conclusion. How do we return?"

"There are two requirements. First, we must find a spatial coordinate—Firuman's spatial coordinate. Second, we must have Legendary Level-10 power. All of us must. My portal will pass the Sea of Void. Without Legendary power, we'll die from the void's corrosion."

Milda thought and said, "With our rate now, it won't be hard to reach Level-10. But how can we find Firuman's spatial coordinate? Link, do you have an idea?"

To be honest, when she asked that question, she didn't think Link could reply immediately. But as soon as she asked, Link took out another book.

This book was called Continental Natural History.

Smiling, Link said, "This is the best part about being Rockham's disciple. He's only a regular Magician, but he's lived more than 70 years. He has many interesting books and quite a few rare ones. For example, this book is the only copy, written by an explorer named Eurosan. He made a record here. Look."

He flipped to a page that included a short story. He read aloud, "This person is very interesting. She's not even three feet, even shorter than dwarves. But strangely, her secondary sexual characteristics are mature. Her possessor tried to impregnate her to produce more small creatures, but sadly, he failed. His anatomy was too big, and she was too small. She was tormented to death."

Milda overlooked the crude content and asked, "The Yabba race?"

Link nodded. "Yes, the Yabba race. There are Yabba in Aragu, and this one appeared suddenly. I believe the Yabba came from Firuman. Look here."

Milda's interest grew because of Link. She became excited and forgot about the customs. She got close to Link and continued reading.

Without a doubt, this is a new race. I am very interested. When the little thing was alive, I asked where she came from. She said that she didn't know how she got here. She crossed through a cave. When she came out, she couldn't go back again and came to this terrifying world...

Yes, she described our world as "terrifying." I think that in her eyes, it is just like hell while her owner is a demon of this hell... I used five gold coins to find the specific position of the cave. I hoped to find something special but was disappointed. The cave is nothing different from a regular cave. I searched for a long time but gave up in the end—Eurosian, 3142 Spring.

"It's Year 3162 now. This was from 20 years ago?" Milda's eyes brightened, and her heart started pounding. She could feel hope now.

Link nodded. "Eurosian is quite famous. I believe the cave is just like the wind vortex we traveled through. It's a connection between Firuman and Aragu. It's temporary, but as long as it had existed, it'll leave a mark in space. I can find Firuman's spatial coordinates."

Milda thought for a bit and asked in confusion, "Why don't we try to find the entrance we came from?"

Link shook his head. "I can't do it. I also did a test. Look here, I invented this spatial cross chord."

Link took four runic spheres from the dimensional storage gear. He added Mana and tossed the balls in the air. They hovered immediately. Two faced each other with a beam of light between them. The two beams intersected, creating a stable cross.

"This spatial chord can sense spatial disruptions within 60 miles. The place we came from is approximately 30 miles away, two miles in the air. If a spatial disturbance of that scale appears, the spatial chord will definitely vibrate, but it didn't. That means that the tunnel we came from has probably closed now."

Link put it away. He sighed and shook his head. Milda slightly knew about spatial magic but could still understand Link's words. "Okay, so when will we go look for the cave?" she asked.

"How long do you think you need to level up to Legendary?" Link asked.

"Probably one month is enough."

"Riel is probably the same. During this month, we'll make some preparations and set out," Link said.

Now, they were very familiar with Aragu. Even if they didn't have enough power, nothing bad should happen if they're careful.

A bell suddenly rang outside the window.

Ring, ring! Ring, ring! Ring, ring! It was very loud and spread throughout the entire village.

"It's midday now. Does the bell mean something happened?" Milda asked curiously.

Link frowned. "No, it's a mourning bell!"

He had specifically checked Aragu's customs, which included the meaning of bells. Rapid bells meant incoming enemy. A long bell was welcoming. If it was two rapid rings and a pause, it was a mourning bell. Someone important had died.

# Chapter 384

## Advent of the Bloody Butcher

"Arghhh!!!!"

Immediately after the bell stopped tolling, a roar reverberated throughout the village. This roar contained hatred, anguish, and insanity. It made all those who heard it tremble in fear.

In the fortress in the center of Spring Leaf Village, in the cafeteria, Balha sat on the ground, hugging his wife in his embrace and crying loudly out to the sky.

"Ahhhhhh, ahhhhh!" His voice had broken, his eyes were wide open and bloodshot. The sides of his eyes were marked with tears and blood, turning into a light red liquid that trickled down his face.

His wife's face was green and her lips black. She already had no strength left in her. At Balha's side was strewn the corpses of elves. No, that's not right. It was more appropriate to say that elven body parts lay around Balha, because there was not a single elf corpse that was still intact.

Every single elf in the hall was killed. None was left alive.

After hugging her for a long time, Balha suddenly said softly, "Anlis, my dear, sleep peacefully. In the other world, you will not be alone. I will send many Laguan slaves to accompany you and serve you and our child."

Carefully, he placed Anlis's body on the ground and stood up. One step at a time, he walked towards the main door. Upon reaching the door, he declared loudly, "Men, hear my orders! Kill every single Laguan in the city. Do not leave even a single one alive."

The captain of the guard hesitated. "Lord, that..."

Balha hatefully stared at him, killing intent brimming in his eyes. "Anlis is dead, don't tell me I'm not supposed to get revenge? My unborn child was killed, should I not get revenge?! This was done by the pathetic Laguan Dregs. They will pay the price!"

The captain of the guard decided to hold his tongue. He could vaguely feel that if he said anything more, he would be the next one to die.

"Understood, Lord. Kill all the Laguans!"

The order quickly transmitted throughout Spring Leaf Village to all the army camps. The soldiers in every army camp rushed out like fierce wolves and tigers, spreading out in all directions and killing every single Laguan they saw. The dwarves were not spared either.

Most of the Laguans in the Spring Leaf Village were slaves and wore slave collars. They simply had no strength to resist.

The whole village was suddenly engulfed in a stench of blood.

In the magic school, Link was still unaware of what was going on. However, as he stood on the balcony, he noticed soldiers killing elves en masse in the streets.

They didn't stop with slaves on the streets but rushed into the shops and residences. "Lord's orders, all Laguans are to be killed!"

Link watched as the soldiers dragged elves out into the streets, where they were beheaded and diced into small parts. Some residents attempted to stop what was going on, but they too were simply chopped to death by the soldiers.

There was no compassion, no pity, no hesitation, only bloody, cold-hearted slaughter.

These soldiers were blood-crazed!

Link found his heart pounding. He didn't know what was going on, but he knew that the situation was not good. He might be safe, but as for Princess Milda and Riel, they would definitely be killed.

The magic school was now in chaos as the enslaved elves were trying to escape in any way they could. Link saw Fu standing guard at the gate, trying to maintain order. However, he was simply ignored.

Very soon, the soldiers approached the school. Fu walked up to them and raised his hand to obstruct them, declaring, "This is Magician Rockman's property. You cannot—"

The blood-crazed soldiers obviously paid him no heed. They raised their weapons and slashed off his head. Link was stunned.

He knew that he could not hesitate any more. The recent changes spoiled his plans to slowly raise his strength in a safe environment.

He turned back into the house and looked at the frightened Princess Milda and Riel. "We can't stay here anymore; we've got to go. Milda, let down your hair, try to use it to cover your ears. Also, wear a hat."

Milda had been staying inside the building without going out. She thought that she would be safe, so she was wearing a simple dress.

The dress was simple and plain, and it would look normal on a regular person. On her, however, the plain dress made her look as beautiful as an angel from the moon. It was enough to make people go crazy with desire.

She had to change her clothing.

Princess Milda ran into the room and hurriedly changed her clothes. Just as she had removed her dress, the stone door was kicked aside and a soldier covered in blood rushed in. "Hand over all your Laguan slaves or die!"

This soldier was an expert, and his speed was naturally fast. He wouldn't give people any time to react. When he saw Riel, he immediately rushed over with his sword striking out.

Clang. Nana intercepted his blow with her dagger.

"What? You dare? Looking for death!" The soldier was a Level-8 expert. His short sword flickered and changed direction towards Nana's neck. Nana immediately retreated, and Link rushed forward in her place.

Link held the Dragon King's Wrath in his right hand and the Burning Wrath of Heaven's wand in his left. He pointed the wand forward, casting a Spatial Shackles spell.

Whoosh. The Spatial Shackles appeared, and the soldier's movements immediately stopped. Link took the chance to attack him, slapping hard onto his neck.

Smack. The hit knocked the soldier out. His eyes turned white, and he collapsed to the ground.

Seeing another soldier rushing towards the house, Link shouted, "Come with me!"

He turned and rushed towards Milda's changing room. "Milda, we have no time, we're leaving now!"

As he said this, he pushed open the door to the room.

"Ahh!" Milda was halfway through changing, and her top half was still exposed. As Link charged in, Milda yelped and turned around. Link saw a snow-white body, with skin as fair as jade. There were two shapely round mounds on her chest, with a cherry red tip at each end. Link was momentarily stunned.

Riel was behind Link and couldn't see what was going on. He immediately asked, "What! What's going on? Did they charge into this room too?"

Link did not have time to explain. He took out a mantle and draped it over the blushing Princess Milda, covering her exposed chest and body.

Just then, a shout of rage came from the door as a soldier charged in. "Who! Who dares to defy the Lord's order?!"

Whoosh. Link cast a dimensional jump without the slightest hesitation, and the group vanished, reappearing in a small street half a mile away.

The instant he left, Rockman appeared from the pagoda. He was fuming. "Who's kicking up a ruckus in my yard!"

He saw a soldier rushing into the slave girls yard and was about to begin killing people. Immediately, he flew into a rage and, not caring for his own injuries, grasped at the soldier from 30 meters away. An invisible force appeared and grabbed onto the soldier's clothing, throwing him out.

Slam. The soldier smashed into a stone wall and crumpled to the ground, unconscious.

Magician Rockman's status was high, and he was also very powerful. No one could simply kill him that easily. One leader ran up to him and explained, his face solemn. "Sir, the Laguan's poisoned Lady Anlis. The Lord has ordered for all the Laguan's to be



killed. We are carrying out his orders."

"What! Anlis was killed? F\*ck, this is a disaster!"

Rockman was very clear about the implications of this. Balha was a crazy dog. Anlis was the only one who could control him. Now, Anlis was dead, and she was also carrying another life inside of her. That was two people killed! Anyone would be enraged at something like this. One can only imagine how Balha would react.

At this moment, Balha must have lost all sense of reasoning. Even Rockman didn't dare to go forth to stop him.

Rockman sighed. "You may kill all the Laguan you see. However, there is a black haired girl that isn't a Laguan. She's a gift for Great Lord Bal. Leave her alive."

Rockman had already compromised. The leader didn't dare to ask for anything more. He waved the rest of the soldiers forward. "Do as Sir Rockman ordered," he instructed.

...

Outside the city

Link and the others reappeared in a street outside the city. Before they even had the chance to regain their footing, they heard the sound of horses coming from behind. Not far, a troop of soldiers was riding down a large street from the city gates. Judging from their direction, they were probably going to attack the Laguan village.

There were 30 soldiers, all of whom were over Level-8. The one at the front who was most likely the captain was Level-10. At this moment, they laid eyes upon Link's party, specifically Princess Milda.

There were many small differences between humans and elves. This wasn't limited to their ears, but also their figures, skin tone, hair color. To Araguans, this difference was very obvious.

Two seconds after seeing them, the captain shouted. "Stop right there! Hand over the Laguan slave."

Only an idiot would stand still at this moment.

Link immediately cast a dimensional jump.

"Dare to leave?" The captain bellowed. He immediately drew out his bow and fired an arrow at Link.

The captain was a Level-10 Warrior. Even if he casually fired an arrow, the arrow's power would still be immense. The arrow flew forward, leaving a streak of light behind it. Around the arrow's body, the air rippled. In fact, there were even sound vibrations, like that of thunder.

It wasn't just him. The other 30 soldiers also released their arrows, covering the sky in a rain of arrows. The arrows were fast and numerous. Against an attack like this, Link didn't dare to multi-task. That was too dangerous.

He immediately canceled the dimensional jump and instructed Nana. "Bring them away, I'll stop these guys!"

While he said this, Link focused his power and consumed 1000 Dragon Power points to cast a Spatial Distortion spell. The space distorted and knocked the rain of arrows aside. Amidst the distortion field, all the arrows experienced a strong attraction force. After leaving the field, the arrows changed direction, landing around Link but never getting within three meters of him.

"Hmph! You still dare to oppose us? Kill him!"

The captain released his Battle Aura. He jumped from the horse's back, releasing more and more Battle Aura as he sailed through the air. He took three mid-air steps, instantaneously crossing a span of 150 feet, appearing 30 feet in front of Link. From that distance, he slashed down with his sword.

# Chapter 385

## This Guy is Ruthless

This was Link's first time facing a Legendary Warrior of a mortal race in real life.

Compared to the game, real-life Warriors had a more obvious intriguing aura. His actions were more agile and incredibly fast!

In the game, because of the average man's reaction speed and for equilibrium between the careers, lightning-fast speeds like this would never appear.

Even if Link had Legendary power, if he met a Warrior like this when he first arrived at Firuman, he would be defeated immediately. But now, he wasn't a rookie anymore. He was a master at fighting!

In the blink of an eye, the leader had charged to 30 feet before him. He raised his sword and cut through the air. A crystal-like strand of Battle Aura shot towards Link.

I can't block Level-10 strength!

Link's mind went crazy. In the corner of his vision, he saw Nana retreating 60 feet while carrying Milda and holding Riel. She had rich battle experience. When she ran, she didn't maintain a straight line with Link. Instead, she ran towards the side, making it impossible for the Legendary Warrior to kill them all.

This made Link a bit relieved. He started reacting with full force. He couldn't block the hit, but he could hide.

The opponent used the Battle Aura to fly through the air. Link already predicted his next move. He pointed somewhere on the ground with the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand in his left hand. Spatial Spheres appeared continuously. Bit by bit, they flew all around Link.

His control on the Abstruse Meaning of Space had increased again. In the past, his Spatial Spheres were only the size of a sesame seed. One could see it by looking closely.

Now, the frequencies of the Spatial Spheres were 100 times higher. When tightened to the extreme, they couldn't be seen by the naked eye. Even Link couldn't see them. He only knew they existed by the subtle Mana they emitted.

While making this trap, he flashed in the opposite direction of Nana.

Now, his Dragon Power was halfway into Level-9. His physical strength was at this level too. Because of his prediction, he dodged the general's attack by a millimeter. Then he pushed off the ground and stabbed towards the general.

"Oh, a Magician knows swordsmanship. That's interesting!" The knight was still in mid-air. Link was extremely fast. A non-Legendary Warrior would definitely be dead, but he wasn't at a loss.

Whoosh. The crystal-like Battle Aura erupted again. The general's body seemed to teleport. In a blink, he landed on the ground from three feet in the air.

He was so fast that when he hit the ground, there was a faint afterimage behind him. Before the afterimage disappeared, his body transformed into a streak of light again as he charged at Link.

During this, he continuously brought his sword down. Strands of Battle Aura hurled towards Link. There were three. One attacked Link directly while two sealed off his exits. He couldn't hide or dodge.

"Die!" In the general's eyes, this low-level Magician was definitely dead meat.

But then something happened!

The moment before the attack arrived, Link did two things. First, he activated the Dragon King's Fury wand. Instantly, his strength multiplied by ten and his speed multiplied by five. Next, he activated a Spatial Sphere he'd planted in the path of the general knight.

Buzz. The Spatial Sphere erupted. It instantly turned into a foggy ripple ten feet wide and blocked the knight.

"Spatial Rend!"

This time, Link didn't use Restraint. The difference between Level-9 and Level-10 was

too big. Spatial Restraint wouldn't be effective and would just waste a chance to attack. On the other hand, the strange phenomenon created by the Spatial Rend could stun the opponent and delay their reaction.

Inside the Spatial Sphere, the force field became chaotic with Link's thoughts. Inside it, leaves, grass, rocks, and dirt all turned into fine white powder. Regardless of how powerful his attack was, the visual was already impressive!

The knight had been charging at Link. Seeing this, he was stunned, and his steps faltered. This had nothing to do with battle experience; it was his protective instincts!

When something incomprehensible happened, an animal's natural instinct would be to avoid it. They couldn't just charge forward stupidly.

The general's pause gave Link a chance.

When the Battle Aura came, Link's rising power burst out. The basic swordsmanship techniques that Kanorse had taught included footsteps. They came in handy now.

With the great power he had, Link flashed even faster than the general. The three Battle Aura arcs came one after another. Link stepped to the side, dodging the first arc by a hair's breadth. Then he moved his foot and flashed back to his original spot, dodging the arcs that followed to seal off his exits.

His speed was extreme. At a glance, it was like he didn't even move. The Battle Aura arcs passed by him as if he was just a shadow.

"Okay, you have nice tricks!" The knight was shocked too. Link's speed was honestly too fast!

And that wasn't all!

While performing those actions, a fiery-red light appeared on Link's Burning Wrath of Heavens wand. With a whoosh, a crystal red whip lashed out. It cut a graceful arc in the air and whipped towards the knight's head like lightning.

Stunned, he hacked at the whip. This move was also an instinct. Whether one could control one's instinct during battle was the difference between a Master and a regular Warrior.

Before a Battle Mage like Link, using instincts was the biggest taboo. Especially after Link learned basic swordsmanship, he was even more familiar with the defensive moves a Warrior would use.

Thus, the knight missed. The Demon Slayer Whip twisted slightly, brushing past the sword. It looked like luck, but it was actually Link's prediction. With this mistake, the knight lost the chance to protect himself. Link's whip successfully broke through and hit the back of his head.

Crack! Crystal-red light splattered in all directions. The knight's head swayed a little. At the last moment, he activated his Battle Aura and protected his head. However, even though the pure Battle Aura was at the Legendary level, it was too rushed. The structure was too loose and wasn't as condensed as a Battle Aura Cut.

The result was that a shred of Link's power successfully seeped into the back of the knight's head. The back of one's head was a fatal shot. A regular person could kill someone while playing with a bit of pressure there. In a life-or-death battle like this, getting hit in the back of the head was a sign of getting killed.

The knight felt a little dizzy as if the world was spinning. He started seeing double and knew that he was in trouble!

"Argh!" he roared. He waved his sword and started attacking wildly in front of him.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh! Crystal threads of Battle Aura overlapped in front of him like a fan. The frequency was so dense that it was impossible to dodge.

But this was useless. Link had predicted this early on.

If the general was alone, he would definitely get killed. But he had around 30 knights behind him. Seeing that their general was in trouble, they immediately started shooting arrows at Link.

Link wasn't obsessed with fighting; he'd already started retreating. During this, he didn't look towards the arrows. Distinguishing their positions by sound, he pointed the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand casually—Restraint!

Whoosh. A ball-shaped force field appeared at the tip of the wand. It increased to ten feet in diameter. The next moment, dozens of arrows arrived. They dug into the force field. Like candles going into a cake, they froze in the air.

These knights were at most at Level-9 and couldn't break free from Link's magic. Before the general could recover, the white light of a Dimensional Jump appeared from Link's Dragon King's Fury wand. The light enveloped Link like water.

Nana saw this and immediately stopped retreating. She turned and rushed towards Link. Soon, she entered the range of the spell. The white light covered them all.

With a hum, the group disappeared.

The next instant, the restrictive force field disappeared. After dozens of twangs, the arrows in the air suddenly sped up and stuck into the ground.

The general had finally recovered too. Clutching his heavy head, he looked up in utter shock. He had truly felt the threat of death just then even though the Magician wasn't even at Tier-1.

"Who was that Magician? Does anyone know him?" he asked, his voice low.

"I think he's called Link," a knight answered, unsure. "He's Rockham's new apprentice... an official apprentice with the magic mark."

The general was a bit shocked. "Oh, it's him... Whatever. Since he escaped, we won't chase after him. Let's continue to the Lagu tribe."

He didn't have anything against Link and was only carrying out a command. Since Link was Rockham's apprentice and had escaped from him, he had no reason to continue this. He would just see it as doing Rockham a favor... But that guy truly was ruthless!

Humm. Thousands of feet away, white light flickered in the forest. Link's group appeared again. They were in a high area. If they climbed a tree, they could see the nearby situation and the knights on the road of the city gate.

After appearing, Link scampered up a tree. He looked towards the Spring Leaf Village. As he predicted, the knights didn't come after them. The general stood in place for a while and then went in their original direction.

Link let out a breath. That battle had been shocking. When he faced the Legendary Warrior, the pressure of the thin line between life and death suffocated him.

Climbing down, Riel looked at him reverently. "Master Link, you just defeated a

Legendary Warrior!"

Milda also looked at him with shock. Her eyes shone with unshed tears.

Link didn't feel any pride. "It was just luck. This is Aragu. These Warriors have Legendary power but aren't battle Masters."

Other than the dragons, Legendary fighters of Firuman were all grandmasters of battles—undefeatable fighters who had survived hellish experiences. It would be impossible for someone on a lower level to beat them. It would already be a feat to escape alive.

"Let's go. We can't stay in Spring Leaf Village. Balha has probably gone crazy already. Faced with a madman like that, Rockham can only give in."

"Are we going to go find that cave?" Milda asked.

"Of course. According to the annals, it's in the Darrow Peak outside Black Eagle City 100 miles to the north. It's not too far."

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's go!" Riel couldn't wait to get out of this f\*cked up world.

...

Spring Leaf Village

Three halflings hid in the shadows outside the magic workshop.

"He escaped using a portal."

"Bullsh\*t. How can it be a portal? He's not a saint. Where can he get the power for that? He probably used short-distance Burst. He can't be too far. Let's go find him."

The three halflings retreated into the shadows and disappeared.



# Chapter 386

## Supreme Magic Skill: Instant Flash

Spring Leaf Village was no longer an option. Link and the rest could only proceed inconspicuously to the northern forest outside the city.

The forest was not the safest place. There were constantly soldiers charging out from the city towards the forest. This was because the elves in the city were mostly all dead and the soldiers could only go outside to look for more elves. Link's party proceeded carefully and were fortunate not to meet any nasty surprises along the way.

In this manner, they proceeded 15 miles north. As the sky turned dark, the soldiers from Spring Leaf Village returned. Link and his party sighed in relief.

"There are roughly 1,500 soldiers in Spring Leaf Village. With this much distance between us, we should be safe," Milda said. All this time, Milda was being carried by Nana and hadn't had the chance to change her clothing. She was still wearing the mantle and beneath it, she had one simple skirt. However, her top was bare.

Unfortunately, she could only use the mantle to cover her body until they had a chance for her to stop and put on her clothes.

After walking for a few more miles, the sky turned dark. Riel suddenly said, "Look, there's a hole at the base of the tree. It looks pretty big; we could rest there for tonight."

Link looked over and could only see dense leaves. He bent down. It was only then that he discovered what Riel saw. There was indeed a little hole at the base of the tree. The tree was big, about 60 feet across. The hole in the tree trunk was five feet wide. If it opened up even more inside, this would make a good place to pass the night.

"Careful, holes in trees usually have wild beasts living within them," Princess Milda said.

Link nodded. After thinking for a while, he used a Light Spell to probe into the tree. The spell emanated soft white light, gently filling up the tree.

About three seconds later, a big bear with six-feet-wide shoulders rushed out of the tree. It roared as it ran along, and one could hear the fear in its voice as it roared. It probably never encountered something like this light spell before.

In its panic, it didn't look where it was going and stumbled. But quickly, it picked itself back up and continued running. Soon, its big round butt disappeared from view.

"Alright, the tree should be safe. That timid looking bear probably won't be back any time soon," Link said.

The four of them entered the hole in the tree. Riel was the first to go in. As he entered, he couldn't help but pinch his nose in disgust. "Ugh, this smells worse than dwarven women's panties."

Link immediately casted a Cleansing spell. He waited until the Cleansing spell had cleaned the hole entirely before he walked in.

The hole still had a faint smell but at least, it was now bearable.

After entering the hole, Link did not rest and began inscribing talismans around the side. About ten minutes later, the tree hole entrance was covered up by a magic door. This magic door's texture was almost the same as the tree trunk. Furthermore, no trace of magic was able to leak out. It looked extremely realistic.

Only when he was done with all of these did he return inside to rest.

The hole did not look big from the outside, but inside, it was actually rather spacious, covering an area of 210 square feet. More importantly, there was a small passage near the top of the hole that allowed a single person to crawl through.

It could be seen that this passage opened up where the tree branches started to fork out. That was about 90 feet above the ground. It was a great escape route.

Link used magic to attach a light to the top of the tree hole. With the light, he brought out rations and water. These were items that Link usually kept on standby. In this perilous world, he knew he often had to be on the move.

After walking for a whole day, everyone was hungry. They ate their food in silence.

After eating, Princess Milda found a corner and, using the cloak as a curtain, she

quickly changed her clothing.

Riel was not aware of the situation that Princess Milda was in. Watching her, he asked curiously. "Milda, what are you doing? You can't be pleasuring yourself in this situation, can you? Save your strength, we're on the run right now."

Milda's face flushed red. She hatefully glared at this dwarf who did not know how to control his mouth and shrieked, "Shut the hell up!"

Riel looked helplessly at Link. "I had good intentions..."

"Alright, don't be nosy. Go rest." Link knew that the dwarf was in the mood for poking fun at people. He quickly handed Riel a bear skin mantle and urged him to go to sleep.

Riel was also pretty tired. His energy was spent. He had traveled all this way on his own and was not carried on Nana's back. After receiving the bear skin mantle, he laid down. Soon, the tree hole was filled with the soft sound of snoring.

Link rested for a while after finishing his meal, and very soon, his energy was all recovered.

He sat himself down on another mantle and took out a magic note, making inscriptions on it.

The battle against the soldier captain earlier was extremely dangerous. However, under the immense pressure, Link suddenly felt like he made a breakthrough. He gave into the inspiration he felt, going along with the feeling and making various calculations.

Very soon, he was immersed in the feeling. As he scribbled on the magic note, a new dimensional spell was gradually taking shape.

Link was concentrating so hard that he did not notice his environment. Suddenly, he felt that someone had closed up to his side. He smelt a familiar fragrance and realized that Princess Milda had come to watch what he was doing. This happened more and more frequently to the point that Link was already used to it. He brought his attention back to the note that he was writing, continuing to make various calculations.

After a period of time, Link suddenly felt a weight on his right shoulder. Turning to look, he saw that Princess Milda was now leaning against him and resting her head on

his shoulder. She had already fallen asleep. Maybe it was because of the night cold, but her body was huddled up and pressed tightly against Link.

Link kept his body absolutely still as he carefully used the Magician's hand to reach over, picking up the mantle that had fallen off to the ground and used it to cover her body.

Then, he turned to look at Nana. Nana had never been able to feel fatigue. At this moment, she was watching the bugs crawling up and down the tree hole with great interest.

Link laughed before turning back to his work. Suddenly, he realized that there were some changes to Nana's body. Link realized that Nana's strength had increased and there was even some traces of Mana in her body.

This must be due to the Essence of Life. When it is safe, I need to properly investigate it. Link's focus was now completely on the spatial spell that he was creating, and he had no time to check Nana out. He continued the calculations for the spatial spell.

Time passed slowly.

After another hour passed, Link finally wrote down the final inscription on his magic note. Now, a fully formed Mana construction formed on the paper.

This was a completely new piece of magic that could replace Link's primary escape magic, Dimensional Jump.

Although the Dimensional Jump was a Legendary Level-10 spell, Link had used it very frequently. Furthermore, he was a spatial Magician. This meant that he knew the spell like the back of his hand. Nonetheless, it was still a Legendary spell, and its design was extremely well done. There was little that Link could have done to improve it. That was until now.

Link had finally made a breakthrough with the magic.

A message popped up in his field of vision.

Player Link has created a Legendary Supreme Magic Skill. Attained 500 Omni Points.

Please name the spell.

Unexpectedly, he was rewarded with such a huge amount of Omni Points. This made Link very pleased. Thinking for a moment, he said, "Let's call it Instant Flash."

The system displayed a new message.

Instant Flash

Level-10 Legendary Spatial Spell

Consumption: 2500 or more Dragon Power points (Increases as the teleportation distance increases).

Casting time: 0.01 seconds

Effect: User can appear anywhere within 700 feet immediately after casting the spell.

(Note: Go ahead and burn your Dragon Power)

This description gave Link a headache. This spatial spell was excellent and could be used offensively in combination with his sword skills and magic. It was a great killing spell. The only problem was that its consumption rate was a little high.

One Instant Flash cost 2500 Dragon Power points. Even with Link's immense recovery rate, it was something that he could not keep up with. Essentially, he could only use it twice in an entire battle.

The less time it takes to cross the distance, the more Mana will be consumed. This was a simple law of nature, Link thought to himself and sighed.

The design of the spell was fairly simple, even easier than the dimensional jump. Furthermore, Link was the creator of the spell and was definitely the most familiar with it. Even without practice, he was already extremely familiar with the spell.

As for the 500 Omni Points, Link looked at his maximum Dragon Power limit—it was currently at 7700 points. Link had a strange feeling that he was about to reach the threshold into the Legendary realm. He just needed a small push before he could.

Right now, his strength was rapidly increasing. He decided to conserve the 500 Omni Points. In the future, if he encountered any issues, he could use these points to breakthrough.

Finally, Link was starting to feel fatigued and prepared to rest.

Carefully, he leaned against Princess Milda and laid them both down on the mantle.

Closing his eyes, he quickly started to dream. It was a very nice dream. He dreamt of Celine.

He dreamt that he was enjoying life back in Ferde. He dreamt of himself, gently stroking Celine's flawless skin, slowly tracing his finger up to caress Celine's soft chest. Celine laughed and told him off for teasing her. Then, she reached out and grasped his hard member, taking it out. The two of them then began talking dirty.

The things that were said between them were muffled, and Link couldn't remember exactly what he had said. Anyway, it was a warm and calm feeling. After that, the two of them hugged and laid down on the bed, tossing and turning. At some point, they were connected with each other.

Link found himself engrossed in the sweet dream of Celine.

As he was preparing to continue, Link heard a soft cry of pain from beside him.

This cry shook Link awake. What is it?? Could it be an enemy?

After waking up, Link was stunned.

He was having a sweet sappy dream, but right now, in reality, he was actually hugging a girl. It wasn't just anyone but Princess Milda.

He was covered by the wide mantle, and beneath him lay Princess Milda. Their two bodies were pressed tightly together. Link could feel Princess Milda's feverish warmth on his skin.

"Ooops..." Link was speechless.

What made it worse was that Nana was squatting in the corner. She was no longer looking at the tree bugs. Rather, she was looking at them.

# Chapter 387

## Unavoidable Blood-Eyed Robbers

This was very awkward!

It was okay if Nana saw it. She was a magic puppet who didn't understand this stuff. Link turned carefully to look at Riel. Thankfully, he was still snoring and deep asleep.

Looking back at Milda, Link didn't know what to say.

Link was very open-minded about sex. He didn't care that much and had only acted intimately with Celine, but he wouldn't stay monogamous purposely. He didn't feel bad about what happened—just awkward.

He never thought that an erotic dream would become real. Milda must have cooperated. Otherwise, he would at most just hug her and rub a little.

But now that they were at this point, should he stop or not? If he stopped, he would feel a bit sad. If he didn't... what even was this?

While he was still debating, Milda hugged Link tightly and murmured in his ear, "Finish your dream."

Okay. Link decided to continue.

There was a flurry and a storm. Afterwards, Link and Milda both used a cleaning spell and quickly fixed their clothing. He didn't know how to face Milda anymore. Clearing his throat, he pulled out a book. "Rest well. I'll read for a bit."

Milda giggled. She sat up and latched onto Link's lower back. "Now you're a true man. Before this, I thought you only knew magic spells..."

Link started sweating. Just as he was trying to answer, his ears twitched. He heard something unnatural. Seeing Milda was about to speak, he reached out to stop her. Then he cast the Silence Spell on Riel. The snoring disappeared instantly.

Weak cries of insects traveled in from the trees outside. There were soft scrapes within the noise.

Link's hearing was very sensitive. He listened hard to distinguish it. After a few seconds, he wrote some words with streaks of light in the air. People are coming. There are three.

They were in the wilderness. No matter who it was or if they were discovered, they must be prepared to defend themselves.

Link gestured at Nana and pointed at Riel. Nana quietly walked to the dwarf and shook him awake.

"Ah, what's wrong?" Riel asked blearily, not fully awake yet. His voice was quite loud. Thankfully, the Silence Spell surrounded them and the people outside the tree couldn't hear.

Link increased the range of the spell, covering the outside of the tree. "Shush. There are people outside."

Riel shuddered. He was immediately awake. Climbing up, he asked, "What do we do now?"

The footsteps continued outside, growing more obvious. The other party seemed not to be hiding themselves. This meant they weren't discovered yet.

Link pointed to the tunnel at the top of the hole. "We're going up."

Riel was the closest to the hole, but it was a bit high; he couldn't reach it. Nana walked over and grabbed his neck. Using some power, she tossed him into the tunnel. Next was Milda. She was already wearing comfortable clothes. Link cast the Levitation Spell and pushed her arm, pushing her into the hole.

"Nana, you too," Link said while he chose to leave the tunnel. He walked towards the magic door of the tree.

His magic hole didn't seal the hole completely. There was still a tiny peephole for him to see the situation outside.

Beside the door, Link tapped beside the peephole. A Spatial Lens appeared in the air.



A thin thread extended from the end and through the hole. Then it enlarged slightly, turning into a Spatial Sphere.

It was already light outside. After outer light waves passed into the sphere, they were turned into strands and taken to the Spatial Lens. Thus, Link could see a 360-degree image.

As expected, there are three people. They should be halflings with bloody eyes carved on their foreheads. They're from the Blood-eyed Robbers... They really won't leave us alone. It's already been so long, but they still pursued us to kill us.

Link could understand this. For a group of robbers that used their horrible reputation to instill fear, they must do this to maintain that reputation. It would put fear in everyone and lower their cost for robberies.

Otherwise, rumors would spread that someone killed a Blood-eyed Robber and survived. The horrible reputation would decrease greatly. In the future, people might fight against them during robberies. Then people would die, and the cost would rise.

What Link didn't expect was that they were so tough!

Judging from their postures and movements, two of them were at Level-9, and one was Level-10. They looked left and right, full of vigilance. They must have felt something odd but didn't discover anything wrong.

The situation was tricky, but it wasn't hopeless.

Link grabbed the Dragon King's Fury sword and carefully watched the opponents' positions, planning out how to do the sneak attack.

The three stood in a triangle. The Level-10 robber stood at the front while the two Level-9 robbers were fifteen feet to either side of him. This meant Link couldn't attack the Level-10 robber. It was too risky; if he messed up and didn't kill the robber, he would be surrounded by the three.

The seconds ticked past. Riel and the others were almost to the top of the tree. Suddenly, Riel stepped on a withered branch and popped up. There was a soft crack that traveled outside the hole. Link saw the three all look toward the branch. They heard it and were distracted!

Now was the time!

Link continuously used Instant Flash. His Dragon Power surged, and 2500 points evaporated instantly. Then Link's figure slowly faded like an apparition. At the same time, Link appeared abruptly behind the outermost Level-9 robber outside the tree.

His position and timing were perfect. As soon as he appeared, the tip of his sword was right against the robber's back. All Link had to do was push lightly.

Squelch. Unsurprisingly, the sword pierced the robber's back and killed him.

"Who is it?!" The Level-10 robber immediately turned around.

"Loch!" The other Level-9 robber shouted his slain companion's eyes, shock in his eyes. This attack was too sudden.

One down, two to go but Link didn't have another chance.

Before the Level-10 robber turned fully, he already hurled his axe towards Link. It cut a three-foot bloody arc in the air.

This must be some type of battle technique. It crashed towards Link like a meteor. Under it, the ground split open deeply. Fallen branches and leaves spun quickly under some mysterious power. The trees nearby were bent by the blood-colored light as if sucked by a magnetic force.

It was the torque. The ball of light forced everything else to start spinning. Link was affected as well. He lost his balance and was almost sucked towards the battle technique. His movements were affected too. The light came crashing towards him, and he couldn't hide.

This Legendary battle technique was terrifying. If hit, Link would die without a doubt. He couldn't attack again and used the Instant Flash to escape.

Whoosh! The ball of light crashed into Link's shadow and hit the tree fifteen feet behind him. Crack, crack. With an ear-splitting crack, the thick tree was halved. The cut area had turned into wood splinters. The top half was twisted by the rotating force and flew 60 feet into the distance.

Link didn't see this, but he was chilled by the sound. After the Instant Flash, he didn't

continue attacking. Instead, he went to the others and used the Dimensional Jump without hesitation.

Whoosh. The group disappeared inside the tree.

The two Instant Flashes used up 5000 Dragon Power points. The Dimensional Jump was 900 points, and so Link now had 1800 points left. Even though it regenerated quickly, it wasn't enough to face two strong fighters.

After reappearing, Link immediately cast the Traceless Spell on everyone. Then he said softly, "You two stay here and wait. Nana, come with me."

Only running was meaningless when Legendary fighters were after them. It would only use up their strength. He had to attack.

As he spoke, Link sneaked towards their original position. After staying low for 600 feet, he stopped and hid under a large leaf. He gestured at Nana and pointed towards a pile of grass in the other direction. Nana crawled over and hid in the grass with a giant leaf on her head. After adding an invisibility spell, it was impossible to detect her existence.

After all that, Link began waiting patiently.

If the Level-10 robber could find them, his pursuit abilities must be shocking. They could definitely feel their existence, so they followed over. The most probable path was a straight line from where Link used the Instant Flash. This was the best chance for a sneak attack!

...

The other side

"Oyes, that guy escaped again!" The speaking halfling hugged his companion's body tightly. He was furious and sad.

The one called Oyes had a dark expression. He sensed carefully and pointed in a direction. "He's there. I can feel them. I'll go after them and leave marks. Bring Loch back and report to the head. Tell him to bring more people. This guy isn't that powerful, but his spells are strange. He runs like a rat too. We need more men."

"Okay, be careful."

"Don't worry. He's not my match at all. His little tricks are like jokes to me."

Oyes carried his battle axe and charged deep into the forest.

# Chapter 388

## The Possibility of Removing the Slave Collar

In the forest

Link waited patiently. He wasn't disappointed. After three minutes, there came the patter of footsteps.

From the time they concealed themselves to now, it had only been three minutes and thirty-five seconds. Link's Dragon Power recovery rate was 27 points per second. In this time, he had already recovered over 5800 Dragon Power points, fully recovering the amount he consumed earlier on.

This was the benefit of pure dragon power.

As their opponents got closer, Link gestured towards Nana. It was to say, I'll take the lead, you take the chance to sneak in an attack.

Nana's strength had increased, but even still, she was still only at Level-8. It would be foolish to let her initiate the attack on a Level-10 expert, tantamount to suicide.

In fact, Nana was only a backup plan. If things went smoothly, she would not even have to reveal herself.

Nana nodded. She could feel her opponent's strength. She gripped her Breakpoint dagger tightly.

Tap. Tap. The footsteps slowed down. It seemed that the opponent detected something.

Link crouched low under the huge grass, squinting his eyes to look at the opponent. He saw that the bandit was only 90 feet away. The bandit gripped his axe tightly and poised his body in a defensive posture.

The bandit was wearing simple leather armor with little defense. Whether it was Link's Dragon King's Wrath sword or Nana's Breakpoint dagger, either one would

easily pierce their defenses.

The axe he was holding also seemed to be made of simple steel. This would be a great weapon for a normal Warrior, but for a Legendary Warrior, it was far too inferior.

Although the Warriors in this world are strong, their equipment is pathetic. This fellow doesn't even have any magic equipment; he's just a sitting duck. Link sighed. In terms of equipment, Link had an extreme advantage.

At this point, the bandit came within 30 feet. His movements became even more cautious and alert. When he walked into the foliage, he alarmed a dog-sized rat. As it jumped and escaped, the bandit was in turn alarmed and turned to face the rat.

Whoosh. Link naturally would not waste this chance. His body immediately disappeared from his original position, instantly appearing to the bandit's seven o'clock, behind the bandit's left shoulder.

This was an ideal position for sneak attacking, as it was a dead angle for the opponent. Link could focus on attacking while the bandit could only dodge and not counter.

Swoosh. Link's sword stabbed at the bandit's back. At the same time, he pointed his Burning Wrath of Heaven's wand to the space in front of the bandit. He released a dimensional ball that stopped in front of the bandit, cutting off his escape path.

The bandit Oyes detected the killing intent from behind him and immediately reacted, lunging forward as Link had predicted.

As he was in mid-air, he forcefully spun his body around, raising his axe to strike back at Link.

Wham. The dimensional ball exploded, trapping the bandit within.

Revolve!

This time, Link didn't use Spatial Shackles or Spatial Rend. Instead, he simply used the distortional force produced by the spatial energy to create a rotating force. The huge force acted on Oyes's body, causing him to spin around mid-air.

Oyes was shocked. He immediately re-adjusted his body and forcefully activated his skill. Swoosh. A blood-red light appeared and headed straight for Link.

This skill was extremely forced. After releasing it, he found himself in an awkward position, and he couldn't maintain his balance.

Link had long since expected this development and had activated Instant Flash before this happened. When the blood-red light reached, all it hit was Link's after-image. The real Link had already reappeared behind Oyes's body and once again stabbed towards his back.

This stab was in a perfect position and had perfect timing. It was immediately after the opponent had used his skill and was in a refractory period. The bandit simply did not have time to make any follow-up moves.

The sword stabbed into the opponent's back, sliding smoothly into his body. Just as the sword tip entered, Link noticed a few scars on the bandit's neck. Link felt a sudden impulse and twisted his blade, avoiding the bandit's heart.

Nonetheless, the blade still pierced right through the bandit's lungs. The pain was incredible, and the bandit involuntarily released a cry of pain. Still suspended in the air, his body lost all its strength and went limp.

Link pulled back his sword and slashed once more, cutting off the bandit's arm that held the axe.

Crash. The bandit's body crumpled to the ground. He no longer had any strength left to resist.

After creating the spell Instant Flash, it was a simple matter for Link to deal with regular Level-10 experts.

Link walked forward and stepped down hard onto the bandit's body, which was still jerking about in pain.

Link pressed his sword tip against the opponent's throat and asked, "What happened in Spring Leaf Village?"

"I dare you to kill me!" The bandit shouted. He wanted to spit his blood covered spit at Link. However, the moment he exerted his strength, he started coughing in pain. The wound in his lung caused him to cough up huge amounts of blood and nearly stop breathing.

Link moved his sword to poke into the bandit's finger on his left hand, like a sharp nail.

"Arghhh!" The bandit screamed in pain. He could see that Link was going to slowly and repeatedly pierce his finger with his sword. Panicking, he explained. "We poisoned Balha's wife. He's gone mad!"

"No wonder," Link said in realization. In Spring Leaf Village, everyone knew that Balha's soft spot was his beloved wife. Even though Link had only stayed in the village for a short time, he had also known about it.

There was little that strong people like Balha would fear. That was with the exception of the people that he cared about. Watching as the bandits kill his beloved, it was no surprise that Balha would go insane.

Link couldn't understand it. He asked, "But you guys are just a bandit gang..."

"Mercenary troop!"

"Fine, mercenary troop. For a mercenary troop to go up against the lord of Spring Leaf Village, aren't you afraid of retaliation? I'm sure you know that Balha's father is Great Lord Bal. That's a Level-17 expert."

"Heh," the bandit laughed. His smirking mouth was covered in blood. "We are just slaves, trash with nothing to our names. All we have are our lives. What wouldn't we be afraid of doing? Anyway, Bal is busy with his own troubles. Where would he find time to bother us? Hahahaha."

Important figures had their own work to do; this was something Link understood very well. Back when he was cleaning up Ferde's bandit problem, he had let the mercenary troops manage the problem. He had not gone out to clean them up himself, as he was far too busy with other things.

Link asked another question. "How do you remove the slave collar?"

This question caused the bandit to pause. "Remove the slave collar? What are you planning...? Oh, I get it. You Araguans are up to something. I'm never telling you!"

Although the bandit refused to answer, it gave Link a clue, letting him know that there was a way to remove the slave collar. Furthermore, it wouldn't be too difficult.



Otherwise, a simple bandit troop would never be able to release it on their own.

This made Link happy.

Link sized up the bandit again. The bandit was tough and unmoving, stubborn to his bones. It would probably be difficult to make him open his mouth.

Link had no time to waste with him. Raising his sword, he ended the bandit's life.

There were three bandits from just now. Now that two were dead, there was one more Level-9 bandit. Link thought for a moment and said to Nana, "Go, protect Milda and Riel. I'm going to kill the pursuers."

"Understood," Nana said. She turned and left.

Link, on the other hand, turned back towards the tree hole they were hiding in before. He was going to deal with a Level-9 bandit. This would be a piece of cake for him, and he hurried onwards.

Half a minute later, he exited the dense foliage and found himself back where the tree hole was.

The surroundings were covered in flesh and blood, the remains of the first Blood-eye bandit he killed.

Link carefully studied the tracks on the floor and quickly determined the direction the last bandit had left in.

His speed isn't fast; the footsteps are much deeper than before. There is also a lot of blood trailing along. The bandit probably brought his comrade's corpse along, Link deduced.

Link followed the trail. After about three minutes, he noticed something new.

His speed suddenly increased. Based on the speed and the distance, this must have been when I killed the third guy. He must have realized that the situation was bad and decided to speed up. Unfortunately, he's still not fast enough.

Link increased his speed, determined to chase the bandit down.

After another five minutes, Link stopped. At the side of the road, he saw a corpse. This belonged to the first bandit he killed. At the same time, the footsteps on the trail disappeared. At least, with the naked eye, there were no obvious tracks on the ground.

Link thought for a moment. He must have decided that he couldn't escape fast enough, so he threw aside the body and hid his own tracks, choosing to hide instead.

If Link was a Warrior in this world, he might not be able to continue tracking down the bandit. Fortunately, he was a Magician.

Link pointed the magic sword in his hand forward and said softly, "Clear Sign!"

Clear Sign

Level-3 Hidden Spell

Effect: Greatly increase the user's senses and filter out irrelevant information.

(Note: Use it to uncover the truth.)

After using the spell, Link felt like he woke up. The world in front of him changed, and all the unhelpful phenomena in front of him, like the wind and the sound of bugs and bird calls, disappeared.

Link's mental realm became silent. The surrounding imagery became somewhat vague. Meanwhile, Link sniffed hard, picking up the scent of blood. There were two different scents: One came from the corpse in front of him and was very dense. The other scent was a lot fainter and pointed towards a particular direction.

The other bandit has got this guy's blood on him. I can use it to find him too.

Link maintained the state of Clear Sign, tracing the scent of blood and chasing it.

After walking for about 300 feet, Link stopped. He pointed the sword in his hand towards a patch of green nine feet away.

"Come out!"

The foliage was quiet at first. Then, three seconds later, a figure lunged out towards Link. It was the bandit!

Whoosh. Spatial Shackles!

The bandit was Level-9, and Link used 2000 Dragon Power points in this spell. The bandit immediately slowed down, moving as slow as one centimeter every second. It was like he was in a thick, viscous paste.

Link waved his magic sword, negating a portion of the Spatial Shackles. In the end, the bandit's body was still trapped within the Spatial Shackles space, while his head existed in normal space.

On this bandit's neck were also some scars. These scars were probably left by a slave collar.

Pointing the Dragon King's Wrath at the bandit's forehead, Link began to speak.

"I've got no patience. I just want to know one thing. If you answer me, I'll spare you, otherwise,..."

"Just kill me!" The bandit stared hatefully at Link.

Link laughed. If the bandit had stayed calm, Link wouldn't have any confidence in prying the information out of him. However, it was obvious that this was just a brave front in the face of death.

People in this state seemed fearless, but it was only temporary. After a while, their survival instinct would naturally kick in.

Link paused, dragging out the time. After a while, he continued, "I will count down from ten. You can make your decision by then... ten... nine... eight... three..."

Link took his time counting down. Finally, when he had reached three, the bandit spoke up. "Will you really let me go?"

# Chapter 389

## Someone Wants to be a God

Forest in the mountain

Using Link's thoughts, there was a ding. The Blood-eyed Robber's short sword was flicked 1000 feet by the force field. Finally, it buried into a tree. At the same time, Link undid the robber's restraint. With a plop, the robber fell onto the ground.

Link retreated ten feet and put his sword away. His action had a strong hinting effect. The robber saw this and let out a breath. He climbed up slowly and asked, "What do you want to know?"

Link didn't ask about the slave ring immediately. Instead, he explained his situation, "I have two friends, one Laguan and one a dwarf. Because of an accident, slave rings were put on them. I want to take it off for them."

The halfling's expression relaxed slightly and the animosity reduced by a bit. Sneering, he said, "Since when were Araguans nice enough to see Laguans and dwarves as friends?"

Link smiled faintly. "Not everyone is like the Bloody Butcher Balha. Actually, I don't support slavery."

The halfling fell silent. If someone else said this, he wouldn't believe it. However, to assassinate Link, he'd watched the man for many days. He truly treated his slaves well. It was understandable if he wanted to get rid of the ring.

More importantly, if he didn't answer, he would die.

Thinking of this, he said, "The one who helped us get rid of the ring is the Laguan prophet Greer Seymor... ah... ah... ah!"

Halfway through, an accident happened! Link saw smoke suddenly come out of the halfling's throat. A few seconds later, his neck turned black from the inside out. The smoke coming out of him turned into scalding sparks of fire.

Link smelled the thick smell of something burning. Then, right before his eyes, the halfling caught on fire. He burned for more than ten minutes. When the fire went out, all that was left was a human-shaped pile of ashes.

Shocked, Link squatted down. He sifted through the ashes and sniffed it. A spicy, garlicky scent rushed into his nose.

He closed his eyes and felt for the aura. There was a very subtle and mysterious power within the ashes.

It's a silencer curse for a specified target. This type of curse is extremely difficult and is at least Level-17. It is probably done by the prophet Greer Seymor that he mentioned. This was the experience Link received in the game. The game had replicated the signs of the spell very well.

This was strange.

According to the halfling, the prophet was Laguan. If he didn't want to be revealed, he could just say so. Why did he use such a powerful curse?

From the halfling's reaction, he didn't know about the curse at all. This meant that the prophet wasn't a secret amongst the halflings. They didn't know about the taboo either. The curse would only be activated if the information was revealed to an Araguan.

The process was very interesting as well.

The man didn't completely make the secret forbidden. The curse only started after uttering the name. That means the name has a special power.

With that thought, Link took out his Burning Wrath of Heavens wand to write down the name. He wanted to see if the name contained any special magic or contract. But just as he was about to start, he stopped.

If the name contains power, the other must be extremely strong. I have to be prepared.

Thinking of that, Link returned to Nana. He and Nana had a special magic bond, so he quickly found the group.

"How is it?" Milda asked. She'd returned to normal without a sign of the past. The

redness on her face had faded and returned to the alabaster color. She looked at Link normally as well. There was no difference—at least, none that Link could see.

He let out a breath of relief. Composing himself, he moved on from that ridiculous thing. "I might have found a way to remove the ring, but it's extremely dangerous."

"Oh, tell me." Riel was interested as well. His power was rising quickly; he was about to break into Level-9.

Link began recounting what happened to the two halflings. During this, he replaced Greer Seymor's name with "elven prophet." Then he said, "I don't know what kind of power the prophet has. Milda, do you have suggestions?"

The scope of elven magic was very wide. Link believed Milda could help him.

Unexpectedly though, Milda had spaced out. Hearing his voice, she jolted and asked with embarrassment, "Sorry, what did you say?"

Beside her, Riel instantly lost his temper. "Your Highness," he huffed, "how can you be distracted about something so important? What are you thinking about?!"

Milda looked ashamed, and she reddened again. "I'm sorry," she muttered.

"Okay, I'll say it again." Link knew the reason. It seemed that last night had indeed affected Milda. He really regretted sleeping so close to Milda now, resulting in that stupid thing. Now, it was getting between their friendship... It was so awkward.

Composing himself, Link repeated himself.

This time, Milda was finally back to normal. After listening attentively, she pondered and said, "According to our secret records, names carry power. This usually appears after Legendary Level-15. The power a name contains is different and divided between three categories—Mana, soul, and law. Legendary Level-15 can only contain Mana power. Above Level-17, it will involve the soul. At Level-19, it will involve the laws. The next step would be a demi-god."

This was the elven heritage. Hearing those details, Link suddenly thought of someone—Morpheus, the Shadow Stalker of Firuman. In the game, this guy actually reached Level-19 as a human Assassin. He even understood a portion of the god territory and started searching everywhere to be turned into a god.

Even though he'd always lived in obscurity and never did anything big, once he reached Level-19 in the game, he'd sense whenever someone in Firuman said his name. If he was mentioned multiple times within a period, he could even cast down bad luck. His name probably carried the power of the laws.

Thinking of this, Link said, "Then we'll test what kind of power the name carries. Nana, get ready."

Nana nodded. She pulled out the Breakpoint dagger.

Milda didn't understand. "How will you test it? He'll definitely find out and might even find us with it."

Link pointed his wand at the air and cast a Spatial Sphere. Then, the sphere started warping. Finally, it formed a special structure. It was entirely caved in with a thin link connecting to the outside world.

"Break this link if anything happens," Link said to Nana. Then he said to Milda, "Nana's dagger is a bit special. It can break many illusory things. I can't explain it, but we're safe."

The Breakpoint dagger could even destroy a god's soul. No matter how strong the prophet was, he couldn't be stronger than a god. Link wasn't worried.

After the distorted space appeared, Link wrote Greer Seymor in the air with Mana.

Once he finished, his heart started pounding. It felt like someone had his eyes on him. At the same time, the constructed space was disturbed by some strange power. It started undoing itself uncontrollably.

"Nana!" Link exclaimed.

Nana brought the dagger down. The link was cut with a snick. The heart tremors instantly disappeared. Looking at Milda and Riel, they looked relieved too.

"It felt like I was at the edge of a cliff and could fall down at any time. It's terrifying!" Riel patted his chest, still not recovered.

Milda clutched her forehead. "That power is very strong. Not only did it instill fear, it even destroyed the spatial structure..."

The answer was close to being revealed.

Link was the constructor of the Spatial Sphere and felt it deeply. He uttered what Milda didn't say, "It's the power of the laws. Judging from this, the prophet should be the strongest in Level-19. He... might be looking to be made a god!"

"Is that possible?" Riel started tugging at his beard again. This world felt more and more dangerous. It was one thing to find Legendary people everywhere. Now, there was someone at the pinnacle. What could a mortal like him do?

Milda agreed with Link. "Your thinking is right. In Aragu, the hatred between the Laguans, dwarves, and Araguans have accumulated for centuries. Now, it's like an active volcano. Once the power is released, it's enough to change the world and push a Level-19 into the godly level."

She said what Link was thinking. He continued, "The Blood-eyed Robbers are just a start. They're the first weapon of this Legendary man!"

"Who is he?" Riel asked. "Araguan? Elven? A dwarf?"

"He must be an Araguan," Link and Milda said at the same time. Then they met eyes and smiled knowingly.

In this world, Araguans held absolute knowledge and power. Only they could reach the pinnacle of Level-19.

Riel was shocked. "Are you sure? An Araguan is purposely making elves and halflings to go against his own race? Doesn't he know this will destroy his race? Oh my god!"

Milda shook his head. "Before eternity, races are just a shackle that can be abandoned."

"Races are cradles. You can't stay in a cradle forever," Link explained.

Aragu was on the brink of a revolution; they were right when the sparks were about to be ignited.

Riel looked miserable. "So there's no hope of getting rid of this damn ring?"

The one who could undo it was at Level-19 and they'd become rivals with the Blood-eyed Robbers. They were looking for death if they tried to ask the prophet to remove



the ring.

Link smiled. "Actually, there's a lot of hope."

"How? He's not a good guy." Riel shook his head furiously, not believing Link at all.

Link put his wand away and explained, "The church should appear soon. With that, there would be altars and the first batch of priests. These priests might not know curing spells, but they'll know how to undo the ring and free the slaves."

Each freed slave would be the church's fervent believer. They would become the church's Warriors and begin massacring the Araguans under the motivation from centuries of hatred.

Not only would the church give them freedom, but it would also give them power and knowledge. With time, the slaves would become a force that could not be ignored.

At that time, Aragu would become chaotic. They could take advantage of it and find a priest to undo the rings.

"What should we do?"

"Hide somewhere and focus on strengthening. Between half a year and a year, we should be able to leave this world."

# Chapter 390

## I Will Conquer This World

Balha was infuriated, and the whole Spring Leaf Village was in chaos. The only one who could stop him, Magician Rockman, was still recovering from his wounds.

Therefore, the whole of Spring Leaf village descended into an abyss of despair.

In fact, at this moment, Rockman was no longer in Spring Leaf Village. He had left two days ago and was now in a cart headed for Black Eagle City. Besides him, was a black-haired girl.

"Saroviny, you aren't a Laguan or a dwarf. When we reach Black Eagle City and meet Lord Bal, if you are able to gain his favor, you may be able to get rid of your slave identity."

"Understood."

Saroviny made a noise to acknowledge Rockman's words. Saroviny was dressed in a long black chiffon dress. The dress, however, was very thin. Besides the most important areas, the rest of Saroviny's skin was pretty much visible. Her entire back was essentially exposed, showing off her radiant snow-white skin. Her gorgeous black hair tumbled down across her bare back. That combination of black against white was stunning and possessed incredible attractiveness.

Rockman did not dare to look at her long. He was afraid that he too would lose control of himself and make advances on this beautiful young girl. That would ruin all his plans.

However, he also could not bear for such a beautiful girl to be ravaged to death by Lord Bal. After hesitating for a while, he decided to give some advice. "Remember, Lord Bal sometimes prefers delicate and tender personalities."

Saroviny revealed a cold smile on her face and retracted her gaze from outside the window, glancing at Rockman. Hypocrite!

Although she did this, there was still a trace of bitterness in her heart. Bal is it? Damn, how did I even end up in this situation where I need to rely on selling my body to survive? Link, don't ever give me the chance, or I will let you experience the Anluval Twist torture.

The Anluval Twist was a torture method created by a demon from the abyss. It was very effective and would make the person being tortured go crazy within a short time. From ancient times till now, not a single person has lasted for more than five minutes.

Meanwhile, back in the cart, Rockman couldn't read Saroviny's thoughts. Noticing that she was ignoring him, he shook his head helplessly. "Do what you want. Whether you live or not has nothing to do with me."

After saying that, he no longer bothered Saroviny. He brought forth a sword case that was resting in one corner and began to appraise the sword. As he looked at it, he sighed.

"Ah, what a great sword. What a pity that Balha messed things up, causing me to lose such a great student. Sigh."

"Heh." As he said this, Saroviny smirked and laughed. She looked at the old man with an extremely condescending look.

"What is it? Is the sword not good?" Rockman didn't like her gaze.

"The sword is good, but the person wielding it isn't worthy," Saroviny couldn't even be bothered to argue with Rockman. She had many things that she left unsaid. It was a joke that this businessman that reeked of money believed that he could take Link in as a disciple. He was led along by the nose by Link and didn't even know it.

Rockman laughed it off. He didn't argue with her. Anyway, it's not like he lost anything because of her harsh words.

At this point, the chariot suddenly lurched to a stop.

"What's going on?" Rockman shouted. Because of the sudden stop, he had dropped the sword case onto the floor. The sword fell out onto the carriage floor, clanging about. This made Rockman's heart hurt.

"What in the world? Driver, hey driver, what's going on?" Rockman asked angrily.

Swish. The front curtain of the carriage was pulled open, and the driver looked into the carriage. "Sir, the road up ahead is blocked by a ditch..."

Before he could finish his sentence, an arrow shot into the carriage from the forest and buried itself into his neck. Crack. The driver's neck snapped, and his head was slammed into the car window by the immense force of the arrow. All the blood spurted out and made a mess of the car.

"Sh\*t! An enemy attack!" Rockman's heart clenched. He immediately reached over and pressed the carriage's defensive talisman. A crystal light surrounded the four-sided carriage.

"Wait inside and don't come out. I'll go see who dares to cause trouble."

Rockman opened the carriage door and walked out. Upon stepping out of the carriage, he was immediately stunned.

This was because the carriage was guarded by eight heavy armored Warriors. However, outside of this entrapment were 200 Laguans fiercely eyeing the horse carriage, bows in hand.

Rockman immediately recognized the leader. "Maude, you bastard. You dare to ambush me?!"

Immediately after he said this, Maude threw a bloody head in front of Rockman. This head had its eyes opened wide, and it wore an expression of incomparable misery.

"Ah!" Rockman took a step back. He recognized this head. It was none other than Spring Leaf Village's Lord Balha.

It had only been two days since he left the village, how could they have killed Balha so quickly?!

Maude laughed coldly. "He was wasted. I baited him with a few people, and he immediately chased after us with a cavalry of 50 men. We prepared an ambush in the forest, and he jumped right in without the slightest hesitation. Hahaha. What Bloody Butcher? He's more like a dumb pig going to the slaughter."

Rockman knew that he was finished. However, he still couldn't understand why the bandits dared to act this recklessly. "Aren't you afraid of Great Lord Bal's revenge?"

Balha was Bal's son. Even if he was the third son that Bal did not look highly upon, now that the Laguans had killed Balha, Bal could not sit there and do nothing. That would be like giving up his power in the realm.

Meaning to say, the Blood-eyed mercenaries would soon face Bal's frenzied revenge.

Maude, however, didn't seem to care. "Bal wants revenge? Well, let me tell you, not long from now, all you Araguans will face the revenge of my fellow Laguans."

As he said this, Maude gestured at the archers. "Shoot!"

Whoosh. Immediately, the arrows rained down like rain. The eight armored Warriors were turned into porcupines. Rockman waved his hand and shrouded himself in a light screen, creating a barrier around himself.

Patter patter. The arrows rained onto the light screen. However, it was like rain raining onto the leaves of a banana tree. No matter how hard it rained, it had no way to break through the cover of the tree leaves.

After the rain of arrows, Maude took the chance to rush forward. The sword in his hand flashed, and immediately, Rockman's light barrier broke apart. Behind him were three experts. The moment the barrier broke, the three stabbed at Rockman simultaneously.

Wham. Rockman released yet another spell, causing the four halfling attackers to become crushed together and flung aside. They rolled for a few rounds before finally coming to a stop.

However, all this was useless. The three blades were already stuck inside his body.

Rockman retreated a few steps and rested against the walls of the carriage. He looked down to check his wounds and raised his head to see the approaching halflings. He had a bad feeling.

This time, the kingdom is probably finished.

After the thought entered his mind, he blanked out. Leaning against the carriage wall, he slowly slid down to the ground, leaving a long trace of blood on the carriage. Finally, Rockman crashed and collapsed onto the floor.

Meanwhile, Maude was picking himself up from the ground. His face was covered in dust. However, he was ultimately still the same level as Rockman. Rockman's final blow was not unleashed properly, and it only managed to shock Maude, causing his insides to hurt. However, he was not actually injured.

Maude climbed to his feet and instructed, "Open up the carriage! Let's see what treasures this old man has brought."

Crash. The carved carriage door was broken off and flung to the ground by a halfling.

Another halfling charged into the carriage. After staring for a long while, he said, "Chief, there's a sword inside the carriage. As well as an Araguan woman!"

The sword was exquisite, and the woman's beauty was even more so. It nearly caused the halfling's eyes to go blind.

"Bring the sword over, kill the girl!" Maude instructed without pausing to consider.

However, the halfling did not attack. He slowly turned and said, "Chief, I think you should come and take a look at her."

"What's there to see about an Araguan?"

Somewhat impatiently, Maude made his way to the carriage entrance and stuck his head in. He immediately froze.

On the floorboard of the carriage was a sword. A portion of the blade's body stuck out of its sheath. The blade seemed as cold as ice and very mysterious.

On the carriage, seat was seated a girl. Her black hair flowed down her back, and her skin was fair as snow. She had beautiful eyes and delicate features, as well as a lovely figure. She smiled at him.

This... He really couldn't bear to kill her. However, this was an Araguan. If he spared her, how could he still be the leader of the Laguans?!

He was their chief, and everyone knew that the hatred between the two races ran as deep as an abyss. The force of the hatred was as vast as the sky and deep as the oceans. Anyone who dared to stand in its way would bear the full brunt of the hatred.

"What do we do then?" Maude quickly ran through many plans in his head, trying to think of a way out of this situation. Then, he laid his eyes on the girl's neck and noticed her slave collar.

Maude's eyes suddenly lit up. He had found a way. "Lady, you are an Araguan woman. How did you become a slave?"

Savoriny obviously knew the danger involved here. Only an idiot would still claim to be an Araguan.

She shook her head vehemently. "My name is Saroviny, and I'm from Firuman. The Araguans are my mortal enemies!"

Maude was taken aback for a moment. Then, he grinned broadly and gave Saroviny an awkward bow.

"Although I've never seen or heard of Firuman before, we have a common enemy. Now, you've regained your freedom!" Maude said, smiling.

Saroviny also noticed the scars on one of the other halfling's neck. The smile on her face became even more apparent. "Thank you for saving me. The Araguans killed my parents and brothers. I vow to kill them all and get revenge for my family!"

"Alright, let us fight together!"

Maude reached out a hand to Saroviny, which she took hold of. Then, Maude helped Saroviny out of the carriage. After she got out of the carriage, he picked up the sword that was left behind in the carriage and declared loudly, "This is Saroviny, from the distant lands of Firuman. From here on, she will be our comrade-in-arms!"

Under the sunlight, Saroviny's beauty was beyond compare. All the halflings were enraptured by her beauty, and they started chanting fervently, "Comrade! Comrade!"

Hearing the chants, Saroviny squinted her eyes. Deep inside the pair of deep black pupils, a flame burned.

"Aragu, I, Saroviny, have come! I will conquer this new world!"

# Chapter 391

## Prepare to Go Home

In the blink of an eye, three months had passed.

The situation progressed faster than Link had predicted. In the borderlands of Aragu, a Fire Sect arose. Deep in the Great Beast Forest, the first altar appeared in the Laguan village Greenleaf Stop.

This news secretly spread amongst countless Laguans. Every day, many Laguan slaves escaped to the village to search for freedom.

The priests at the altar didn't disappoint them. The slave collar ring that symbolized restraint and submissiveness were easily taken off. The slaves were given freedom, and the Laguans grew stronger.

The news obviously reached Link's group, so they secretly hurried over. In the forest outside Greenleaf Stop, the invisible Link said to Milda and Riel, "Go quickly and come back. I'll wait for you here."

"Okay." The two nodded.

During the three months, Link, Milda, and Riel all entered Level-10. Link was the most advanced; he was at the pinnacle of Level-10, and his Dragon Power limit had reached 9200 points. Next was Milda at mid-Level-10. Riel entered Level-10 three days ago. Nana had accumulated much strange power and had reached Level-10 too. Link couldn't figure it out. He'd have to look into it back in Firuman.

In Aragu, this was equivalent to Stage-2. It was very average.

These three were top geniuses in Firuman. It was natural to rise to Stage-2 within four months. However, they leveled up way too quickly. They had no time to really grasp the Legendary power.

Currently, other than Link who could release the Legendary spell Miracle Aura, Milda and Riel were just two super-soldiers with the raw strength of a Legendary Warrior.



They could squash anyone under the Legendary level but faced with someone of the same level, they'd most likely be destroyed.

At this time, Milda wore ragged clothing and had rubbed dirt in her hair and face. She looked like an average Laguan slave. Riel was even more extreme; he only covered himself with a rag.

There were many slaves searching for freedom on the road. The two split up and didn't attract any attention.

Link and Nana waited in the forest. Everything went smoothly. Around half an hour later, Milda and Riel came back one after another. Their rings were gone, but strangely, they both looked stunned.

"What's wrong?" Link was curious.

"You'd never guess who I saw at the altar." As Riel spoke, he tugged off his rag, revealing his stocky and tanned body. He didn't care about being naked and quickly pulled on leather armor of good quality.

After almost half a year, he finally recovered his strength—Legendary strength, at that. He finally didn't have to worry anymore.

Milda, on the other hand, hid behind a tree to change. She cast a cleaning spell to rid herself of the dust. Then she put on a plain brown leather dress. She also said, "We saw that demon commander. According to the believers, she's now the holy maiden of the Fire Sect. Her name is Saroviny."

Clack. Riel clasped the buckles on his armor and continued, "I don't know what's going on, but that demon's power didn't rise as fast as us. When we faced her, we didn't feel much pressure. I think she's around the pinnacle of Level-10 now, about the same as you, Link."

Hearing this, Link knitted his brows. "Did she discover you two?"

In the Abyss, Saroviny had true Legendary power. She was only one at the pinnacle of Level-9 in Firuman because of the laws. Now, she recovered her Legendary power. Even though it was only Level-10, her combat ability was incomparable to a regular Level-10 Warrior in Aragu!

If a Laguan reached Level-10, they were still soldiers with no experience. Saroviny though was a true Legendary fighter. They were two different concepts.

Reality proved this point. Otherwise, Saroviny wouldn't become the holy maiden of this Fire Sect.

"I don't think so." Milda had finished changing and walked out of the grass. Even though it was a simple dress, it was like muslin around the moon on her. She was shockingly beautiful.

It couldn't be helped. A goddess-like beauty could blind anyone with her looks by just dressing up a little.

Fortunately, Link and Riel had been with her for so long and were used to it. They just found her pretty but didn't lose their minds.

Milda started combing her brilliant golden locks while saying, "There were many slaves around the altar, at least 1000 people. Saroviny just passed by the altar. She glanced in our direction and then walked away. I didn't sense anything amiss."

"I see." Link was more relieved. Seeing that the two had changed, he said, "Saroviny is very scary. In case anything happens, we'll leave now!"

They now all had Level-10 Legendary power. During the three months, Link had gone to the cave outside Black Eagle City and successfully found the spatial coordinate. It was time to leave the horrifying Aragu. Milda and Riel were both excited.

With Link's current power, he couldn't break through the realm for the portal in a regular place. He could only do so where the realm's laws were weaker. The Black Eagle City cave was that place.

The four hurried towards the city without waiting another second.

After around ten minutes, Link suddenly stopped. Not only him, but Milda also flinched. Riel even took out his battle axe. "F\*ck!" he cursed. "That b\*tch pretended not to see us. I waited for half a year. I want a good fight now!"

Footsteps came from the forest behind them. They were hurried with obvious malevolence. There were at least ten people, and they didn't hide their presence at all. Each one was above Level-10 with the highest at Level-11. The aura at the front was

the most familiar—dark, chaotic, and evil, it was undoubtedly Saroviny.

She brought Laguan Warriors after them.

"Are we fighting?" Milda looked at Link. She'd already taken out her wand.

Times were different. Before they were squashed by Saroviny, but now, they were all at Level-10. Even though the enemy had more people, this was a forest. It was a game of guerrilla fighting. They weren't afraid!

Link's thoughts flashed like lightning as he weighed the pros and cons. "We can't fight here. Only ten came, but there are countless reinforcements. Let's go!"

With that, Link activated the Dimensional Jump without hesitation. He was very familiar with teleporting groups now. His speed was faster than before, and the usage of Dragon Power had lowered. Now, it only required 750 Dragon Power points. With his current level, he could continuously cast the spell dozens of times.

And that's what he did.

Buzz. The four disappeared and reappeared thousands of feet to the north. As soon as they arrived, a light flashed again. Buzz. They moved forward thousands of feet. This went on ten times; they'd moved more than five miles in an instant.

After that, Link cast a Traceless Spell for everyone to hide.

"Let's go. Even if they don't give up, they won't be able to find us quickly," he said.

His Dragon Power was recovering at 35 points per second. He'd used up 7500 points just then and could be recovered in three minutes. It didn't delay anything at all.

Riel wasn't satisfied. Waving his axe, he said, "I wanted to fight."

Milda thought more deeply. She said while walking, "The Fire Sect is strengthening extremely quickly. Saroviny is the holy maiden. With her power and tactics, she will most likely control the sect. After we go back, will she use the power here to find us in Firuman?"

This was a very real problem. Link had been thinking about it and had some ideas. "It's possible but not likely."

Link didn't purely wait the last three months. During this time, they traveled about, observing the Aragu Empire. They now had a comprehensive understanding of Aragu.

The Aragu Empire wasn't weak. In contrast, they were terrifying powerful. The Fire Sect could grow so quickly because it was sudden. The large empire couldn't react yet. But once they did, it would be harder for the Fire Sect to grow more. The two parties will clash violently.

Both sides had pillars of support. The Fire Sect had a Level-19 Archmage while Aragu had countless years of accumulation. No one would win in a short time.

"The Fire Sect's rise will cause war throughout Aragu," Link muttered. "Countless people will die, but both Laguans and Araguans will be sapped of resources. With all the deaths, a great amount of space for living will be opened up. The hatred will be released too. The two parties will probably come to a stalemate."

Here, he looked at Milda. "This is the most likely result. It doesn't suit the Laguans' or Araguans' interests, but it's what the Archmage wants. He'll try his hardest for it to happen."

Milda's thoughts cleared as well. She continued, "So then Saroviny won't have time to come to Firuman. She'll always be faced with the threat of the Aragu Empire."

Link nodded then shook his head. "These are all hypotheses. No one knows what will really happen. Even a Level-19 Archmage can't sway the trend of the world. It can become uncontrollable too."

But this was all in the future. They couldn't do much with their current power. It was most important to hurry back to Firuman at the moment.

Milda sank into silence.

...

The other side

When Link used the Dimensional Jump, Saroviny felt it. She immediately stopped chasing because it was meaningless. She couldn't keep up.

You're fast, but it's useless even if you run back to Firuman. Just wait. I'll bring my

army to you.

Not only was she the holy maiden of the Fire Sect, but she was also the Lord of the Deep's daughter. Her father was Nozama and not a bit weaker than the ruler behind the Fire Sect.

She'd also secretly contacted her father.

"Father, this new world is my gift to you."

# Chapter 392

## Someone Needs to Restrain Her

Three days later

Link's party arrived at the cave on Darrow Peak, near Black Eagle City.

They were all ready to leave Aragu, even though the three months' deadline wasn't up yet. The demon army outside of Orida Fortress had lost their commander, and future developments were unpredictable.

Anyway, after the three of them had reached Legendary level, their growth rate decreased significantly. It would do them no good to spend any more time here, and they might as well return as soon as they could.

At the cave entrance, Link looked at Milda. "Are you sure?"

Milda nodded. "It's too dangerous to leave Saroviny here alone. At least, we must have someone here to restrain her."

It was true, but Link would be hard-pressed to take up this responsibility. He had many other responsibilities to handle. Riel was even less suitable to do this. Milda was naturally the best choice. As an elven princess, Milda had beauty comparable to Saroviny.

At their level of strength, it was obvious that they would not speak without due consideration. Once Milda made her decision, it would be hard to change her mind.

"Milda, your strength is not comparable to Saroviny's, you won't be able to fight her," Riel advised. He also hadn't expected Milda to really offer to stay behind. Riel actually did not have a good impression of her before. He thought that she was short-tempered and petty. Now, though, he had a newfound respect for her.

"I won't be alone. There's still the Level-19 Archmage. As the strongest in this world, he definitely would not let Saroviny take control of the Fire Sect by herself. He will definitely do something to prevent her from growing too quickly. As for me... I brought

some Legendary spell books with me. Given some time, I'm sure I'll be able to master Legendary spells too."

She had been keeping it a secret until now, but at this point, there was no longer a point in hiding it.

Although what Milda said was true, it did not diminish the danger. This was especially so in the beginning while she was still weak. Furthermore, Milda was exceedingly beautiful. Even if she entered the Fire Sect, she would attract unwanted attention and may ultimately meet a bad end.

Fate was completely unpredictable. Even if one put in their best effort, things still may not turn out as desired.

After thinking for a while, Link said, "Alright, Nana will stay here with you."

Nana was a Warrior. Unlike Magicians, their strength would immediately increase upon reaching the Legendary level. Although they would not have the versatility and special abilities that Magicians possessed, for Nana, her speed was already her hidden trump card. Furthermore, she had the Breakpoint dagger. Link decided that this was for the best.

Link turned and said to Nana, "Nana, come here."

Nana walked to Link's side, and Link reached out his hand, which now glowed with the light of transformation magic. He reshaped Nana's ears to become pointy and also changed some of her facial features. Now, Nana looked much more like an elf. This would prevent her from being attacked by the Laguans.

After he was done, he instructed, "Protect Milda as you would protect me."

"Nana understands," Nana replied. She walked over behind Milda.

Link pondered for a little more, then he took out a talisman-inscribed rock and handed it over to Milda. "This is a Loco Stone that I created; it can provide me with your coordinates. If you meet any danger, you can use it to contact me, and I will come over to help. However, dimensional teleportation takes up a lot of energy. After using it once, I will need time to recover, so it would be best if you could give me half a day's warning if you know you're going to go into a dangerous situation."

"Understood." Milda nodded her head. She solemnly received the Loco Stone from Link. Not only was this a hidden trump card, but it was also an escape route for her. It was very valuable.

"Then, we're leaving."

Link indicated to Riel to get ready and turned to enter the cave. Before he could walk off, he heard a sound behind him and was immediately hugged from behind in a warm embrace. It was Milda. At the same time, he felt her push a necklace into his hand.

"This is a Thorn necklace. Only qualified members of my race are allowed to wear it. Bring this to my mother and tell her this is my decision and that she doesn't have to worry."

"I will," Link promised.

Milda continued softly, "Also, if I perish, help me erect a tombstone in Ferde. On it, write "Milda Morani," okay?"

Link shuddered. He turned around and embraced Milda. "I will!" Link promised.

Link lowered his head and kissed Milda softly on the forehead.

Then, he let go of Milda and said to Riel, who had not spoken a word since earlier, "Let's go."

Riel didn't move. It seemed like he had just made a hard decision. After a few seconds of silence, he reached into his dimensional bracelet and took out a large crystal. The crystal shone brilliantly, reflecting five beautiful colors that flowed like water. He walked over and handed it to Milda.

"This is for you. It's called the Heart of the Mountains, a treasure dug out from deep inside the mountains. I was planning to use it to make a weapon for myself, but I now give it to you. I hope you'll use it well. Quick... Quick! Take it, don't let me see it anymore!" Riel said. His face twisted in pain.

Milda was really amused by his behavior. She received the Heart of the Mountains from him and bent down to kiss his forehead. "Goodbye, friend."

This caused Riel's dark face to flush. He felt faint and giddily followed after Link. Even



after reaching the cave entrance, he was still faint and did not recover.

Finally, Link activated the teleportation spell. White light flashed, and a few seconds later, Link and Riel vanished from within the cave.

Milda watched until the two men completely disappeared. She sighed. Turning to Nana, she said, "It's just the two of us now."

"Master will return," Nana replied, smiling.

Milda laughed too. "Yeah, he will."

She walked down Darrow Peak. When she reached the foot of the mountains, she found a quiet area and took a deep breath, kneeling onto the ground.

"Honorable one, Greer Seymor, Lord of the Flames, savior of the Laguans, I implore you, receive my loyalty," Milda said softly.

There was no reply.

Milda did not find this surprising. If a god replied every time someone invoked his name, the god would become a slave of the people.

Milda was determined, and she repeated it once more, twice, thrice. When she repeated it for the fifth time, she felt something stir and had the feeling she was being watched by some existence.

Under that gaze, Milda felt as though her secrets were being seen through and her soul was facing a burning fire.

A voice sounded in Milda's heart. "Mortal from Firuman, I've heard your calls, but I know that you cannot truly be loyal to me. Tell me, what do you want from me and what do you hope to gain from me?"

A Level-19 existence was unfathomable and could see through Milda in a glance.

Milda was shocked. Nonetheless, she had prepared for all these possibilities. She said humbly, "The flames helped me remove the slave collar and returned me my freedom. Your cause will need the help of many mortals. I am willing to become one of these mortals."

The voice did not reply, but the gaze was still there.

This lasted for about five minutes before the voice spoke again. "I see somebody inside your heart. She is called Saroviny, and she is the Holy Maiden that I have selected. She can help me expand my influence, but as for you, she is your enemy. Tell me, why should I accept you?"

Milda continued, "Saroviny is a sharp and dangerous blade. She is the incarnation of destruction and slaughter. Your cause cannot be achieved with just this. You require creation and order. The sharpest blade will require a good sheath to protect its edge, just like after burning through the fields, you need to till the ground and plant good seeds to get a harvest."

The voice was silent again. This time, the silence did not last long. After five seconds, the voice said again to Milda, "You are a wise Laguan and possess a beauty that exceeds most mortals. You will indeed be useful to my cause. However, you are the disciple of the God of Light. Okay... we will make a loyalty contract."

"I obey your orders, Lord of the Flames." Milda breathed a sigh of relief.

The next moment, a force pressed down onto Milda from out of nowhere, and Milda felt her forehead getting hot. This lasted for a few seconds before receding. Finally, the voice said again, "Go to the Great Beast Forest. My little lambs are ready to receive their new Holy Flame Envoy."

Finally, the gaze was retracted.

Milda summoned a mirror and used it to look at herself. She could see a bunch of silver flames dancing on her forehead and knew that this was the binding agreement between her and the existence from before.

...

After activating the teleportation, Link and Riel found themselves in an unknown realm. In this place, they could see strange lights and grotesque scenery. Everything was distorted, filled with colorful lights and even traces of lightning. Link could hear Riel's rough breathing beside him.

He could feel that they were moving forward rapidly, as though in a high-speed car. He could also feel infinitely many disorganized Mana strands rushing towards him, as

though they wanted to tear him to pieces!

He knew that if he allowed the Mana to rush into his body, he would likely explode into pieces.

Link activated his Dragon Power to defend against this torrent of Mana. It worked! He was not wrong; Legendary power could indeed defend against the pressure from space.

The Dragon Power diminished at a very fast rate. Just when he thought he could not maintain the consumption anymore, whoosh! Immediately after that, his surroundings became calm, and the chaos vanished.

He found that he was in a wide cavern that was at least 60 feet high. A short distance ahead was the exit.

That first Yabba who found herself transported between dimensions mentioned disappearing from a certain cave. This was probably that very cave.

"Ahhhh! Waahhhhh!" Dramatic screams came from beside him and lasted for two whole seconds. Crash. Link felt the floor shake. Turning to see what happened, Link found Riel lying on a crushed stone in the cave. The floor was imprinted with the shape of his body.

"Argh! That hurts!" Riel was rolling around the floor screaming. However, considering that he was still so full of vigor, he probably did not have any serious injuries.

Link focused on checking the condition of his body.

He had 300 Dragon Power points remaining, but they were recovering quickly. Even then, they recovered at 18 points per second, much slower than in Aragu. At the same time, Link noticed that he had received a "Void's Aura" status.

Void Aura: After traveling through the void, the chaotic aura from the void will stick to the player, preventing the payer from using spells. This effect will begin to disappear after 300 hours and will fully disappear after 30 days.

Link was stunned. He attempted to cast a spatial spell. However, he quickly realized that once the Dragon Power appeared outside his body, a mysterious force would interfere and disperse the Dragon Power, preventing it from forming into a spell

structure.

Link slapped his forehead and sighed. "Alright, 300 hours is about 13 days. At least that isn't too long."

"System, was the data from the teleportation recorded?"

Dimensional teleportation involved traveling through the spatial void. This was extremely valuable data, and using it, Link would be able to make great developments in his understanding of space.

It has been saved as "Dimensional Teleportation: Void" and can be accessed at any time.

"Good."

Link was pleased. He reached out a hand to Riel.

"Ouch, ouch, my bones are going to shatter," Riel whined. He was still lying on the ground, however, the moment he saw Link's hand, he grabbed it and pulled himself up. After dusting off the dust from his body, he sighed. "I'm finally back. This teleportation was truly vicious; all my strength is gone."

Riel was somewhat weaker than Link and also had a much lower recover speed. His situation was clearly much worse than Link, and without a few days of time, he probably wouldn't be able to recover his fighting strength.

"It'll recover shortly," Link said, as he walked towards the cave exit.

Upon exiting the cave, Link found that they were halfway up a huge mountain. In the distance, there was an enormous yellow light shield.

Boom, boom! One after another, purple balls of light flew towards the city, exploding on the barrier. It could be seen that underneath the barrier was a majestic city.

"That's the Yabba capital, Lirico! Over there are... Dark Elves and demons. It's the Dark Army!" Riel said, following behind Link.

Link immediately understood what was going on. "The Dark Army's main force is attacking Orida Fortress, but they left a smaller force here to pretend to continue

attacking. This is to prevent the Yabbas from joining the battle."

Based on the time difference, they had spent half a year in Aragu, but that was only about two days here. The news from Orida probably had yet to reach the secondary army here.

With a glance, Link could see that this secondary army was not weak. Using his powerful eyesight, he counted over 4,000 demons, including 30 Winged Howlers flying in the air. The Dark Elves were also numerous, numbering over 8,000.

Something flashed in his vision. Link turned to look. It was a mission.

Rescue Mission: Deliver the message.

Description: Infiltrate the Dark Army's encirclement and inform Lirico about the situation outside the city.

Mission Reward: 200 Omni Points.

Link thought for a moment and decided to accept it. Orida needed reinforcements anyway, and the Yabba's flying ship division were extremely powerful reinforcements. The problem was, right now, he was unable to use any spells. Riel too was in an extremely weak state. It would definitely be difficult to deliver the news to Lirico.

# Chapter 393

## Weird Equipment Reward

Hoo, whoosh!

At the cave entrance outside Lirico City, Link waved the Dragon King's Fury magic sword. After a few strikes, he nodded in satisfaction.

"My strength has mostly recovered. Even though I can't use magic and don't have any battle techniques, my basic swordsmanship can be used to its fullest."

Strangely, Link and Riel weren't rejected by the laws of the Firuman Realm. After returning, their power didn't change. This meant that Link was still at the pinnacle of Level-10 and Riel was at the lower stages. They were both Legendary fighters.

Riel already knew Link's plans, but he still needed a few days to recover. He couldn't help. However, the dwarves and Yabba were both residents of the Hengduan Mountain Range. He was much more familiar with the Yabba race than Link.

At this time, he stood outside the cave, looking at the mighty magic shield before the Lirico City. He explained to Link, "The Yabba shield isn't only defensive. They also have great offensive power. Look carefully at the fireball flying to the shield."

Link squinted and quickly saw the profundity. He discovered that when the cannons outside the city were about to reach the magic shield, strands of purple light would appear. They were bent like lightning and were extremely fast. They flashed and extinguished. They hit the fireball in an instant, activating it beforehand.

The benefits of this were obvious. Causing the fireball to explode beforehand reduced the damage to the shield to the max.

"Did you see?" Riel asked. "Those purple lightning streaks are small and can only reach around 150 feet, but they're shockingly powerful. They're at Level-9. They are controlled by an intelligent core and actively attack anything that tries to approach the shield until all are obliterated. So if you go to send a letter, you have to let the Yabba know your purpose. If you just approach the shield, it can be very dangerous!"

"I see." Link's brows knitted.

If that was the case, Link couldn't approach without warning even with his power at Level-10. If a bunch of purple lightning bolts attacked him, he'd be fried to crisp.

If Link could cast spells, it would be easy to make a signal. He could even teleport straight into Lirico City. But now, he was disturbed by the Void's aura, and he couldn't get rid of it. He'd have to think of something else.

Link stood outside the cave and observed the geography.

Lirico City didn't have city walls, and it was actually quite large. It spanned the entire valley. There were even Yabba houses not too far from the cave Link was at now.

Even though the shield was mighty, it actually only enveloped the center of Lirico.

Most Yabba homes were made of wood. Some were made of stone, but they were few. These wooden cabins were scattered about. Each one was finely made with their own garden and grassy yard. Some were set on fire, billowing with black smoke. Others were taken by demons.

Many demons flew in the air. There were only 30 Winged Howlers, but there were thousands of Level-5 or Level-6 demons. They sealed off all paths approaching Lirico. Flying demons had exceptional vision. High-level ones, especially, were comparable to dragons. Under the scrutiny of so many demons and the inability to use an invisibility spell, it was a hassle for Link to approach the shield.

"What should I do?" Link hit his forehead.

"What about a bomb?" Riel suggested. "I have some that we use to bomb mountains. It's not that powerful, but it's loud. It's enough to attract attention. What do you think?"

Riel took out a few fist-sized metal nuggets. They looked like grenades from earth, but these were magic bombs. Each one was carved with many runes. Link could feel that there were fire elements sealed inside.

Link took one and looked. They were made intricately with a turntable on the surface and tick marks. They were time-delayed explosive equipment.

"Great!" Link was overjoyed. Getting an idea, he asked, "Can sound pass through the shield?"

If it could, he might not have to risk getting through the demons. He could detonate the bomb outside and use the frequency of the sound to pass the message. With the Yabbas' intelligence, they should be able to understand.

But unexpectedly, Riel shook his head. "No. The shield blocks most types of energy. Not even light can pass through easily, let alone sound. Look at the shield. Things look blurry inside, right? It's even blurrier from the inside. It's basically opaque."

"That's illogical. Isn't it hard to observe the outside, then? What if something changes outside?" Link was shocked.

Riel waved his hand quickly. "No, it's very logical. This is all from precious experience. Like the soundwave barrier, for example, is because the Yabbas have learned their lesson. You know, they're pretty weak. One thousand three hundred years ago, they had a conflict with the Dark Elves. In one battle, the Dark Elves used a Level-8 Thunder Roar. The strong sound waves passed through the shield and killed 60 percent of the residents from the vibrations... It was horrible."

Alright, Link's nice plan was ruined by the Yabbas' experience.

Riel pointed at a few lighthouses. "Those are for observing the outside. The Yabbas have actually left some leeway. Look at the statues outside the city."

Link looked over and saw statues of varying sizes. There were many inside the city, but they were all broken. "Aren't those decorations?"

Riel nodded. "Yes, but they're also magic detectors. Through them, the Yabbas can look outside the shield. However, the demons seem to know this secret too. They've all been destroyed by force. I think that the Yabbas inside the shield know vaguely what's going on outside but they can only guess at the specifics."

"There must be a spy within them," Link said.

"There must be. Very few people know that secret. The dwarves and Yabba are close, and I'm the brother of our king, so I know a bit." Riel sighed.

Link decided to let this go for now. He must approach the shield first. "How many



bombs do you have?" Link asked. "Give them all to me."

There were 15 bombs, but it wasn't enough. Riel turned his hands over. "There are no more. I only brought them with for fun."

"Alright." Link hit his own forehead. "Then I'll set out. Be careful and hide."

"No problem. This is a cave, and I've recovered some power. I can still kill some demons."

Link nodded. He walked to the cave exit and checked the direction. He took out a bomb, adjusted the tick mark and hurled it to the left. His power was a bit too much now. The tiny bomb was less than two pounds. With the throw, it whooshed out and flew more than 2000 feet. Just as it was about to land, it detonated.

The bomb was only at Level-5, but as Riel had said, it was really, really loud.

Link saw a blue-white fireball three times bigger than a Level-4 Flame Blast shoot into the air. Around it, there was an obvious white shockwave.

Three seconds later, the shockwave reached the cave Link was at. Boom, boom! The huge explosion came like mountains crashing into the sea. The cave also started cracking, and many broken rocks fell down.

The demons flying in the air instantly noticed the commotion.

Now was the time. Link shot out of the cave. Using the foliage as a disguise, he sprinted and traveled 500 feet in three seconds. He jumped into a cabin that he'd aimed at.

He'd controlled his speed too. If the geography was flat and he ran at full speed, he could easily travel 650 feet in a second. This was the powerful strength he possessed after entering the Legendary level. He couldn't be compared to Nana, but for a living creature, it was frightening.

After jumping in from the window, a shadow flashed before Link. It was a low-level demon, around Level-4. It was probably taking a break here. Seeing Link appear, it probably felt Link was danger and tried to run.

It was about to get to the door. Link arched his back and lunged while slicing down with his sword. With a squelch, the demon was halved.

The room was silent.

The Yabbas were short, so their houses were built low as well. However, it was still more than seven feet tall. As long as Link didn't make big movements, he wouldn't hit his head.

There were three corpses on the ground—two big and one small. It was probably a Yabba family. The father's body was already gnawed at by the demon, and less than half of it remained.

Seeing it, Link sighed. He walked to the window on the other side and looked out.

Now, he was 6500 feet away from the shield. Not only did he have to get close to it, but he also had to let the Yabbas inside know that he was coming. Otherwise, he'd just be looking for death.

Link didn't advance hurriedly. He looked at the shield in deep thought. I can't send a signal with the bomb and light won't work. I can't use magic either. How do I alert the Yabbas?

After a long while, Link still had no clue.

What do I do? What do I do?

While thinking, Link's gaze fell on the Yabba corpses on the ground and got an idea.

If there are bodies, it means that the Yabbas outside Lirico didn't all leave. With so many houses here, it's very possible that someone's still alive. If I can find a living Yabba, he can give me a way into the city safely.

With that thought, a message appeared in Link's vision.

Mission Activated: Survivor

Mission: Search for surviving Yabbas in the ruins outside Lirico City

Mission Reward: Assassin Robe (Epic)

The game system had started rewarding equipment, and it was called the Assassin Robe? The name sounded contradictory.

Whatever. Just accept it now and worry later!

# Chapter 394

## The Yabbas are Bi-gender!

Link could not use his spells because the Void Aura around his body interfered with the formation of his Dragon Power into spells.

In his body, however, his Dragon Power still circulated freely.

This gave Link an idea.

He held the Dragon King's Fury in his right hand and clenched a fist with his left, channeling the Dragon Power into it. Soon after, Link's left hand was clad in a crystal red light.

Originally, once the Dragon Power exited Link's body, it would naturally expand into a Dragon Power ball two feet wide. However, under the influence of the Void Aura, the Dragon Power could not even form a ball an inch wide before dispersing. This disruption completely prevented Link from casting any spells.

However, within that small space just around his fist, he could still use a minor support spell. Link used Clear Sign.

Whoosh. Suddenly, all the chaotic noises disappeared. The cannon fire and the beating of wings by the flying demons; even the sound of the wind disappeared.

Other less obvious, yet extremely important sounds suddenly became a lot more apparent.

A hundred and fifty feet away from a wooden cottage, in a small alley, three lesser demons were chattering away. On a beam in the cottage 210 feet away, a cat was trembling in the eaves of the house. Further away, a slight and unnoticeable scent drifted over.

Not only did the Dragon Power enhance his eyesight, but it also enhanced his hearing, sense of smell and taste.

This smell was extremely faint, such that even the demons were unable to discover it. However, under the effects of Clear Sign, Link detected it.

Sniff, sniff. Link's nose twitched lightly.

Only a living person would give off this scent... There is even the fragrance of food... It's meat stew. He's cooking meat stew, and there's also the smell of wine. He's actually hiding in a wine cellar... He's alone... but which direction is he in... Found him. Here! He is about 1500 feet away.

Whoosh. Link canceled Clear Sign, and the background noises instantly returned.

In just this short time, Link already used up 2000 Dragon Points. It could be seen how powerful the Void Aura's interference was.

From outside the house, came the clear sound of flapping wings. Based on the sound, there were three demons. They were attracted here by the smell of Link's Dragon Power.

Link hid in the corner of the house. Not moving at all, he focused his ears and listened to the movements outside.

There are the demons. Based on the sounds of their footsteps, they are Gargoyles. This type of demon has a tough body. In order to kill them, their heads must be cut off... They're coming, they're probably 15 feet away... One is outside the door, nine feet away; one is in the corridor, and the last is on the street, reaching the entrance... Now!

Link was able to tell their positions based on the sound, but never like this. Now, he was essentially using his ears to "see"!

One Gargoyle stood at the doorway. He was five-feet-tall, and his skin was pale grey. He had bat-like wings, a membrane that extended from his back to his underarms. His claws were extremely sharp, protruding from his hands and feet. They could easily smash through steel.

Once the Gargoyle appeared, Link charged forth like the wind. His figure instantly vanished.

A blade flashed, and one Gargoyle's head flew off. Before the head could fly far, Link stamped hard on the ground and changed directions. The blade flashed again and the

second Gargoyle's head flew off.

He paused. Earlier, the two Gargoyles were indoors. When their heads flew, it wouldn't fly far and attract the attention of the flying demons. The third Gargoyle was out on the street though, but Link had already made preparations.

After killing the second Gargoyle, he threw out the last grenade which he had set beforehand. It landed somewhere in the city and exploded. Bang! From 1,800 feet away, came an earth-shaking explosion.

All the demons, both in the sky and on the ground, looked over to where the explosion occurred. Many even flew over. Meanwhile, the Gargoyle on the street had just noticed Link and was about to react. Hearing the explosion, he was startled.

In this brief instant, he lost his last chance to call out. Link dashed over and rolled; then he stood up before slashing his sword across. Swoosh. The Gargoyle was split into two.

Immediately, Link continued towards a wooden house that he had identified earlier. He kept his sword raised in a defensive position and didn't slow down for even a moment.

Outside the wooden house, the three lesser demons were still talking when the explosion happened. They were just about to go over to investigate when Link appeared in front of them. Before they could react, Link's blade flashed past, and three lesser demon heads flew into the air.

Link continued onwards until he entered the wooden house.

It was only now that the first Gargoyle's head hit the floor.

Link exhaled slowly in relief after he entered the wooden house. Earlier, he had expended all his strength. Had there been a single mistake, he would have attracted the attention of all the demons. Under the circumstance in which he could not use any spells, he would be hard-pressed to deal with so many demons. Even if he did not die, he definitely would not return in one piece.

Link took a moment to catch his breath. After he had recovered, Link walked towards the window and looked to where he had first detected traces of life.

From the house 1200 feet away at the base of a hill, there was a stone cottage. The left half of the cottage was already wrecked by cannon fire; even the roof was gone. There were no demons in that area.

From where Link was to the stone cottage, there were no other trees except a huge Silver Tung tree. It was so thick that not even three people could wrap their arms around it. Besides the tree, there was also a huge broken statue. These two were spaced about 400 feet apart, and in fact, provided sufficient cover.

Flap, flap. Link heard the sound of beating wings approaching—demons were coming. They probably discovered the slain Gargoyle and lesser demons; that was inevitable.

While the demons had yet to arrive, Link retrieved another grenade and adjusted the timing. Gathering his strength, he flung it out in another direction.

BOOM! Another explosion shook the air.

Link did not waste even a second and dashed out of the cottage. He used all his strength, running as fast as he could. Not only was he fast, but he was also silent.

A second later, he arrived at the broken statue, and beneath the statue was a Yabba Warrior's corpse. Link noticed a musket lying next to the corpse.

"Good find!"

Link picked up the musket and inspected it. The casing was a little dirty, and the scope was slanted, but these weren't serious problems. Link quickly did some necessary maintenance.

The musket had three bullets loaded, and Link searched the corpse to find another 15.

Keeping the musket in his dimensional pendant, Link looked up to check on the demons. Five demons, including a Screaming Demon, were flying to where the demons were killed.

Link thought for a moment before retrieving another grenade. Adjusting the timing of the explosion to 30 seconds and checking the angle, Link lightly threw the grenade. The grenade followed an ideal path, landing softly near the dead Gargoyle 900 feet away.

The grenade was just the size of a fist, and the demons did not notice it. Link waited.

About ten seconds later, the five demons landed and approached the corpse. They still did not notice the grenade.

Link mentally counted down in his head. 10, 9, 8, 7... 3, 2, 1, explode!

BOOM! The grenade exploded. From where he was, Link saw three Gargoyles flung 150 feet into the air by the force of the explosion. Their bodies were contorted at a weird angle, and they were charred black. Clearly, they were dead.

Screeeeee! The screaming demon was still alive. Of course, it was a Level-8 demon, and a Level-5 grenade could not kill it. It started alerting the rest of the demons by screeching.

The screeching was very loud and immediately attracted the attention of numerous demons who started moving towards it.

Taking this chance, Link darted out from the statue and dashed forward to the large tree. When he reached the tree, he paused and looked back. None of the demons had noticed him. Meanwhile, the screaming demon was still screeching, and all the demons in the sky were flying towards it.

Link dashed out again from under the tree. A second later, he had entered into a portion of the broken down stone cottage.

He had entered into the hall. The hall was filled with rubble, and the ceiling was already split. One column had collapsed and was leaning against a wall, forming a triangular structure. Hidden beneath this triangular structure was a small passageway.

Link crawled into it and discovered that this was the kitchen.

Sniff, sniff. Link's nose twitched. Very quickly, he found the entrance to the wine cellar. The entrance to the cellar was blocked by a giant stone totaling at least one ton in weight. It was essentially sealed. The traces of life he had detected came from inside this cellar.

"We detected danger and hid in this cellar. Do you think we managed to escape the disaster?"



After checking to make sure there were no demons within 300 feet, Link began to clear away the stones.

To the Yabba people, the stones were definitely impossible to move. For Link, however, this wasn't a problem. The biggest stone was 660 pounds. Link only needed a bit of strength to clear it aside.

After doing this, Link listened again and checked for danger. Detecting nothing, Link attempted to open the cover to the cellar.

Creak, creak. the cover shook but didn't open. It was locked from the inside.

That wasn't a problem. Link used a little strength and pulled, feeling where the resistance came from. Then, using the Dragon King's Wrath sword, he stabbed at the spot and cut sideways. The lock immediately broke.

Pulling aside the cover, Link jumped in.

Before he had even reached the ground, he heard a bang. Something flashed in the darkness and a thought passed through Link's mind. Musket fire!

The Yabba inside must have heard the commotion outside and thought the demons were coming. Therefore, they had opened fire.

To be able to shoot at him while he was falling in mid-air, and furthermore accurately target his chest—this gunner's skills were not bad.

If it were before this, Link would use Spatial Shackle to defend himself. Unfortunately, he had to rely on his swordsmanship now.

Judging from the sound of the bullet, Link could determine the trajectory of the shot. Link waved the Dragon King's Wrath sword, and crystal red light flashed in the air as the sword intercepted the path of the bullet. Twang!

The cellar was dimly lit by a small fire that was built on top of a broken barrel in the cellar. On top of the fire was a pot, inside of which something was boiling. A piece of rat skin could be seen floating inside.

A young Yabba eyed Link in fear.

This Yabba's face was very youthful. He did not have a beard, and his skin was still white and tender. He even had a bit of baby fat. His eyes were like little crystals, which, because of fear, were now opened as wide as they could be.

Honestly, if not for the flat chest, Link would have no way of telling his gender... Wait! That did not eliminate either possibility. Was this Yabba a male or a female?

Link was confused.

Once he laid eyes upon this Yabba, a system message appeared in Link's vision.

Mission "Finding Survivors" has been completed. Continue with the rescue.

Player has obtained Assassin's robe. It can be worn anytime.

An image appeared in his vision and Link took a look. It was a dark blue robe with dark silver inscriptions on it. It looked pretty fine, possessing an Assassin's cool demeanor as well as a Magician's mysteriousness.

Link didn't have time to investigate further. He looked at the Yabba child and gestured with his hands, whispering, "Relax, I'm not a demon. I'm a human... messenger. I've come with a message."

Unexpectedly, after hearing Link's words, the Yabba youth was even more frightened. He huddled up and shouted, "You're lying! You hesitated just now; you're definitely lying!"

His voice was also very shrill and did not help in differentiating his gender.

"Wow, that's some keen observation skills you have there," Link said. Link was stunned, that really was only a short pause.

# Chapter 395

## The Suspicious Little Thing

Wine cellar

The Yabba obviously didn't believe Link. This was quite awkward.

Thinking a bit, Link said, "Look at me. I can't be a demon right?"

The little Yabba held a short-handle musket. It was like a handgun from earth. At the moment, the muzzle was shaking but still pointed at Link. "Demons are the best at disguises. Those demons outside aren't scary. It's the evil demons pretending to be humans that are. Like Akensser, he's a respected artisan, but he betrayed us all!"

Thus Link learned that there was a traitor from Lirico. It was the artisan Akensser, just like in the game.

Link looked helpless. "There's no point for me to hurt you, right?"

"Yes you do!" the little thing yelled. "Kill me, hurry! I won't say anything."

This intrigued Link. The Yabba definitely knew something.

Just as he was about to speak, he heard a soft noise outside. Shocked, he listened closely and gestured at the Yabba in the corner of the wine cellar to be quiet. Then, looking left and right, he saw a few wine jars.

He immediately started moving. He stacked the jars one by one beside the entrance. When they almost reached the entrance, Link glanced at it. He estimated the measurements, and then stabbed his sword into the wall. He sliced it lightly as if it was tofu, cutting out a slab bigger than the entrance.

The Yabba's wine cellar was very low-hanging, only eight feet high. Link picked up the stone slab and gently put it on the jars of wine. It sealed off the entrance perfectly. During this entire process, Link was extremely fast. More importantly, he didn't make a sound. Even when slicing the wall, it only made tiny snicks. One couldn't hear it

without listening closely.

When he finished, he realized that the Yabba had put down his musket.

Link was slightly relieved. He brought his finger to his lips to gesture the Yabba to be quiet. The little thing also heard the noise outside. He didn't dare breathe loudly, and his body was shaking. At this moment, even though he still suspected Link, he'd pushed it to the back of his mind. The demon outside the cellar was more terrifying.

The two didn't make a sound. They just waited inside the cellar. Link stood beside the entrance with his sword, ready for anything.

After around two minutes, the ceiling vibrated. Thud, thud, thud. Those were the demons' footsteps. Judging from the sound, there were at least three demons. They weight more than half a ton. Link could also tell that one was a Fodor Flaming Demon.

They got closer and closer to the entrance and Link could hear the Abyss language.

"Do you smell it? It smells weird, like wine."

"A little. Sniff, sniff. Smells nice."

"Hey, leader, there's a sealed entrance. It looks like it's been moved."

"Oh? Let me see."

Hearing this, Link tightened his grip and pressed the sword's tip against the stone slab. As soon as the demons realized something was wrong, he would stab.

Crash! They opened the lid above the cellar. Heavy breathing traveled from the stone slab above Link's head. It was getting closer and closer.

At this moment, not only was Link completely focused, but the Yabba in the corner also picked up his musket nervously again. Rather than aiming at Link though, it was pointed at the stone slab.

The breathing sounds lasted for three seconds before leaving.

"It's just a stone slab. There's nothing there." The demon's voice resonated deeply. This meant he had big lung capacity. Judging from his footsteps, this was the Fodor Flaming

Demon. He was at Level-8 too.

The footsteps faded into the distance. The demon seemed to have really left. Link let out a breath and turned around. "Hey, we can't keep wasting time. We need to leave now. The demon might come back any time."

Actions spoke louder than words. Link's earlier actions had greatly reduced the little thing's doubts. He stared at Link with huge eyes. "You really are the human messenger? What's your name?"

"I'm Link Morani. This is my noble seal, and this is my wand... Hurry, we don't have time!" Link urged.

The Yabba was shocked. "You're the Ferde Lord. Why don't you use magic?"

"Something happened. No time to explain. Follow me!" Link's heart jumped. This meant there was danger, and he had to leave as soon as possible.

This time, the Yabba seemed to believe him. He kicked the jar above the fire, putting the fire out. Then he ran over to Link. "Do you have food? I haven't eaten in three days."

Approaching the Yabba, Link realized that his lips were cracked and he looked frail. Link took a baked potato from Aragu and a pot of water out of the dimensional storage bag for him.

The Yabba took a bite and smacked his lips. "It tastes weird. I've never had it before, but it's nice. I like it."

Link then took out a shirt. He tore it into strips and tied them together. He reached out and put the busy eating Yabba onto his back. At the same time, he ordered, "Hold on tight."

"Ah, oh... okay." The Yabba was frightened, but he had to follow through. He clasped his thin legs tightly around Link's waist. He also hugged tightly with his arms but didn't forget to eat his potato. He was honestly starving.

Link finally realized from the body hugging him that the Yabba was a girl but was completely flat-chested.

Link wrapped the rag around until it got to the Yabba's neck. He turned around. Seeing

that she was still eating, he took the potato away. "Enough. Don't eat too much at first."

"But I'm hungry." She stared imploringly at Link.

He was unmoved. Link continued wrapping the rag until her head was firmly fixed to his back.

"I'm going to die if you tie me like this."

"I'll run very fast later. If I don't fix your head, your neck will turn into twisted rope."

She didn't believe him. "You're lying again! Let me see how fast you run!"

After tying her, Link listened to the outside. It was quiet, but he couldn't lower his guard. He clenched his fists again. Dragon Power surged and activated the Clear Sign effect. Instantly, Link could perceive all sorts of signals.

The ground trembled lightly. There were four demons nearby, including the Fodor Flaming Demon from earlier. He was talking 150 feet away.

The Clear Sign effect collected his voice.

"Look, this seems to be footprints. They're fresh too," he said.

"Something passed by. He must have tossed the bomb earlier too," another demon said. Judging from the voice, it was a Winged Howler.

"He walked the entire way to the wine cellar from earlier, but it was sealed... Is it a secret room?" the Fodor Flaming Demon muttered. After a pause, he said, "Let's go back!"

Then footsteps got closer. It sounded hurried; the demons were running quickly. In order for them to not sense the Dragon Power, Link canceled the effect. Then he whispered to the Yabba, "I need to send a message to Elin, the Lady Fortuna. How can I do that?"

Link didn't say that he needed to enter the city's defensive shield. That would raise suspicions and make the Yabba become guarded again. By saying that he needed to send a message and let the girl do it, she wouldn't suspect him.

"Tell me what Elin looks like." The Yabba was quite careful.

"Emerald eyes, under three feet, likes wearing colorful robes with red, blue, and green. She has pigtails, but her hair isn't long. They look like horns—"

"Alright, I believe you. Elin is inside the crystal wall, but we can't go in. We can't send messages either. The demons destroyed all the investigation statues," the Yabba replied softly.

"The crystal wall? Is it that yellow light shield?" Link asked despite knowing the answer. He guided the Yabba closer and closer to the answer he wanted.

"Yes, it's that magic shield. No information can pass through, unless... I can't tell you. I don't trust you completely!" She suddenly stopped.

Link shrugged. He didn't continue asking because that would make his intentions clear. The Yabba's suspicions would skyrocket. He put his attention on the demons outside the sealed entrance.

Thud, thud. The Fodor Flaming Demon returned. This time, his steps were hurried. From the screams in the air, Link predicted that he would shatter the stone slab.

In the span of a thought, Link made his calculations. He didn't attack or retreat. He just went into the corner, hiding behind a jar of wine.

Crash! The demon stomped the slab and broke it. He had rich battle experience. To prevent anyone under the slab from attacking, his stomp carried powerful demon power. Not only was the stone broken, but Battle Aura also reverberated. The entire cellar entrance caved in, creating a gaping hole.

The jars of wine were shattered. Wooden splinters flew and wine splattered. The cellar was filled with the thick scent of wine. It was the Yabbas' favorite red berry wine.

The commotion was too big like the world shattering. The Yabba screamed instinctively, but before she could make a sound, Link covered her mouth. All other auras in the cellar were covered by the smell of wine.

"Go in and look," the Flaming Fodor Demon said. As a high-level demon, he was over ten feet tall. The cellar was too small for him.

Thud, plop. Two smaller low-level demons jumped down. Link could feel that the Yabba's heart quickened instantly. Even her breathing became faster. She was clearly frightened.

Seeing the low-level demons, Link's mind whirled. He thought of various solutions, and a lightbulb went off. He took the Yabba's musket and reached into the wine jar. Distinguishing location by sound, he made three consecutive shots.

When he fired, Link also gently pinched the Yabba's legs. Even though he did it gently, she couldn't take it. She instantly screamed in pain, and her big black eyes fogged up. A teardrop hung in her eyes. It hurt.

Bang, bang, bang. Every bullet hit a low-level demon, and their heads exploded. They died without putting up a fight.

The commotion obviously alerted the Flaming Fodor Demon outside the cellar. Not only did he hear the musket, but he also heard a Yabba's cry. He cackled. "I was wondering what's hiding down there. It's a little trigger-happy thing. They taste good. Seems like I'll get a good meal today too."

Not only did Firuman know about the Yabba's muskets, but the Dark Army had also experienced them from all the battles. So when the demon heard the musket, his first thought was that a Yabba was hiding in there. To him, Yabbas were just slabs of fresh meat. They weren't a threat at all.

A Winged Howler spoke from the distance. "I want one too. I want one too."

"If you want to eat, help me dig up the cellar. These little things are just like rats. You have to dig them out."

Thud, thud, thud. The Winged Howler walked over and really did start helping. The two demons were both at Level-8, and the stone slabs couldn't stop them.

Boom, boom. The cellar was stomped on continuously, and the entrance widened. Link retreated to the border without a sound. After a few more seconds, a ten-foot-tall figure jumped in. He squatted to look for the "rat."

As for the rat's musket, it was only a threat to low-level demons. His skin was rough and thick. Even if he was hit, it would only be a scratch. While he was getting used to the darkness, Link acted.



He rushed to the demon's side instantly and kicked his knee. With a crack, his knee broke, and the demon stumbled. He opened his mouth to scream, but Link had already used the momentum to shoot upward. There was a small scraping sound. He chopped off the Fodor Flaming Demon's head cleanly, cutting off the scream.

Rushing out the hole, Link saw the Winged Howler. The demon felt something was wrong and opened his mouth to scream. He also spread his wings and jumped into the air.

The Winged Howler's voice attack was very strong. Link could resist it easily, but the Yabba on his back would die from the soundwaves.

In this critical moment, Link lunged as fast as lightning. His foot hooked onto a stone and grabbed the demon's ankle as he shot up. Link yanked the 14-foot-tall demon from the air.

Boom! Link threw the Winged Howler onto the ground, disorienting it.

Without hesitating, Link charged. He stepped onto the demon's head and activated his Legendary power. With a burst, the demon's head exploded like a watermelon under pressure.

As soon as he finished, Link heard screams from the air. It was the Winged Howlers. Link was finally discovered by the demons in the air.

Taking a deep breath, Link composed himself. Then he turned around and started running towards the dense cluster of buildings. Since he was discovered, he'd take advantage of the geography.

"Go left. There's an entrance to an alley," the Yabba suddenly said.

At the same time, a message flashed in his vision.

Activate New Mission: Breakthrough

Mission: Break through the demon's blockade and enter the underground world of Lirico City.

Mission Reward: Assassin Pants (Epic)

It was another piece of gear. The name was similar to the Assassin Robe too. If he finished all the missions, would he get an entire set?

Link had never heard of this set in the game, but he didn't care. He accepted the new mission.

# Chapter 396

## Unbelievable Strength

Screee, Screeee!

Screeching filled the air as the vibrations from the sound waves became visible.

In the distance, hordes of demons were approaching, some flying, many others running. Link could see ghouls, demons and other creatures heading towards him.

If he could use his spells freely, these creatures certainly wouldn't pose a threat. Coupled with the special ability of the Dragon King's Wrath sword, he could single-handedly finish them off. However, right now, his hands were tied. If he fought desperately, he could take out 2,000 demons, but ultimately, he would still be dead meat.

More importantly, his task now was to deliver a message, not to kill the demons.

"My ear hurts!!! Ahhh my ear!!!" The little thing on his back started screaming. She was completely tied down onto Link's back and had no hands to cover her ears. The screeching from the demons made her ears hurt badly.

As Link dashed away, he tore off a corner from his shirt and crumpled it into two balls, stuffing the balls into the little thing's ears. As he was done with this, he heard the sound of wind behind him as a Gargoyle lunged towards him.

Link stamped hard onto the ground as he pivoted, slashing with the Dragon King's Wrath sword. Smash! A crystal red light flashed, and the Gargoyle's body split into two.

Countless demons were still rushing towards him from all directions. The demons numbered over 50. There was no way to deal with them by himself; that would only get him caught up in the fighting.

Link's mind spun quickly, and he came up with a plan.

He untied the little thing on his back and held her in front of him instead. At the same

time, he supported her neck and head with his other hand. Finally, he took out a grenade. Listening to the sound of the wind behind him, he waited.

Three seconds later, he threw the grenade out behind him.

"Three, two, one, hold on tight!"

The little thing obviously recognized this grenade and figured out what Link was trying to do. She immediately retracted her limbs and buried her head into Link's chest.

Instantly, Link leaped off from the ground.

As his leap took him to a height of 15 feet, a loud boom shook the ground behind him. Light blue flames exploded out and surged towards Link.

The explosion also engulfed the many flying demons behind Link.

Link could feel the heat on his skin. Of course, it wouldn't pose a problem to him, but as for the little thing, she would be burnt to crisp. Link released some Dragon Power, creating a crystal red barrier that would protect her.

Amidst the burning inferno, Link felt a strong force pushing from behind him. Being in mid-air, this generated a pushing force that boosted his jump forward. He shot out of the explosion like a bullet, flying into the air.

In his embrace, the little thing was screaming non-stop. The incessant shrill screaming made Link's ears numb.

Five seconds later, Link had shot out 450 feet. As he landed, Link huddled his body into a ball and rolled along the ground to dissipate the momentum. He protected the Yabba within his embrace the entire time.

Actually, with the tenacity of his body, Link could have landed standing up and still be fine. However, the impact would be too much for the Yabba. In the worst case, her body would be held still within his embrace, but the impact would severely rattle her brain and internal organs, causing internal hemorrhage and resulting in her death.

Nonetheless, although Link had done his best to disperse the force of the impact, the little thing was still knocked giddy. She said breathlessly while in Link's arms, "My

head is spinning, the ground is up, and the sky is down, ughhh!"

"You'll be fine soon," Link reassured her. He took out the cloth strip from earlier. This time, instead of tying her to his back, he tied her to his chest.

Once she was tied stably, he instructed, "As I walk forward later, help me keep a lookout behind and quietly warn me of any danger. If I'm going to increase my speed, I'll warn you first. You've got to close your eyes tightly immediately, understand?!"

If she didn't close her eyes, the moment Link picked up speed, that adorable pair of crystal-like eyes would immediately pop out of their sockets. Now that would be ugly.

"Okay," the little thing whimpered. Link could feel her heart beating rapidly. He knew that she was terrified.

The grenade earlier had wrought a fair amount of chaos. At least 20 Gargoyles were killed, and many surrounding houses were destroyed. Because of that, there was a lot of noise and confusion. Making use of the chaos, Link instructed, "Close your eyes!"

The little thing immediately shut her eyes. As she did, the sound of wind rushed past her ears, and a great feeling of inertia pushed against her body, pressing her into Link's chest. Her face especially was buried into his body, and her nose was being flattened against his chest.

Half a second later, the pressure disappeared, and she carefully opened her eyes a slit.

She saw the scenery flash by in a blur as they shot past at high speed.

She had once seen such a sight before; that was when she was on a small airship as it neared the ground. The ground had also passed her by in a blur.

However, that was an airship, a machine. Right now, that speed was being exhibited by a human—a human!

She was stunned. It was said that the Ferde Lord had spells that were undefeatable. Could this be one of those unknown spells?

All doubt about Link had long since vanished.

Along the entire way, she knew that Link had done all he could to look out for her

safety. How could someone like this be a dog of the demons?

Meanwhile, Link had used the opportunity to run 1500 feet. Not far in front was Lariel City's outer district. It was now in ruins, and many places were emitting black smoke.

At the entrance of the district, a squad of demons was obstructing the way.

There were ten demons among them. One was a Level-8 Fodor Flaming Demon. Three were Level-6 sword demons, while the remaining six were Level-4 demons.

The demons adopted a defensive formation as they noticed Link.

From afar, Link also noticed them. He did not decrease his speed in the slightest but merely asked, "Where is the tunnel? I need to adjust my angle of approach!"

"Just go straight along this road, and at the third junction, go right 300 feet. There will be a small alley on your right-hand side, inside that alley is the entrance.

Even in this situation, the little thing's directions were very precise. It wasn't something anyone could do.

Not long ago, Link had met another Yabba called Melinda. After meeting him, she did not hold any sense of suspicion but immediately broke down and lost control of herself.

It wasn't that Melinda was wrong, but in terms of emotional control, the little thing tied to his chest was much stronger than Melinda. This was the difference between a normal human and an elite.

Link guessed that this little Yabba must have some kind of background.

At this moment, Link had already rushed in front of the Fodor Flaming Demon. He drew the Dragon King's Wrath sword, and with one hand protecting the little thing's head, he stabbed towards the Fodor Flaming Demon.

Link's speed was simply too fast. Besides the Level-8 demon, the rest of the demons could not even track him with their eyes. Hence, right now, he only needed to deal with the attacks from the flame demon.

The Fodor Flaming Demon's weapon of choice was a huge war hammer that was

emitting flames. The handle was 6-feet-long, and the hammerhead itself was a large metal block that appeared to weigh 440 pounds.

This Fodor Flaming Demon itself was ten feet tall. As Link approached, he swung the hammer and smashed it towards Link. The demon didn't care about precision with this attack. After all, the hammer was so heavy that as long as it connected with its target, the target would immediately be smashed to bits anyway.

This attack was too brutal, and so Link didn't dare to take it head-on. The pure Dragon Power improved his vitality, but it did not give him extra defenses. Although his body was stronger than the average human, it was still far from being able to take a Level-8 expert's attack head-on.

In an instant, Link ducked. Whoosh. The huge hammer swiped across Link's head, missing it by just a few inches.

After Link had dodged this attack, he entered the flame demon's defensive range. The demon's speed was far from being able to keep up with Link, and it was impossible for him to defend against Link.

At this moment, the Fodor Flaming Demon was just like a sitting duck.

Link stood up straight and leveled the Dragon King's Wrath sword, striding forward. His sword slashed across the flame demon's thigh. Swoosh. The demon's leg was sliced off.

"Ahhh!" The demon cried in pain. As his leg was sliced off, he lost his balance and fell towards Link. Link drew his sword upwards in an arc and conveniently slashed off the Fodor Flaming Demon's head. Flaming hot demon blood spurted out, turning into bloody rain.

Within the bloody rain, Link continued moving forward. As he walked through, the bloody rain fell. It looked as though he walked out through the rain, but not even a single drop of the demon's blood landed on him.

Behind the Fodor Flaming Demon were three Blackshell Sword Demons.

These three Blackshell Sword Demons were six feet tall, and their bodies had natural armor. The swords in their hands looked threatening, and they appeared to be very vicious. However, ultimately, they were low-level demons whose strengths were only

at Level-6.

Against Link, it was like three street bullies meeting a real martial artist. They looked like monkeys trying out new tricks.

Link used the footwork he learned from Kanorse. Stepping forward to the left, he stabbed once, then took another step and delivered a level strike. Finally, he stepped back to the left and struck once more. In this manner, he easily broke through the three sword demons' defenses.

After he had rushed 30 feet past the demons, blood finally spurted out from the demons. It was like they only realized they were killed when their heads finally hit the floor.

Link was already extremely well-versed with this technique. Even if Kanorse were here, he would not likely be able to give Link many pointers.

This technique did not escape the notice of the little Yabba girl. Link gave her a feeling that he, the lord of Ferde, was immeasurably strong.

Every demon here would be a threat to the Yabbas, even the smallest and weakest ones. The Yabbas required their weapons and could only attack in groups of three. Otherwise, they ran the risk of being completely obliterated.

As for the Blackshell Sword Demons and the Fodor Flame Demons, they would require the heavy-duty magic cannons to deal with them.

However, Link was killing them like he was killing chickens. The entire time, he had been holding onto her and protecting her head with one hand.

What kind of strength was this?

At this point, there were only six low-level demons blocking the way. How could they even dream of standing up to Link? They yelped and scampered to the side.

"Eyes close!" Link instructed. Half a second later, he dashed forward again.

He had now successfully reached the third junction and could see, once again, that many demons were charging towards them.



Among them were ghouls, Dark Elves, and even a few Dark Elf Magicians.

Having the support of Magicians greatly increased the threat of the incoming attack.

Link didn't dare to take any risks and immediately escaped forward. Based on the directions by the little thing, he dashed to the left and continued for another 300 feet. Then, as she had said, there was an alley to his right.

Link entered the alley and ran for 150 feet until he reached a dead end. Here, he noticed a pile of rocks on the ground. Hidden beneath the pile of rocks was a passage to a tunnel.

The little thing noticed the pile of rocks and exclaimed, "Oh no! The entrance has been discovered by demons!"

"Are there Yabbas in the passage?" Link asked, frowning. He could hear the thunder of footsteps. It meant that pursuing troops were approaching.

"Of course! And not just a few," the little thing said.

Lariel City had a complex network of sewage pipes. When the demons attacked, she saw many people evacuate under the city. If not for the fact that she lived in the outer districts of the city and didn't make it in time, she would have taken the chance to hide there as well.

"Understood," Link said. He looked back to see the demons entering the alley. Without any more hesitation, he jumped into the passage.

Because the entrance to the passage was wrecked, the fall down into the passage was very deep, about 30 feet. As he landed, Link rolled a few times to disperse the impact of the fall.

Almost at the same time, something flashed in his vision.

Mission complete: Break through.

New Mission: Assistance.

Description: Assist the Yabba people in resisting the enemy in the underground passages of Lariel City.

Mission Reward: Assassin's Helmet (Epic)

# Chapter 397

## Big Terrifying Demon

The underground world of Lirico City reached in all directions. A stranger would definitely get lost within ten minutes. Link was no exception.

Thankfully, he had a guide.

"Go left. The ride side is going out the city," the Yabba directed.

"Where are we going?" Link asked. At the same time, he listened closely for any noise behind him. There were many footsteps. Many soldiers had followed him into the underground tunnels.

However, the tunnels were very complex. No demons had caught up yet.

The little thing explained in a low voice, "We're going to the sewage treatment area. It's the lowest part and most complicated. There are also many sturdy valves there. If there are any survivors, they'll most likely be there."

"I see." Link crept forward.

After around 300 feet, Link realized that the noises behind him had become extremely weak. Thanks to the complex layout, Link had easily lost the pursuers.

He let out a breath of relief and continued.

"Left side... Careful!" the Yabba suddenly called.

Her alert was unneeded. Link had realized earlier, and a low-level demon charged out of a corner. Link swung his sword and chopped off the demon's head.

He turned the corner and saw a 150-square-foot room. The Yabba yelped at the sight and buried her face in Link's shoulder, not willing to look anymore. Link narrowed his eyes as well.

The room was filled with bodies. There were around 20 Yabbas and four low-level demons. There was even a Blackshell Sword Demon. The ground was covered in spilled intestines, broken limbs, and a shattered magic musket. The Blackshell Sword Demon was dead too. He was killed by a Yabba's suicidal bomb attack.

That Yabba's body was completely broken. Only half of his face remained. He'd stuffed the bomb into the demon's mouth, exploding the demon's head.

"Wah, wahh." The little thing began crying. She'd turned around at some point and saw that face. "I know him. He's Ferrion, a major. He's really brave, smart, and had so much potential. He was going to be the commander of an airship."

Link patted her back and continued walking.

There was a very sturdy gate at the back of this underground room. Fifteen dim runes flashed around the door. Link looked at it and realized this was a password. If he activated the runes in the wrong order, the door wouldn't open.

"Little thing, do you know the password?" Link asked while checking the runes.

"Don't call me that. My name is Lannie. I don't know the password either, but we can go another way," she said.

But Link didn't move. He was still checking the runes.

"It's useless. You can't decipher it. It's a magic lock. If you don't know the password, there are tens of thousands of ways to input it. This door uses the sturdiest metal of our race. It's really sturdy and... hey, how do you know the password?"

While Lannie was speaking, Link had already started touching the runes. By the time she finished, a soft click had come from the metal door and then it swung open soundlessly.

"It's an innovative rune lock, but it's not that hard. Don't forget that I'm a Magician."

Link entered the tunnel and then looked at the runes behind it. After ten seconds, he pressed lightly. With a click, the door closed again.

Lannie was speechless. After a long while, she said, "Then how come you know swordsmanship? And you're so good at it?"

"I learned it in my free time... Shh... don't talk. This space doesn't feel right," Link whispered.

There was a long passage behind the door, with many pipes in the passage. They should be from the sewage system. They looked undamaged, but Link noticed that the spatial frequency was a bit off.

He walked to the side and touched the wall. His hand came back with a layer of gray-white powder.

Lannie found it strange. "This wall is reinforced by transformational magic. It should be strong and smooth. How come there's powder?"

"It's caused by fine spatial ripples," Link said.

He started looking carefully. After around ten seconds, he stepped back and whispered, "A Dimensional Demon appeared here... And look here."

There were many footprints on the ground. Most were small and scuffed, left behind by retreating Yabbas. Behind them were footprints three times larger.

"The footprints are trapezoidal and very wide. There are claws too. These are the characteristics of a Dimensional Demon. Judging from the remaining aura, these are from one day ago. Hurry!"

Link sped up.

After around 200 feet, the first Yabba corpse appeared on the ground. Only the upper half of his body remained. His eyes were open wide while his small body was halved with some sharp blade. There was a musket beside him, broken in half. In the distance, the wall was charred black. It was cracked, and there were stone shards on the ground.

After a few seconds, Link came to a conclusion. "The retreating Yabbas discovered that someone was after them. This Warrior was left behind to stop the demon. He was broken by the Dimensional Demon, but he took the chance to detonate a bomb. There is a drop of black blood here. The demon was wounded."

Link picked up the broken magic musket. Seeing the smooth cut, his brows knitted. "This demon is very strong. I fear he's reached Level-9. It'll be a bit difficult."

If they fought face to face, Link would have nothing to fear. However, Dimensional Demons loved hiding in spatial folds for sneak attacks. If anything went wrong, they'd hide back into the spatial fold. Dimensional Demons were Assassin demons and extremely fast. This was troublesome.

More importantly, Link couldn't use magic now. If he could use spatial magic, he could use Spatial Rend to destroy the demon if he tried to hide in space.

What a pity.

"Are we going to keep chasing?" Lannie asked fearfully. She wished Link could keep going to save her people, but he said there was a Level-9 demon up ahead. This was scary.

"Of course, but I need to prepare."

With that, Link looked into the corner and thought, Accept reward.

Whoosh. A shirt and pants fell from the air. They were the Assassin Robe and Assassin Pants.

Link undid Lannie's ties and set her on the ground. Then Link took off his leather armor. Putting on his new clothes, he explained, "I recently made these two pieces of gear and couldn't bear to put them on before. I have to use them now."

He spoke calmly this time. The gear had dropped out of thin air as if he'd taken it out of the dimensional storage. Lannie, observant as she was, didn't suspect anything.

When Link was done, she studied him and couldn't help but ask, "Is it a robe? It's pretty."

It was indeed. The clothing was of dark blue material. One could faintly see many elegant dark silver patterns. There was a faint blue glow around the robe. Looking closely, one could see countless specks of light flying around.

Link didn't notice the appearance. He checked the robe's profile first.

Assassin Robe (Set)

Epic

Current Set Status: 2/6

Effect One: Magic resistance increases by 80% as long as it doesn't affect the spell-caster's magic conductivity.

Effect Two: Shadow effect. When the spellcaster stands without moving, a ball of fog three feet wide will appear from their body. This effect can protect the spell-caster from being attacked at critical body parts.

Effect Three: Activate the "ready" status. Under this status, the spell-caster can cast any spells instantaneously. This effect can be used once every ten days.

Link looked at the pants.

It also had three effects. The magic resistance and shadow effect were the same as the robe. The third, called "Godspeed," was different.

The player could activate this status and increase their speed by three times. The effect could last one hour but had to cool down for one month.

This effect was pretty good. Link could use it to both attack or defend. If his current speed was tripled, he'd be close to Nana. After his magic recovered, he could pair this with Dimensional Jumps and no one would be able to catch him.

The set also had its own attributes. The two pieces of gear already activated it. Link looked over and saw a halo.

It was the Focus Halo. This halo was permanent and had a 30-foot range. Within it, anyone the spell-caster focused on would receive the effect. Their speed would increase by ten percent and their spell-casting speed by five percent.

Not bad. With this set, he was much more confident in dealing with the Level-9 Dimensional Demon.

"Let's go. Is it okay if you follow behind me?" Link asked.

"Of course. I'm great with the musket." Lannie took out the musket she'd put in the holster by her leg and twirled it.

The two continued forward.

After around 300 feet, there was another door. It also had runes, but they didn't glow.

Lannie looked at it strangely. "The door was damaged but how? And how do you use this?"

Link didn't speak. He was looking for a way through the door. He tried the Dragon King's Fury magic sword. It sizzled and didn't give in easily, but he still forced the sword through. This seemed to be the easiest way.

He spent ten minutes and finally cut an opening into the door. The two climbed in.

Once in, Lannie and Link were stunned by what was behind the door.

The walls here had all collapsed. Broken stones were everywhere, practically blocking the tunnel. There were many black bloodstains on the ground. The most eye-catching was a black thing that looked like a lizard's tail.

Seeing this, Link recreated the scene in his mind and couldn't help but praise, "So powerful!"

The Yabbas were very smart. They'd figured out the Dimensional Demon's characteristics and sealed the door. They forced the demon to teleport using its dimensional abilities. The moment he appeared from the spatial waves, the bomb detonated.

Caught by surprise, the Dimensional Demon was hurt badly. His tail even fell off.

Link walked to the tail and studied it. After one second, two seconds, three seconds, his brows knitted. "No, the tail isn't right."

"What happened?" Lannie was frightened.

Link looked up to her. "I underestimated the demon. Look at his tail. The scales are very fine and have rings of blue-gold light. A regular Dimensional Demon wouldn't have these things. If I'm not wrong, this must be part of the royal family!"

Lannie was quite knowledgeable too. Her eyes widened. "You mean, this is a Dimensional Phantom?"

Dimensional Phantom



## Dimensional Demon Royalty

Royal Talent: Soul-absorbing Stab. With every kill, the Dimensional Phantom can turn a portion of the target's soul into their own power. To protect the purity of their power, the rate is not very high, but it builds up, especially on the battlefield. A Dimensional Demon can kill a great amount of creatures in a short period.

"No wonder this Dimensional Demon has Level-9 strength. If he was Level-8 at the time of summoning, then he must have killed more than 3000 Yabbas... We must catch up to him!"

This demon chased so relentlessly and so impatiently probably wasn't just to kill them all. It was highly possible that he was about to advance to the next level.

# Chapter 398

## Completely Convinced

Whoooo, Whooo. The sound of the wind howling came from nearby.

Lannie said softly, "Up ahead is the center of the shallow portion. From the sound of it, the air formation has been activated. It will purge the stale air from the tunnels out from above."

Link nodded his head and rubbed his nose. He said, "The situation probably isn't too good. I smell a thick scent of blood."

Even though the system was circulating the air, Link could still smell the blood in the air.

The smell of everyone's blood was different. It differed based on body mass, Mana quantity, and other minute differences. Normally, people would not be able to tell the difference, but Link could.

Link could smell that in the center area, there were at least 30 corpses. Perhaps they were too late.

However, Link did not say a thing and walked ahead with Lannie.

After about 300 feet, they reached a circular pool about 150 feet across. In the center of the pool was a round platform. Connected to the platform were four walkways supported with semicircular bridges. At the top of the sewage chamber was a light spell formation which emanated warm light, lighting up the entire underground chamber.

Lannie took a single glance and immediately shut her mouth and sobbed silently.

Up ahead, corpses were piled over each other. There was not a single corpse that was complete. Some brains were split in two, while others had their bodies separated into two or more pieces. On both, the left and right side were pools of dried blood. Some places of the floor were crumbled, perhaps from cannon explosions.

Corpses, rubble, and cannon shells were strewn across the area. The only thing that didn't seem to be around was the Dimensional Demon. Not even a trace of black demon blood could be found.

Lannie sobbed. "No, no, all these are Warriors, I'm sure there are civilians still alive. There must be."

Lannie was about to jump into the sewage to look for people, but Link held her back. She struggled fiercely. "Let me go! I'm going to take a look!"

Of course, her struggles were futile. Link restrained her with little effort and pulled her back beside him. He glanced around the space and warned her softly, "Lannie, you're right. There are survivors, but it is because there are survivors that is why it hasn't left."

Lannie trembled and quieted down. Swoosh, she drew out a musket.

However, this musket's firepower was unfortunately far too low. It was useless. In all likelihood, it would not even be able to penetrate the demon's armor.

Link took out the musket he had picked up and handed it to Lannie. "Here, I picked this up along the way."

This gun's firepower was much higher. Although it could not pose a serious threat to a Level-9 demon, at least it would be able to inflict an injury. Lannie obviously couldn't do anything by herself, but she could support Link and create a distraction when he was battling the demon.

Lannie nodded, "I can use this."

"Good, okay follow me." Link said as he stepped forward carefully. He was in a state of high alert.

However, the Dimensional Demon did not appear. As Link walked through the sewage chamber to the platform on the other end, all they could hear was the howling of the wind in the chamber.

"Strange," Link said, frowning. He couldn't seem to see through the demon's intentions.

In front of him was a wide passage. At the end of the passage, there was a large door. Along the passage were many footprints and lots of blood.

Link knelt down to inspect the trails. "The footprints are heading towards the door. There were at least a hundred people, it's probably the survivors I think."

As he said this, he turned to Lannie. "Stay close by my side, we'll continue going forward."

Lannie nodded, hugging the larger musket to her chest. She kept close behind Link, looking around attentively the whole time.

After walking about 60 feet into the passage, Link suddenly shouted, "Stop, there's a spell formation here. Seems like there is a Magician among the survivors. Based on their skill... They're probably Level-7."

The space up ahead seemed completely clear, and nothing seemed odd about it. There wasn't even any trace of Mana left behind. This level of spell formation couldn't be done by a Magician without sufficient skill.

Lannie was short and could see things on the ground and at low angles more clearly. She suddenly pointed to the base of a sewage pipe and said, "Look! There are many bullets stacked over there. Those are incendiary bullets possessing about Level-6 strength. There are about ten of them."

Link followed the trail of Mana that existed in the air and quickly understood what was going on. "This is a trap. This trap is very well done, even if you pass through without touching the floor or the walls, the trap would still be activated and explode. The explosion would even affect the Dimensional Demon's other dimension and tear it apart. I believe it is because of this that the demon does not dare to enter. The survivors must be inside."

"Do you have a way to break through this?" Lannie asked.

"Of course," Link nodded. He carefully observed the flow of Mana in the spell formation. After ten seconds, he stretched out his finger and used his Dragon Power to poke at a few random spots in the air.

One second later, the magic web of the spell formation shattered. Finally, it disappeared in a trail of white smoke.

The moment the web shattered, there was a commotion from behind the door. Some were crying, others were breathing heavily. There were even sounds of shock and teeth grinding.

Obviously, the people inside were aware that the spell formation had been broken.

Link listened carefully and estimated, "There are about 200 people inside. Lannie, call out to them and tell them we're here."

At this moment, they didn't dare to make any rash actions. Everyone inside was tense. If they were alarmed, one of them might set off a grenade and kill everyone inside.

Lannie nodded. "Everyone, I am Lannie Alliway. Don't worry, I'm here to save you. I'm not alone, I'm with the Lord of Ferde from the south, Magician Link. He was the one who broke the formation just now, don't be afraid."

After Lannie shouted, there were about ten seconds of silence. Then, the door opened. Behind the door was a huge room packed with Yabbas.

The person who opened the door was an old Yabba man. His hair was white, and he wore a blue Magician's robe. When he saw Lannie, his eyes lit up. "Lannie! You're still alive!"

Lannie was delighted too. "Master Green, it's great to see you!"

When the Yabbas in the room saw this, many stood in joy. They thought that they would be saved. However, the Magician didn't think so. He asked, "When you guys came in, did you see the Dimensional Demon?"

"No, but we were chasing it on the way here," Lannie said, shaking her head.

The Yabba called Master Green's face paled. He looked at Link and was a little confused. "You must be Master Link. Why does it seem like you are using a sword?"

Link had been standing there unmoving for a while now. The Assassin's Robe special ability activated on its own. Link was wrapped in a blackish-blue fog, and his features weren't clear.

Link moved slightly and walked out of the fog. He explained, "I did a dimensional teleportation a while ago and got affected by the Void Aura. I'm temporarily unable to

use any spells, so I'm using the sword to make up for it instead."

"Dimension... Dimensional teleportation? Make up?" Master Green couldn't wrap his mind around it. Link's appearance still matched the description in the stories, but the things he was saying were completely foreign.

Dimensional teleportation was a skill belonging to the Legendary realm, wasn't it? And furthermore, what was a Magician doing with a sword? Is it something one could randomly pick up to make up for being unable to use spells?

However, the Ferde Lord was said to be very intelligent, and the ridiculous things that he was saying were not things an intelligent person would say.

Lannie knew that Master Green had misunderstood. She quickly said, "Master Link really knows swordsmanship, and he's really good at it. Along the way here, he killed many demons, including high-level demons too. It's true! You've got to believe me."

Master Green was still skeptical, but nonetheless, he still believed that Link was strong. Anyway, Link didn't bother replying to his doubts. He informed Link, "Master Link, the Dimensional Demon is still hiding somewhere. Do you have a way to deal with him?"

This entire time, Link had been observing the Yabbas. Most of them looked like they were prepared to die. Everyone had bombs strapped to their bodies. This was probably to prevent a sneak attack from the Dimensional Demon.

Link was also thinking of a way to deal with the Dimensional Demon. Link said after a moment, "I'm afraid it's observing us right now and is prepared to take action. Master Green, do you know how strong it is?"

As he said this, Link was keeping an eye on the movements in the space. The moment he detected anything, he would immediately take action and retaliate.

"Okay," Master Green replied. "He..."

The moment Master Green started speaking, Link felt a disturbance in the space. This was something only a Spatial Magician could detect.

In a Spatial Magician's eyes, the space was like a sea. Those that could pass through the space were like fish. When a fish emerged out of the water, even if normal people

couldn't detect it, but a Spatial Magician could see it based on the fluctuations in the space.

The fish has come out, where is it? Hmmm, there!

Link stabbed out at the spot he identified, a short distance from Magician Green's forehead.

Clang. Link hit something as a slit opened in the air. It appeared like a black dot fleeting through the air. Many Yabbas with sharp eyes could see it, and Magician Green could see it too.

He stared at Link in shock. The entire way here, they had been plagued by the Dimensional Demons attacks which left no trace. Link, however, could accurately determine where the demon's attacks were coming from and could even defend against them.

This made Magician Green completely convinced of Link's strength. He shrouded himself in a defensive barrier and asked, "Master Link, what do we do now?"

# Chapter 399

## Let Me Borrow Your Mana

Underground sewage treatment cesspool

Link didn't make a sound. He sensed the surrounding situation quietly like an experienced fisherman observing the fish swimming from the changes in water current.

The Yabbas were afraid of disrupting Link's thoughts. They didn't even dare breathe loudly. A mother muffled the mouth of the child in her arms as soon as she cried out.

After around five seconds, Link said, "He's around 150 feet from us right now. He should be around the cesspool. Master Green, I need your help to fight him."

Master Green replied without hesitation, "No problem. Tell me whatever you need. I'm willing to even give up my life to kill it!"

Link shook his head. "It's not that grave. I just need to borrow your Mana." With that, he looked at the little one. "Lannie, you stay here. Master Green and I will deal with him."

He couldn't use spells now, but with a Level-7 Magician aiding him, that Dimensional Phantom would definitely die as long as it didn't escape.

"I can help... oh, fine," Lannie surrendered after withstanding two seconds of Link's stare.

Link turned to Green and said, "Let's lock the room first."

"Set up a magic net?" Master Green asked.

"Something like that." Link took out his notes and flipped to a certain page. Pointing at the spatial Mana structure, he said, "Construct your Mana according to that."

Master Green looked at the notes. Half a minute later, he said, "It doesn't look too hard.



What spell is it?"

"Spatial barrier. Just follow it," Link explained simply.

Master Green followed his instructions. He raised his small wand and inserted Mana according to Link's structure. Around ten seconds later, a tiny ball of Mana light appeared at the wand's tip.

The Mana ball was like a mist. It was around ten millimeters wide. One could faintly see the fine structure within it, but that was all.

This was only Mana without producing any specific spell. There was no sign of the Spatial barrier.

Master Green maintained the structure while looking at Link strangely. It was easy to understand what he was thinking. Why isn't it working? Is it a broken structure?

Link was now multitasking between sensing the Dimensional Phantom and paying attention to the Mana ball. "No, you didn't finish it," he said in a low voice. "The rune's position and frequency of vibrations must be adjusted precisely. Listen closely."

Master Green nodded. It was his first time using spatial magic and felt reverent. He listened closely.

"Move the alpha rune south 0.01, move the beta rune along the spatial vector 0.2, 0.03, 0.85... Increase the Mana output of the wheeler rune... Yes, just like that. The main rune has started vibrating. That's the frequency, yes, that's it..."

Master Green had a strong foundation in magic. He could follow Link's instructions immediately.

Half a minute later, after 30 precise adjustments, the space around the ball of light at the wand's tip started changing. It rippled like water. Master Green's heart actually started pounding. So this is spatial magic. Tsk, it's too hard, too precise, but I feel so accomplished to see my own Mana disturb this mysterious space.

He was already 80 years old, but he was still stunned. However, he must be calm when casting spatial magic. His emotions had caused abnormal waves in the spell. The spatial ripples started slowing down.

Link sensed this and growled, "You're not done yet. Compose yourself!"

"Yes!" Master Green hurriedly composed himself.

Link didn't speak. He felt abnormal waves in space again. The Dimensional Phantom had returned to stop Green from casting the spell. Link narrowed his eyes. Without moving, he continued instructing, "The auxiliary runes have started vibrating as well. The frequency trend follows the vegetta formula."

As soon as he finished, Link's sword suddenly moved. It stabbed into the air behind Master Green. With a soft cling, Link hit another black blade.

Because of the spatial ripples, the Dimensional Phantom needed some time to build up his power, but Link wouldn't give him the time. As before, this attack came quietly and was forced back quietly.

The commotion was tiny, but the murderous intent stunned all the Yabbas. At this time, all of them looked at Link. He was the only one who could save them.

Master Green trembled inwardly as well. He now knew that he'd become the Dimensional Phantom's target to be killed without a doubt. However, he was still a Master Magician. His heart was steady and calm and had rich experience. His heart trembled, and a small ripple appeared, but he smoothed it out within two seconds.

He handed his safety to Link and focused entirely on the spatial magic. The structure wasn't that complex, but during the process, there were many runes to control. The controlling method was extremely complex as well. It was difficult to truly cast the spell so he must put all his effort into it.

Cling. Link forced the Dimensional Phantom back again and said, "Alright, now complete the vibrations of the last flank rune. The trend follows the Arak formula... Yes, now maintain it for more than five seconds!"

Sweat beaded on Master Green's forehead. A faint light glowed in his eyes, signifying that his soul was operating at the max.

The spatial ripples at the wand's tip began spreading and spreading. After five seconds, there was a buzz, and the tunnel was sealed with a thin film of light. The spell calmed down.

Whoosh. Master Green exhaled loudly. He looked tired but mostly excited. "This is spatial magic? What's it called?"

Link shook his head. "There's no official name. It's just a spatial barrier that I created in my free time. It can block all spatial transmissions. If someone tries to cross through forcefully, it'll break down immediately. The breakdown process will cause a violent spatial rend. I think that the Dimensional Phantom won't like that feeling."

With that, Link walked towards the cesspool while saying, "Let's go. Now that they're safe, we can deal with him."

He could feel that the Dimensional Phantom hadn't left. The demon seemed to not give up. Link scoffed inwardly. If you're not leaving, then prepare to die.

"Okay!" Master Green nodded. He shook his head and moved his small legs, jogging behind Link.

Soon, they reached the circular podium in the center of the cesspool. Link flipped through his notes to a certain page. "This time, use this Mana structure."

Green glanced at it and seemed uncomfortable. "This looks a bit troublesome, but I'll try my best."

Link nodded. "You've never cast this type of spell before so don't think. Just follow my instructions step by step."

This spell truly was a bit difficult; its level was second only to the Spatial Sphere that Link often used. Even a Level-7 Magician with detailed instructions would need at least three months of practice to cast it alone if they didn't have the foundation. But now, Link, the spell's creator, divided the casting process into countless tiny steps. He would instruct bit by bit while Green only had to follow him. The difficulty was lowered almost ten times.

At this moment, Green was like a soldier while Link was the general.

"Let's start!" Link said.

"I'm ready."

On the platform, one spoke while the other acted. After a minute, the spatial ripples

appeared again. The ripples spread ring after ring, moving through the space of the sewage treatment center like waves of water. They were like the radar detection waves.

Three seconds later, Link suddenly said, "Coordinates 25, 52, 3, vibrate auxiliary Aravin formula!"

Green obeyed.

The spatial ripples instantly trembled. Immediately after, they grouped in the direction that Link pointed out like a net.

Hiss! There was a scream, and a black shadow tumbled out of the air. It was the Dimensional Phantom!

"Start attacking!" Link immediately said.

Master Green reacted speedily. He gave several Yabba firebombs to Link while throwing another bomb at the shadow.

Link through a bomb too.

Boom, boom, boom! Blue fireballs around ten feet wide continuously exploded on the black shadow.

Hiss, hiss! The screams kept coming. The Dimensional Phantom's voice was tinged with pain. It had just been forcefully dragged out by the spatial ripples and had delayed reactions. During this time, he couldn't protect himself well. The Yabba took advantage of this and bombed his tail.

Now, he faced the incoming bombs and was hurt again.

"He's going to run!" Master Green panicked. He discovered that the demon's body had blurred.

"Protect yourself!" Link had already discovered this. While roaring, his body was covered with the crystal red Dragon Power. He lunged and instantly arrived near the demon. His sword sliced down.

Link was very, very fast. The Dimensional Phantom didn't even have time to sneak into

the spatial ripple and waved his arm to block. His weapons were blue arm blades on both arms.

Clang! The sound reverberated.

Instead of a light attack, they truly clashed this time. Power burst after the attack and rings of white airwaves spread in all directions. The convergence of power was many times more powerful than the bombs.

In the path of the shockwaves, corpses flew, and sewage water splashed. Master Green had already cast a defensive shield for himself, but he was still knocked to the ground from the power.

He sat on the ground in shock. If not for the shield, he'd be dead already.

The other side

Link's Dragon King's Fury sword activated an extremely dense attack. Each move was a basic technique but forced the demon to endlessly go into defense. He had no time to fight back, let alone escape into space.

Link was shocked too. The Dimensional Phantom's physical strength was no weaker than his. The demon power showed signs of reaching the Legendary level. While Link's Legendary Dragon Power could restrict him, it couldn't defeat him easily.

Of course, another reason was the Void's aura around him. His Dragon Power scattered as soon as it left his body, reducing his direct combat ability.

After more than ten moves, Link finally got the chance. With a squelch, he hacked the demon's left arm.

Hiss! The Dimensional Phantom screamed in pain and his power suddenly exploded. He used his demon power without caring for the consequences, and his speed multiplied suddenly.

Link knew immediately that the guy was getting ready to escape.

If other demons went crazy like this, Link would choose to go onto the defensive and wait for it to end. Dimensional Demons were different. They had spatial abilities, so they would try to escape as soon as things went wrong.

Link couldn't give him the chance. He covered himself with Dragon Power for protection and started attacking faster!

Hiss, hiss! The demon cried out multiple times. He still wasn't as powerful as Link. Even if he used all his might, he still couldn't force Link back.

Five seconds later, he used up all his strength. Link shot forward and waved his sword. With a disturbing sound, the demon's head flew off.

The Dimensional Phantom was killed.

The message Mission accomplished flashed past his vision.

Link let out a sigh of relief. During this entire time, the guy would escape if he made a single mistake. After that, there would be endless trouble. It was very good to successfully kill him now.

Link looked back at Master Green. The man had been thrown to the corner, but he had a shield. Though in a pathetic state, he was fine.

He looked relieved to have survived. Seeing Link look over, he chuckled, both tired and relaxed. "I'm old now. My bones were almost shattered by you, youngling."

# Chapter 400

## The Strange Fluctuations in the Magic Net

Beside the sewage cesspool

Link walked back to the passage and took down the spatial barrier.

"How is it?" Lannie asked.

Link didn't say a word but stepped aside, letting Lannie see the headless black and blue demon corpse lying in the passage entrance.

Lannie exhaled slowly and unclenched her fist. She said excitedly, "Master Link, you're amazing!"

Behind her, the Yabba people were too happy for words. Many cried in relief. On their way here, one brave Warrior after another had stood up against it, but none manage to kill it. The demon would appear like a specter of death, and every time it appeared, the Warriors were forced to use their strongest suicidal attacks in an attempt to take it down.

Everyone had been despondent.

Now that the demon was dead, it felt like a large weight was lifted from their hearts. Some people ran past Link and stopped next to the demon, kicking and hitting its corpse, crying all the while. Many others ran up to Link and knelt before him, thanking him.

There was a mother that walked over with her child and said emotionally, "Lord, my child is only half a year old. His father died in battle and never got the chance to give him a name. Would you please name this child?"

Link knelt down and looked at the child not much bigger than his fist. The infant was not in good condition. Perhaps he was frightened from the battle, or perhaps, being on the run, his mother could not take proper care of him. Link reached out and touched the child's skin. The infant's body was burning hot. The baby's face was also twisted

in pain, as though it wanted to cry but couldn't. It must have been suffering.

Thinking for a moment, he placed his hand on the infant's head and channeled in some Dragon Power. This Dragon Power could greatly increase one's vitality. Instantly, the infant's expression calmed down. Then, Link cut a slit on his finger and drew out some blood which he used to draw a complex pattern on the infant's head.

He was not able to use any spells. Nonetheless, his blood was very dense with power. The inscriptions he made would definitely have a large effect.

It was as though the infant could feel much more comfortable. Its crystal-like eyes opened wide, and it moved its body, turning towards its mother's chest. It was hungry.

"What a cute little thing," Link said gently. "He will be the hope of the future. We shall call him Fain."

"Many thanks, Lord," The Yabba mother said, before moving to the side.

It was now time to settle important matters. Link asked Lannie, "What about delivering the message?"

Lannie slapped her forehead. "Oh right! I almost forgot. Master Green should know what to do, come with me."

Lannie grabbed Link's hand and ran forward with her short legs until she exited the passage.

Magician Green was resting by the side of the cesspool. When he saw Link, he quickly got up to greet him.

Lannie was like a little bird. She chattered on continuously, telling Magician Green all about Link's intentions.

When she was done, Magician Green asked Link, "Are there really so few of the Black Army left outside Lariel?"

Link nodded. "I realized this when I came here. The truth is, three days ago, Orida fortress was engaged in a bloody battle. The alliance killed 80,000 Dark Elves and 40,000 demons. Of course, we had great losses as well. Right now, we are only left with about 10,000 Warriors. We are surrounded on all sides by the remaining demons...



We need reinforcements urgently."

Magician Green slapped his thigh and exclaimed, "If only we knew that there were so few people outside the city! We wouldn't have stayed holed up inside. We must quickly get this news through the barrier. There's no time to waste!"

He thought for a moment and said, "If we want to pass the news into the city, we need to use the statues. There should be many left in the outer districts."

Link knew about this method too, but unfortunately, most of the statues had already been destroyed completely. That level of destruction was not something that could be fixed easily.

Link said helplessly, "Unfortunately, I don't think that will work. Before we came here, we saw that many of the statues were already destroyed.

Lannie also nodded, "All the statues are destroyed and in pieces. I didn't manage to see an undamaged one either."

As he heard this, Magician Green frowned. He thought that there would definitely be some statues left and never expected that the situation would be so serious.

"This must be the work of that traitor, Akensser! Well then, the only way we can send a message through is to build another transmitting statue. But to do this, we'll need to go to the magic net's node," Green said.

"Magic net node?" Link asked.

Green nodded. He explained, "Underneath Lariel City is a giant magic net. We used it to create many things, including defensive barriers and offensive spells. Actually, the whole of Lariel City is just like your human magic towers."

"I understand; how do we find it then?" Link asked. As expected of an ancient race, their secrets were extremely well hidden.

"I know the positions of all the nodes. The nearest one is just one and a half miles away from us. We can get there using the underground passages. Let's go now!" Green exclaimed.

The moment Green finished speaking, a message appeared in Link's vision.

## New Mission: Deliver the Message

Description: Find the magic net node, build the statue and form a connection with the Yabbas inside Lariel City.

Mission reward: Assassin Boots (Epic)

Link immediately accepted the mission and said, "Let's go then."

"I'm going too!" Lannie said, clutching the musket under her arm. "I'm a very good shooter!"

Green nodded and said, "Lannie is the clan's greatest shooter."

Link assented. "Then, will these people have enough food here?" He asked.

"They do. There's enough to last at least a month. After we go out, we'll seal the entrance. That will keep this place safe," Green replied.

Then Green and Lannie said a few words to the survivors and instructed them on various things to take note of in the underground. A few minutes later, Green came back and said, "We can go now."

The three of them followed the passage back to the entrance. After 300 feet, Link used his magic sword to carve an inscription on the ground. He explained, "This is a spatial rune, it can completely seal off the passage."

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh. Very soon, the walls and floor were covered in runic inscriptions. Half a minute later, he was done. He said to Green, "The Void Aura is disrupting the formation of my Mana into spells. Green, could you provide the Mana for this formation? Lannie, come over to this side."

Green obeyed and channeled his Mana into every rune. After every rune was lit up, the space shuddered for a moment. Then, it went back to normal. Nothing looked out of place, and the runes on the floor and walls had disappeared.

"What happened?" Green asked Link.

"This is an infinite loop of space. Lannie, walk in and try it," Link instructed, smiling.

"Doesn't look like much," Lannie shrugged. She walked in. After a moment, she reappeared in the passage, walking normally. Once she caught sight of Link, she exclaimed, "Hey! I was walking in that direction all this time. How come I see you guys?"

Green understood quickly. He said to Link, "This is amazing, but if there is only one looping door, it will only return the victim to his original location. It will be easy to see through the trap."

Link agreed. "That's right, so we're going to set up one more a little further ahead."

The group continued walking forward. After three hundred feet, Link stopped again to carve the spatial runes. When he was done, Green helped to supply the Mana.

This time, the spatial runes simply disappeared. The passage looked as normal as ever.

Link explained, "The entrance to the loop space is over at the other end. When someone walks through this door, nothing will happen. Only when they enter the other door, then they will be transported back to this place and continue walking in an infinite loop."

Green thought about it for a moment and couldn't help but clap his hands in admiration. "Spatial Magic is truly amazing; its secrets are far too profound. My old bones can't handle this many surprises."

When Link guided him in constructing the Spatial Barriers earlier, the first one was alright, but the second one had really drained him mentally. He felt like his mind would not be able to handle it. Therefore, he was truly impressed by this level of magic.

Link laughed. "By the time these runes lose their effectiveness, we should be done with the enemies. Let's go."

"Okay."

The three of them continued walking onward. Three hundred feet later, they encountered a secret door and continued walking forward. Another 150 feet, the road started to fork into multiple paths.

"This way," Green said, guiding the group onto one path.

They were headed for a node in the magic net. There were many demons above ground, so it was obviously easier for them to travel underground.

Link walked in the lead. He said, "This area will likely have quite a few demons, be on your guard."

"Okay," Green replied, raising his wand on standby.

"Okay! I'm going to let them have a taste of my bullets," Lannie said, brandishing her musket.

The underground passages intersected many times, just like a maze. After walking for about half a mile and getting rid of over ten lost demons, they could finally detect a dense aura of Mana up ahead.

Up ahead, small motes of light appeared. The Mana density in the space was greater than in other areas by about three times!

Link felt his Dragon Power recovery rate increase to about 30 points per second. In other places, it would only be about 20 points per second.

Green said, "Up ahead is the node... Be careful, I feel that something isn't right."

Link felt it too. He listened intently with his ears. "I felt it too, it's a strange aura, not like that of demons or Dark Elves. It's weird, I've never encountered anything like this before."

The more Link tried to sense what it was, the more confused he got. He didn't know how to describe this feeling. Although it was definitely a new type of feeling, there was something familiar about it, like he had seen it before.

He thought about it for a while. Suddenly, something clicked in his mind. "I remember now! This was the feeling I got when I was crossing through the Void. Green, did something like this happen to the magic net before?"

When he didn't get a reply, Link turned to look at Green. However, he found that Green's eyes were blank. He stood there unmoving.

"Green? Magician Green? What's wrong?" Link shook Green's shoulders. However, the Yabba Magician showed no signs of responding. It was as though he had lost his soul.

It was at this point that Link felt that something was not right. He turned to look and realized that Lannie had raised her musket, targeting it at Green, looking ready to fire.

Link was shocked, and he quickly stretched out his hand, clasp ing it over the musket's muzzle.

Bang! Nonetheless, Lannie had fired anyway. Her face carried expressions of fear. Her eyes were wide open, as though she had seen something fearsome. It was exactly like Green's eyes. They both had a blank look, as though they were stuck in some dreamland.

After her shot was intercepted by Link, she retreated quickly. As she retreated, she raised her musket and pointed it at Link, shrilling, "Demon! Don't come here! Stay away!"

Link frowned. He was ready to snatch Lannie's musket away from her when he felt some Mana fluctuations beside him. He turned and saw that Green had raised his wand. On his wand, electricity crackled.

"Demons from the abyss, go back to where you came from!" Green shouted.

Link immediately recognized the spell. It was a Level-6 spell, Lightning Tempest. If this spell was cast, Link would suffer small injuries at most. However, Lannie would be fried to a crisp by it.

Link quickly snatched the wand away from Green and smashed his hand onto Green's neck, knocking him out. Then, in one big stride, he appeared next to Lannie and snatched her musket, before knocking her unconscious too.

Although he had successfully restrained the two Yabba people, Link couldn't understand what was going on. What's happening? Why did these two suddenly go crazy?

The crucial thing was that Link did not detect the mysterious aura of Mana.



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